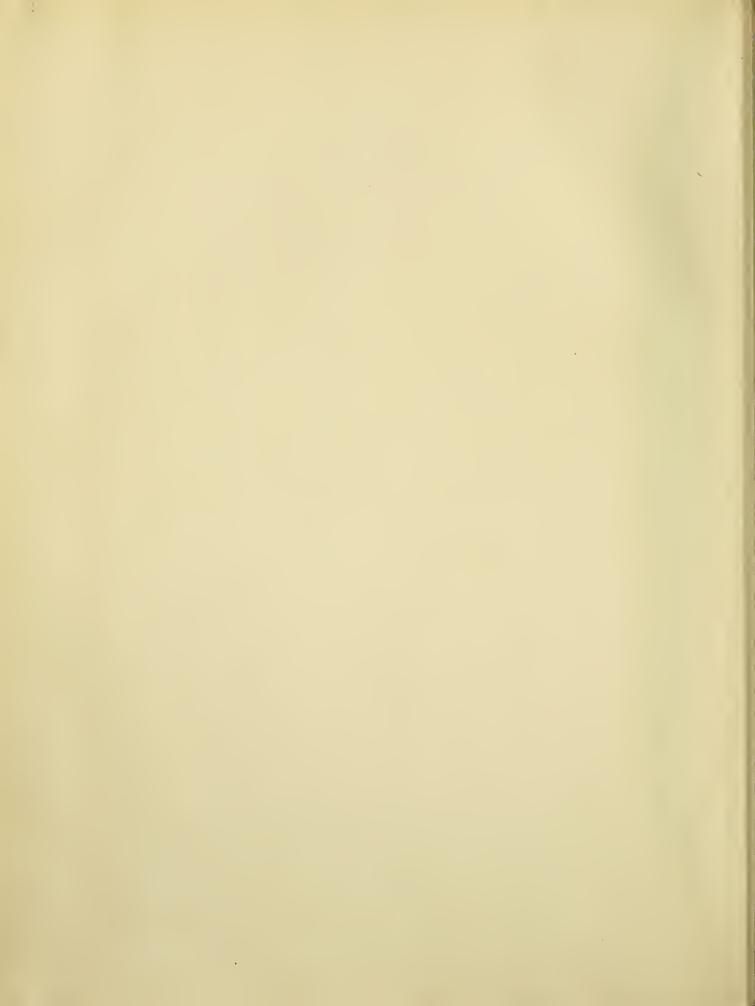
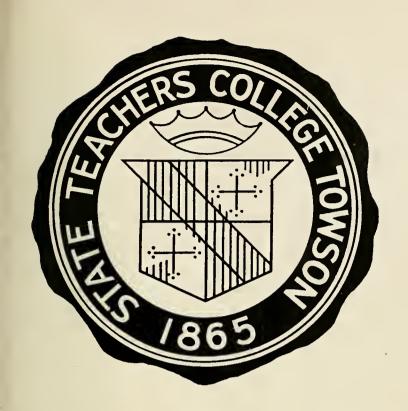


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Cower Light

October · 1941



In the Army.. In the Navy.. In the Marine Corps.. In the Coast Guard

ACTUAL SALES RECORDS IN POST EXCHANGES, SALES COMMISSARIES, SHIP'S SERVICE STORES, SHIP'S STORES, AND CANTEENS SHOW...

Camels are the favorite!



The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% Less Nicotine

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself! The smoke's the thing!

THE
CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER
TOBACCOS

Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard ... yes, it's *Camels* with the men in the service. And with the millions of others who stand behind them, too. For Camel is America's favorite.

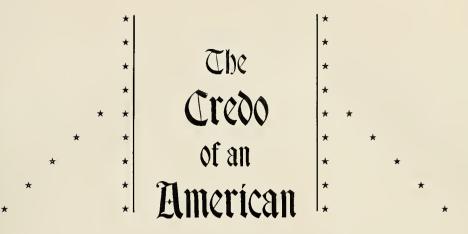
Join up with that ever-growing army of Camel fans now. Enjoy the cool, flavorful taste of Camel's costlier tobaccos. Enjoy smoking pleasure at its best—extra mildness with less nicotine in the smoke (see left).

send him a carton of camels today. For that chap in O. D. or blue who's waiting to hear from you, why not send him a carton or two of Camels today? He'll appreciate your picking the brand that the men in the service prefer...Camels. Remember—send him a carton of Camels today.

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking plus equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



I believe in God.

I believe in the dignity of man.

I believe in the God-given rights of man and in their corresponding duties and responsibilities.

I believe in truth and the human right to express it.

I believe in the existence of charity between peoples, irrespective of race or creed.

I believe in the triumph of right over might.

I believe in the necessity of individual sacrifice and self-denial in the united battle against wrong.

I believe in the strength of peoples to extinguish the fires of intolerance, bigotry and prejudice.

I believe in learning and its mission against ignorance.

I believe in brotherly love and its ultimate victory over hate and persecution.

- Margaret Zillmor.

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TOWER LIGHT

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For The Freshmen

JOHN McCauley

SOMEONE HAS said, "A college education is the only thing a man pays for and hopes he doesn't get." This ironic paradox is, to an appreciable extent, true. Though the prime effort of college is to provide an atmosphere for conscientious study, the search for truth and wisdom constitutes little, if any, of the average freshman's purpose in assigning four years of his life to college. For the first time, many of you must assume full responsibility for planning your hours of study, social affairs, and pleasure. It is your prerogative either to become lost in a pandemonium of interests or to select and integrate these interests for the specific and most important purpose of learning, that you may better serve and, perhaps, lead mankind.

College courses are planned on the basis of the abilities of the *average* student. As a result, there is an almost universal tendency among those of *above* average mental capacity to sink into mild cancerous ataraxia. College may not present the proper challenge to you, and you may be able to pass comfortably with a minimum of effort. However, if you are to check mental degeneration, you must employ your ability in pushing on *beyond* the appointed frontiers of study.

Some students who, on the other hand, are in college only through the elemency of probation, assume a frustrated attitude from the start. They are somewhat unconsciously afraid to attempt a higher degree of scholarship than they displayed in high school. Well, the future is what you make of it, and now is the time to begin. What you lack in mental deftness you may obtain through earnest, concentrated study.

You are entering a new life and preparing for a profession which presents endless opportunities for happiness and satisfaction in humbly serving your fellow man. Yours is the call to mold the character and stimulate the reasoning of future generations. The challenge is yours to employ both your inherent capacities and the facilities of this college for the highest betterment of yourself, your alma mater, and your chosen profession.

A Plea

M. Alma McAvoy

Let us not be too emotionally upset by the crisis our world faces. Let us not, above all, lose our perspective. Let us not be too prone to follow what this one or that one righteously calls our "Duty." Stop, and ask yourself first what duty means, what it implies, what its special meaning is for you. Then act accordingly. Let us listen with tolerance to suggestions from our leaders but let us not be swayed easily. Let us arrive at conclusions after intelligent discussion and, no matter which way the tide seems to be going, let them honestly be our own conclusions. Let us school ourselves to face issues without preconceived prejudices, but let us be wise enough to discern between the irrelevant and the relevant. We, as teacher, must do these things if the world of the next generation is to have any semblance of sanity.

A Study of the Psychological Factors Involved in the Activities of the Gray Matter of a Student Teacher

Who's Bugs?

IT IS THE notorious and generally accepted fact that the student teacher is the one unit of living phenomena which exhibits the most resistance to rain, hunger, falling arches, and sleep. She is the veritable dynamo who turns the wheels of education by day (provided she has oiled them the night before).

In a study made by those two psycholonuts, Doctors Dingbat and Defunct, the primary objective was to analyze this freak of nature in order to ascertain what made her tick (or Hic!).

Two classes of these erratics were chosen at random through selective service. They were put into two groups, each essentially equivalent to the other in the number of dental fillings, the length of the shoe laces and the size of the feet.

In order to test each person's ingenuity one group were strapped in the desks of a darkroom and allowed perfect freedom to do what they wanted. The other (the controlled group) at ten-minute intervals were made to run around the track in galoshes, take showers, and volley over the net fifteen times. The primary object of this course of study for the latter was to provide them with content for a health lesson.

After the two groups followed the prescribed courses for two weeks, they were given psychological tests to determine their ability to write lesson plans at sixteenhour stretches. The controlled group were allowed to answer the questions in printed form with one restriction. They could not write. The other group had complete freedom in writing the answers since they were provided with unfilled fountain pens.

After the experiment was over, Doctors Dingbat and Defunct published the results.

They found the species "Studentus Teacherus" wholly unexterminable. In addition they made the very depressing statement that epidemics of them would continue to inhabit the earth acompanied by even a stranger phenomena — some sort of thing called "supervisor."

PHOTOGRAPHY LABORATORY

- Compton Crook -

FOR THE past two years there has been an increasing interest in and demand for darkroom facilities at the college. Many students have cameras. Some few already do film developing and print-finishing at home. Others have expressed a desire to learn. So we are glad to announce that this year we have a place for you to work.

The photography laboratory will not be operated in direct connection with any science class. It is, primarily, a workroom for any student who wishes to use it. Blue printing and other work with light-sensitive papers may be done, as well as photographic developing and printing.

The laboratory will be equipped simply; that is, it will possess no enlarger, developing tank or other apparatus of that kind. As yet, there is no need for any. But there will be safelights, developing trays, ferrotype plates and rollers, and some simple devices for washing prints and drying negatives. An adequate beginning supply of chemicals for developing and printing will be stocked, as well as an assortment of printing papers.

It should be understood that the laboratory cannot provide chemicals or paper without cost to the worker. But it will be arranged so that the bookstore will stock a supply of these. Small amounts may then be bought as needed. Thus anyone can make duplicate prints of favorite negatives, or experiment with odd or artistically shaped masks and the like more cheaply than the work could be done commercially. Costs, however, had best be studied by those interested.

A few pamphlets and books on developing and printing will be placed in the laboratory and may be borrowed. There are other references in the library. I plan to schedule a small amount of time each week, when I will be available in the darkroom to give help or advice.

In order to have a record of the use made of the darkroom, a register will be kept there. All users will be asked to sign, and to record the sort of work done. In the hall near the laboratory a section of bulletin board will be reserved for clippings concerning photography, fine commercial pictures, and displays of snapshots by students. Use and contribute to the bulletin board whenever you wish.

I write this merely as an announcement that we have a darkroom. Any of our science instructors can give further information.

THEOREM 1941

THE SUM of the exterior angles of the summer lives of college professors is equal to the following:

Statements

- 1. Miss Woodward screened the porch of her summer home.
- 2. Dr. Anita Dowell taught at the University of Florida. Dr. Dowell attended the Pi Lambda Theta Fraternity convention, held at Excelsior Springs, Mo.
- 3. Dr. Crabtree advised graduate students at the University of Florida.
- 4. Mr. Moser delightfully spent the summer working simple equations and other relatively easy mathematical problems.
- 5. Dr. Foster Dowell**
- 6. Miss Joslin motored to California, northward to Oregon, and back to Baltimore.
- 7. Miss Roach studied at New York University and promises exciting summer vacations to come for future Tower Light reporters.
- 8. Mr. Minnegan had charge of the field program for children at Sherwood Forest where he was labeled the "moving genius of all the prize doings."
- 9. Miss Weyforth: "I travelled to California by train. I brought back a cactus garden from Romona's Marriage Place in San Diego, Cal. San Diego is my idea of heaven. The climate there is excellent for rheumatism."
- 10. Miss Yoder and Miss Brown were also travellers of the West.
- 11. Mrs. Stapleton took a course in Portrait Painting at Maryland Institute.
- 12. Mr. Millar did research work on ballads, etc., in Cambridge and "ran up" the mountains during his spare time.
- 13. Dr. Walther was on the summer staff of the Johns Hopkins University.

Reasons

1. Maine mosquitoes were prolific during the summer of 1941.

- 4. For plain unadulterated fun for both incoming Sophomores and Juniors.
- 5. Dr. Foster Dowell**
- 7. ??? (Tower Light reporters look forward.)
- 8. Just Mr. Minnegan, himself.
- 9. Unproven.

- 11. To paint a portrait of some individual, the identity of whom the T. L. reporter must not make known. See Mrs. Stapleton for fuller details and results.
- 12. For sheer love of hard work.
- 13. Just Dr. Walther, himself.
- **Note: When the Tower Light reporter approached Dr. Foster Dowell without pen and paper, he remarked, "You can't remember what I will say in YOUR head." Tower Light reporters always oblige.

Helpful Henry

HENRY PEMBROOKE, ESQUIRE

IN SCANNING the new Student Handbooks one becomes aware of a crying need for enlightenment along various lines. And, here is an opportunity for an experienced weather-beaten mind to run rampant in a fine analysis — a piecemeal dissection. With the Senior Dance bearing down upon us, take, for example, that section labelled "Social Standards for College Dances."

Now, anyone knows that the main feature of a formal dance is not the band or the decorations or the punch but the receiving line. The handbook definitely emphasizes — nay, insists — that no one escape the array of dignitaries by resorting to some painless manner of entry such as slipping down the other aisle. My purpose here as a person seasoned in those niceties of receiving lines is to elaborate upon the handbook directions and to "tip you off," as it were. First, by all means memorize the procedure. Never should I advocate the denial of that preliminary practice before the mirror in the privacy of one's room. Give yourself a good workout in pronunciation of names. "Fill in" small talk, and flash a charming, yet intelligent-appearing, smile. However, to be prepared for all emergencies resolve not to be disappointed if you are whisked through the line and find yourself standing at the end after having stammered out a few unintelligible syllables on your way through. And, if your smile was a bit wry or forced, do not be discouraged. Someday you may be a member of that receiving

The preceding description is but one possibility. If you happen along at a time when the receiving line is not busy, you will find that they will resort to all sorts of trickery to detain you and pass the time away. Here is the place for you to "fill in" speeches. They will probably begin by commenting on your new dress or tuxedo, the crowd, the orchestra, or some such related idea. Then it is up to you to correlate their remark with your speech. For example, if you had rehearsed something about the sponsor's corsage it might sound like this:

Sponsor: "My, how charming you look in that pretty gown."

Reply: "I like yours, too, and it almost matches your corsage."

Now there is your correlation. You just have to be mentally alert and use ordinary common sense.

Another standard that interested me, and which I know will cause some consternation, is the one concerning the dress for formal wear. In regard to the women there is not so much of a problem, for anyone can un-

derstand that an evening dress is undeniably of a pretty definite type — simply a one- or two-piece affair with a skirt long enough to trip over. On the other hand, however, I wish to save the men any mental anguish or strain they might possibly make for themselves. First of all, I think as a general rule, if a man has a tuxedo he will vote against wearing it since he figures that most of the fellows will be in business suits; and if a fellow hasn't a tux, he will not be comfortable until, by some hook or crook, he has laid his finger on one. Now what has happened? You see, everything is all out of balance. Everyone is running around in borrowed clothes and no one is perfectly at ease. I cannot urge you emphatically enough to come in the apparel which, under normal conditions, you rightfully own and intend to wear.

There has always been a heated controversy over the exact meaning of the term "appropriate accessories," and since I own all of them, I intend to put a definite and positive end to the argument by listing them. Appropriate accessories include the following and nothing more:

- 1. Conservative necktie
- 2. Tie clasp
- 3. Tie pin
- 4. Cuff links (that match if possible)
- 5. Belt or suspenders
- 6. Garters (unless elastic top socks are worn)

As a final warning, let me explain all of the hidden implications of the rule that states simply that smoking will be permitted outside of the college building only. If you include you will say to yourself, "It's a little chilly outside; I wonder if they mean we can smoke in the vestibule just inside the front doors, too?" The answer is no. Any little revisions or interpretations which you may consider for your personal use are of no avail.

And so, I withdraw hastily, having given the matter a searching treatment. My hope is that I have helped those of my colleagues who simply cannot believe what they read.

RECONSIDERED REVOLUTION

J. C.

College, to the laity,
Is one long round of gaiety;
To us who know it well,
It's four tough rounds of —
Well —

I guess I'd better say it's swell.

POETRY

I'D RATHER BUILD ONE THAN PLAY IT

P. H.

I met a boy not long ago —
(The kind you've always longed to know).
So smooth and suave — so strong and tall —
And handsome (well, he had it all!)
And also he played bridge.

The night was fine (the month was June), I'd never seen a better moon.
"Twas not too early — not too late;
I wore a lovely dress for bait;
And he talked about bridge.

I'd studied Dietrich and Lamarr;
My dialogue was up to par.
My hopes were high: I felt great glee
'Til he would shout, "I pass! Bid three!"
We never got away from bridge.

"Don't fool your partner! Bid your hand!
Go two no trump — my cards are grand!"
So I strung him up by the garden hose.
You may take it, chum, from me who knows,
Trap one that can't play bridge!

CHARM OF THE SEA

GRAYCE GAA

In the summer, happy days for me, I find a rocky haven by the shore; At my feet the rolling breakers roar, And I gaze upon the beauty of the sea.

And if, perchance, the day is calm and fair, The ocean, still as any mirrored lake, Invites this wond'ring human to partake Of its glowing charm, its glory, deep and rare,

Or, even when the day is bleak and gray And raining, I still enjoy the sight Of water meeting water; then the night Descends, and yet I watch across the bay.

And when, at death of day and birth of night, The storm has clear'd and Nature once more saves

Her stars for me, then o'er the rippling waves The moon comes out, and sheds her silver light.

SUNSET

Virginia Dorsey

Swirls of crimson, Streaks of gold, Purple patterns Bright and bold, Tints of ochre, Whirls of rose, Signify the Sun's repose.

A DREAM OF DEATH

GRAYCE GAA

I dreamt I saw a friend, a dear friend, die.
And just before his last words had been said,
He raised his eyes to mine, then dropped his head;
No longer looked at me, but at the sky,
And whispered then the words he saw above,
"Think not of me, but only of my love.

"Weep not for me; live on, and, living, do
"The things I would have done, had I survived.
"For dying, now, I have at last arrived
"In Heaven, and it's I who pity you."
And so I shall not ever mourn the friend
Who finds completeness in the journey's end.

A SHORT VERSE

So I'll meet him later on In the place where he is gone, I will meet him or my name is Mr. Mud; He'll be squattin' on the coals Givin' tests to pore damn souls An' I'll get a quiz in hell from Dr. Judd.

So it's Judd, Judd, Psychological Dr. Judd.
Though I've studied you and read you, After all is done and said, you
Are a wiser man than I am, Dr. Judd.

Life's Little Tragedies

EVELYN FREEMAN

GRANDMOTHER NORTON settled back in her old rocking chair and, as she began to shell the peas in the huge pan in her lap, she asked, "Well, children, what will it be today, a story or a game?"

"A story! A story!" we all cried and Grandma smiled at our enthusiasm.

"Well," she said, "I believe I'll tell you the one about a family that lived two miles away from us for nigh unto thirty years," and as Granny began her tale, we children all fell into most grotesque but comfortable positions and prepared to listen with both ears.

"Hiram Johnson was a farmer like the majority of the people in our community. He was a right successful farmer and led a peaceful, contented life. His gently rolling fields, his barns full of sturdy, well-kept cattle, and his family occupied his heart and mind and left him little time for pleasures or amusements.

"Hiram's family consisted of his wife, Maria, and his twin daughters, just turned eighteen. It was always a source of wonder to him that he had had a part in begetting twin daughters, but a still greater wonder was their appearance. Edna, named after her mother's mother, was as fair as a summer's day and just as pleasant and agreeable. She was tall and willowy, and her cheeks were as rosy as her father's apples. But what made a soul look at her again was her eyes. They were the color of violets, changing (with her moods) from deep clear blue to a stormy purple, even seeming to be midnight black at times. And my, how moody Edna was! She was always dreaming and talking wildly about leaving home and going to the big city to get a job dancing on the stage. Her folks were scared she'd run off some night and so they gave her everything she wanted like pretty dresses and jewelry, just so she'd stay at home with them. She was always wanting things she saw in her father's mail catalogues. On the girls' sixteenth birthday, Hiram bought them each a locket with their names engraved on the outside, just because Edna had admired one so greatly.

"Hiram's other daughter, Pearl, was just as different from Edna as day is from night. She was named after his mother and folks all said she was his favorite. Pearl was as dark and drab-looking as her sister was fair and radiant. She was just as slender as Edna, but she always seemed much shorter and more plump. I guess you would call her a mousey type because she gave the impression that she was brown all over; brown hair, brown eyes, and brown skin. But Pearl wasn't moody,

Land sakes, no! Why she was just as calm and cool, and she never complained or talked of anything, except living on the farm with her parents.

"The strange thing about these sisters was that they loved each other dearly. A person wouldn't really expect that scein' as how they looked and acted so differently, one so pretty and fairy-like and the other so dull and browny-looking. But love each other they did, and oft-times they would sit and talk and dream for hours about what they wanted to be.

"Well, if I recollect clearly, one June night, Farmer Emmett gave a barn dance and invited all the country-side for miles around. Edna and Pearl both got new dresses for the occasion and my how nice they did look! Of course, nobody could see Pearl for looking at Edna, but they were both a pretty sight to see. Edna didn't rest one minute that night. How the boys did rush her! Especially did one boy, Kurt Jolson, I believe his name was. He seemed right taken up with her and followed Edna around the whole evening. Often they'd sit in the corner with their heads close together, giggling and talking away a mile a minute.

"At the end of the dance, Edna got permission from her folks to ride home in Kurt's buggy and so Pearl drove home with Hiram and Maria. They reached home long before the young couple did, and so Pearl said she'd wait up for Edna because her folks were tired and had to get up early the next morning. Well, Pearl made herself comfortable in the kitchen by the red-bellied stove and settled back to wait for her sister. Worn out from the excitement of the dance and because of the warmth of the room, she fell asleep and slept straight through to the next morning.

"When Hiram arose early the next day and went down to the kitchen to fix the fire, he found Pearl cuddled in the chair sound asleep. Puzzled, he shook her awake and asked what she was doing sleeping in the kitchen. At first, Pearl's mind was hazy and she couldn't recollect what she was doing there. Slowly and then with a rush it all came back to her, and after Hiram heard her tale, he quickly ran to the girls' room to see if Edna was there and, land sakes alive, Edna hadn't been home at all!

"My how excited the Johnson family was! Maria carried on dreadfully; Hiram blamed himself for letting Edna go home with a young man, and Pearl — poor Pearl, just went around with a dazed, pinched look on her face. For days afterward, searching parties combed

the hillsides looking for the couple. Some folks believed the horses ran away with them and they were killed; some believed they eloped; and still others were of the opinion that Edna had induced Kurt to take her to the city.

"Months flew by into years, and still no trace of Edna was ever found. Hiram never lost hope, though, and he spent just piles of money searching for her in the neighboring cities. But never a word did they receive, never a clue as to whether or not Edna was dead or alive.

"With Edna gone, Pearl became the apple of her folks' eye and how they did watch over her! When she started going with a young man in the community, they rejoiced because they wanted her to marry and settle down and be a comfort to them in their old age. Pearl finally did get married to her young fellow and they moved to a farm not far away from her parents. In the course of time, she had two children, and what with her work and the care of her kiddies, she had little time to spend thinking and brooding about the past. Occasionally, though, when darning socks or sewing, jobs that let her mind free, her thoughts drifted back to her sister, and at only such times did she wonder what had happened to her.

"On Pearl's tenth wedding anniversary, her husband decided that she should have several weeks' vacation by herself, free from household drudgery. At first, she objected. Who would take care of the children? Who would look after her husband? But finally he brushed aside her arguments and persuaded Pearl to visit a nearby city. After a week of frantic sewing and packing, her family took her to the station and deposited her aboard the train. She waved to them as long as they were visible and then relaxed in the seat.

"For a few minutes she gazed out of the window at

the receding hills and trees, and then glanced around her at the other passengers. One elderly gentleman was already dozing in his chair. Two youngsters who reminded her of her own were playing leap-frog over the backs of the seats and making a fearful racket. But what arrested Pearl's glance was the middle-aged woman who was sitting across the aisle from her. Although there was a bitter, defeated look in her eyes and a network of haggard lines around her mouth, she was still quite striking in her appearance.

"She probably was quite a beauty in her day," thought Pearl and, because she already missed her family and was beginning to feel lonely, she smiled at the woman who had just turned her face toward her.

"'Won't you come over and join me?' invited Pearl. 'This is my first trip away from my family and I'm rather lonely already.'

"The woman crossed the aisle and seated herself beside Pearl. There was no need of introductions, for each knew the other was interested only in having a companion for the trip, someone to chat and gossip with.

"Well, the pair got on famously together and Pearl was really sorry to see her companion leave when the train pulled in at the first stop, which was the lady's destination. As she rose to take leave of Pearl, her purse clattered to the floor and the contents were scattered beneath the seat. Pearl quickly helped her to gather the articles together and the woman barely had time to get off the train. A second later, puffing and belching black steam, the train left the station on its way to the next stop. As Pearl leaned back in her seat once again, she saw something winking up at her from beneath the seat in front. Bending forward the better to see, earl found that the shining disc was a locket with the name EDNA engraved upon its surface!"

I Don't Like - -

PATRICIA HERNDON

THE WAY public telephones always give an indecisive click when I am four feet away: I always feel compelled to turn back and see if my nickel has come back to the fold. Avenue Apollos who storm drugstore corners and whistle at females: they embarrass me when they do and worry me when they don't. The tone of voice exasperated street car conductors use to shout, "Kindly movetotherear, sis!" when I'm trying to be particularly dignified and aloof: they always impress me as being the type of man who snores and leaves slippers in the middle of the room. These impatient waiters who hem and cluck

while I decide on what I want and then who stare stupidly and say "Milk? Did you say milk?" as if it were a dirty word. Boys who expect a girl to look as if Schiaparelli and Adrian had personally turned her out, and then show up with ebony trim 'neath nails and frayed, fuzzy spots on collars: it would be quite appropriate if their non-envied dates appeared with hair on tin curlers. People who call up, say "Hello" and then indulge in complete silence: they are even worse than the personality kid who screams, "Hiya, snake — let's crawl tonight!" — both are utterly repulsive to me. Liver in any form; too tight bathing caps; shoes that squeak; continued stories; writers who write too much, too long and too often. So I'll stop.

OCTOBER · 1941

Faculty Additions

01

"A LITTLE BIT OF ALL RIGHT"

DOROTHY KAPP

FROM THE first "I don't know what to ask you, so please just talk awhile" to the final "Thanks so much for your kindness," the interview was both pleasant and enlightening to me. The pleasant personalities of both Mr. Lembach and Mr. Millar made fact-finding enjoyable.

The facts are these. Mr. Lembach has studied and taught in a number of places. He was graduated from the Chicago Art Institute with a bachelor's degree and from Northwestern University with a master's. He has recently completed requirements for his doctor's degree at Columbia University. He has also been Superintendent of Art in Desplaines, Illinois; Superintendent of Elementary Schools in Plains, Ohio; teacher in Lloyd High School, Wisconsin, Lincoln Junior High School, Wisconsin, Ohio University in Athens, and Chicago Commons Settlement Home for Children. So you see he has been around.

His hobbies both past and present include the collecting of recordings of symphonic orchestras (albums of them), autographs of famous persons (including three Presidents), stamps and, at one time, milk-bottle tops. As one might expect, he spends most of his extra hours on drawing and painting.

When asked what he especially liked about the college or Baltimore, Mr. Lembach said that he liked the spaciousness of the buildings and grounds of the college and that he particularly likes the street cars in Baltimore.

Mr. Millar has been connected with Harvard University as both student and instructor. It was there that he received his bachelor's and master's degrees and completed requirements for his doctor's degree. He has also studied in the University of Munich. His special interest in and research on ballads has carried him to various spots in England. Besides his work Mr. Millar is interested in music, the theatre, and mountains (especially, climbing them).

The newspapers say:

"Appointment of Branford P. Millar as a member of the English staff of State Teachers College, Towson, and John Lembach as a member of the art department, has been announced at that institution."

"John Lembach will re- (Continued on page 16)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

When winter comes fast upon us
The moths are gone the northern winds
Blowing there come thoughts of why

And wherefore in the day of this year? I sit by doors all night and give quiet Thought on the thing not for the ears

Of the world only to my own ear Why Is the thing as it is why not the new Idea as we saw it once when we cried

Aloud at sunrise and saw visions of dew Covered grasses and peaceful meadows? I ponder and say quietly You

Who have thought these things deadened Fingers leaden feet come not to the house Of the wise for these things indeed

There is no place to go for these mountains
To be dissolved Better you should put
Away this life and return to the beautiful fountain

Of the earth's youth as once you were So pur I aside all troubles and prepare to run away Just then there comes the newer cleaner pity

It is she whom I saw in the clouds No I sway From the truth She was not a vision but a Clean-cut real thing whom I embraced and whose sweet

Hand I held and whose round lips 1 kissed not A ghost from the bright early morning How can 1 leave this place when the walls spot

Eyes upon me and cry out How will you be torn Away from here when in your soul lies part Of her soul

My eyes wax moist I cannot leave this proseful Palace she is too much with me here while I think how she will be two days hence two

Years

N. R. C.



THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

What the schools do may prove in the long run to be more decisive than any other factor in preserving the form of government we cherish.

- Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

EDITORIALS

THE WONDERWORKER

CHARLOTTE SCHWARZ

MAN TODAY is a greater miracle maker than the most improbable magician in the legends of the ages. By means of his marvelous inventions he has increased his natural abilities a thousandfold. He has extended his own limited vision into limitless space with his powerful telescopes. The invention of the steam engine and the internal combustion engine has given him seven-league boots surpassing those of the fairy story. With the use of the telephone and the radio the human voice can put a girdle around the earth in a few seconds. The mighty cascades of water which for cons of time raced aimlessly towards the oceans have been harnessed to light and heat his home and turn the giant wheels of industry.

These are some of the leading discoveries with which the inventors of modern days have enriched the world. Though practically all of the inventions had their beginnings in the last century the progress in every department of science, art, and mechanics and their practical application to everyday life has been greatest within the last quarter of a century. Too often we are apt to forget the newness of our great inventions and discoveries and accept them as a matter of fact.

At the dawn of history man made great strides forward. When he emerged from the wilderness and learned to walk on two legs he had to rely on his inventive genius to survive and become master of his enemies. His inventive faculties were chiefly exercised in providing for his comfort and safety.

Period glided imperceptibly into period and civilization gradually presented evidences of growing from what we call barbarism. Man, as the inventor, was patiently at work multiplying man's resources; at times in the interest of peace but to a great extent for the advancement of war — even as in our own times.

Man, the wonderworker, has traveled a triumphant road since he emerged from the darkness of the prehistoric era. The tiny spark which the Creator implanted in his brain has led him onward and upward. Man, however, has not always used his inventions wisely and may, if he does not learn to control them constructively instead of destructively be destroyed by his own handiwork.

THIS YEAR IT'S ON US!

Last year, Miss Alice Munn was the adviser of our magazine staff. She was our colonel, our first and last line of defense — we were the privates. But this year, although Dr. Lynch has taken over the job of adviser, we are essentially on our own. Of course we are still responsible to the administration for maintaining standards just as worthy of previous years as always; but the Tower Light is starting a new era this September by becoming essentially a student controlled and directed publication.

This is not a plea for contributions, nor a request for material. It is, rather, a challenge to the entire student body. Are we capable of handling our magazine independently and suitably or are we to falter because we have no convenient apron strings dangling within easy reach? The answer lies with you and you alone — for this year it's on us!

There has been a good bit of talk lately on the subject of who shall run the Tower Light. As we have heard the story in the TL office, the major portion of the burden is to be borne by the students themselves, especially those who are fortunate enough to be nominally associated with the staff.

But this proposition is valid only when we accept the very hard fact that for the staff to be aggressive and independent and what not, there has to be a good deal of material with which the staff might work. Now how in the name of the gods and saints are we to put forth a decent, democratic publication, of interest to everybody, if not everybody contributes who can?

It's all as simple as the proverbial ABC's. Let's assume that the writer (present) is an editor. What is he to do? Is he to face each month's dearth of contributions, which means that for the usual space of, say,

32 pages, there has been submitted only enough for 10 pages? He won't cut down the size of the magazine, and he certainly won't issue a magazine with 22 blank pages. So he must sit himself down and force out 22 pages of material, which because of their very lack of spontaneity and many of the other elements of good writing, are pretty bad, even perhaps unreadable.

Still maybe that would work out. But the entire pity is that there is certainly no lack of talent here. All right, so it's not all "creative," as they would say. But all expression in these columns need not be creative. Some very good books are published, and some very bad ones, also. These virtually sit and weep, waiting for some critical, sane reviewer to tell the world how things are about them. Then again, remember that there is a plethora of creative talent running around loose, talent which is suppressed because of reasons of shame, or lack of confidence, etc. Why should this be? Right, it shouldn't be that way.

The way out of the situation is this: Since we all want to have a paper, and gosh knows we contribute to the TL out of our activities fee and must take the good with the bad, we want to have a good magazine. So much is reasonable. But where the student becomes unreasonable is when he assumes the position of dissatisfaction while at the same time not lifting his finger one millimeter off normal surface to remove some journalistic faults.

For a long while now people have been able to shut up "destructive" critics by hurling that very epithet. We are not out to obliterate the "destructive" critics, just so long as these same folks are willing (we are sure they are able!) to raise new edifices on the sites of the old destroyed ones.

The voice of the college student is a loud one. It is potent with the damning qualities of the man-on-top who wants to express dissatisfaction. Maybe you people don't realize it, but the voice of the people everywhere is a powerful lot of larynx. "The peepul," as some have crassly put it, can undo a lot of elaborate doings, and rebuild a lot of razed structures. But only if he will. Let's assume that the old TL is gone. The student-staff is on its own, and can (and will) now burst out with new and vigorous surgings. It now remains for the body of students to rise up in all its virility and make the Tower Light readable. This is the first end. Readability. After readability, all is vanity, and so everything before it. We need articles, and we need hundreds of them per month. The best part of it is that we're going to get them, poems, short stories, essays, "humor," advice, and serious articles, all. The only question now, is can the staff as present situated handle the hundreds of contributions? You may rest at ease.



IN OUR mailbox recently we found several communications from the United States Office of Education of the Federal Security Agency at Washington. A letter from John W. Studebaker, United States Commissioner of Education, brought to our attention a news-release announcement issued by Federal Security Administrator, Paul V. McNutt. This appeal to schools and colleges to develop civilian morale through encouragement of public discussion groups and democratic forums was originally made in a letter from President Roosevelt to Mr. McNutt.

The announcement runs, in part, as follows:

"The genius of American democracy,' the President stated, '... is expressed in the traditional independence and freedom of our State and local schools and school systems. Their freedom of action for educational purposes must be preserved. It is upon that freedom that we hopefully depend for assurance that the judgments of our people will be soundly based.'

"Both the President and Mr. McNutt emphasized the great value of educational forums and public discussion which have been promoted during the past six years by the United States Office of Education. The administrator expressed special interest in the recognition of public discussion as a means of building civilian morale.

"'Good morale,' said Mr. McNutt, 'is as important to defense as guns and planes. Morale in a democracy is unity of purpose based on common understanding. That kind of morale thrives on free and full discussion. The responsibility of promoting democratic discussion falls on our traditional institution which we have set up for enlightenment — our colleges and schools. I am sure that our institutions of learning will respond wholeheartedly to the request of the President of the United States.'"

Among the things (besides bills) that come in the Tower Light mail is a bulletin called "Selective Service." The following items contained in it are a little unusual:

"Living up to the literary implication of its name, Hawthorne, Nevada, turns in a list of Selective Service registrants that is reminiscent of the halcyon days of American literature. Among its residents who have registered with the local board are: Edgar Allen Poc, Stephen Foster, Fenimore Cooper and Patrick Henry."

"Christopher Columbus is a registrant with Local Board No. 348 of Newtonville, N. Y., and he drew Order No. 1492."

"Woodrow Wilson and Herbert Hoover were among a recent group of selectees sent to the army from Linn County, Iowa."

PET PEEVES

The Tower Light Staff who, after having faithfully promised to show up on deadline day, never came within fifty feet of the Tower Light office—with the exception of Jean Benson.

• • •

The 96 per cent. of the student body which does not contribute to the Tower Light and then bellows because they think it is not a college magazine.

The gym elective lists with the limited signing up space.

The people who look at you like you are demented when you smile at them.

Editor's Note: This department has been created to give the proletariat a chance to air its grievances against college, food, dates, and life in general. Bring any that you have to the Tower Light office. We guarantee against libel suits.

*B E L L S - - -

Margaret Catherine Pardoe to Harry Gordon Trueman Anne Marie McGarvey to Eugene C. Lacey Catherine Lee Bishop to J. Franklin Fowble Helen Ogier to Edward E. Gibbons, Jr. Grace Ann Whitson to George Ellison Helen Gill to William M. Rigler Shirley Diamond to Sidney Blum (not our Sidney!) Joan Bialzak to William L. Langley Miriam Margaret Vogelman to John Taylor Sheldon Margaret Jane Groom to William Maurice Clark Vaughn Messick to William Henry McClure Ella M. Hergenrather to Bennett F. Bussey Ann Schofer to Harry Chayt Ellen May Meyer to Edwin B. McKee Margaret Kelly to Norval Keen Mary Stewart Lewis to Walter Belco Belitz, Jr. Gertrude Sucro to William Powers Grason * Wedding Bells.

SPARKLERS ---

Carmen Rosenberg to Dr. Jerome S. Cullen

DRUMS---

Gene Rush—Camp Lee, Virginia William Podlich—Luke Field, Arizona Isadore Sokolow—Luke Field, Arizona James O'Connor—Fort Knox, Kentucky John Wheeler—Fort Bragg, North Carolina George Hoddinott—Camp Wallace, Texas Malcolm Davies—Americus, Georgia

Specific whereabouts unknown at present—

Jerome Kolker John Owens

Josh Wheeler

James Tear

Carville Lauenstein

Sidney Baker

Editor's Note: We're going to send them Tower Lichts. What are you going to do?

The Student Council

HENRY ASTRIN

OUR STUDENT COUNCIL is an organization that helps many reveal unknown talents through a better understanding of "working democracy." It trains for leadership and also provides numerous opportunities for students who have given proof of their ability. Naturally, not everyone has the knack of leading others, even though all have equal opportunities to do so. Some of us have a strong tenacity of spirit, an elephantine willingness to work but are not able to instill others with the same desire. However, these cooperative people, the ones who receive no praise and publicity, are just as important to a democratic group as those who accept the responsibility of leadership and reap praise and acclamation.

In the present Freshman Class there are many students who are so inconspicuous that only their few

friends know their names. Yet out of these unknown students we will select in the next few years many of our Student Council officers, Kappa Delta Pi members, Who's Who candidates, club officers, delegates to New York, and committee chairmen. Several of our most capable Council officers are students who came from high schools with poor ratings in leadership but who felt an immediate desire to help make our Student Council government by and for the students.

To make our Student Council a vital part of our school life we must all work together. We must do the jobs required of us to the best of our ability. Any officer of any organization will tell you this. They will tell you that the work is not always pleasant. But, they will also tell you that they stuck to their jobs until completion and then received satisfaction from knowing that their job was well done!

FALL FASHION FLARES

ELLEN ANNE ELSTE

BY THE TIME this article is printed, we trust the autumn chill will be here and our cotton frocks and broomstick skirts will be well out of sight; we shall once more be returning to our sweaters and wool skirts. The college clothes for this fall are hitting an all-time high for cut and quality. Tailoring is flawless. Trim basic suits are simply designed and are featured in rough tweeds, velveteens and corduroys. The long torso line is the keynote for the fall silhouette in sports and date dresses as well as in suits. Let's slow down just a bit and give an organized summary of current trends in design, color and materials which we expect to be seeing on the campus and in the classroom this season.

As to new lines we have already noted the long-waisted fitted costume. However, if you are one who does not look well in this type of dress we hope you will keep to frocks which have the normal waistline, since these appear to be equally smart. There is another innovation but it is not intended to be worn by the girl who has weak, sloping shoulders. We are referring to the new saddle shouldered sleeve with drop shoulder yokes which make for the smooth sleeve line. In necklines we find the very high and the low V (not for victory, please) necks are both popular. The school-girl jumper or pina-

fore will still be here with us. The newer ones follow the same princess lines but with a front fullness. In keeping with the jumper model and the torso line the jerkins in glen plaids and solid colors are claiming much attention.

There is reckless bravery in color. Sweaters and skirts are picked for exciting combinations. The colors currently favored are olive, evergreen, spruce blue, R. A. F. blue, blood orange, black plum, wisteria purple, nutria and Benedictine brown.

Fabrics featured in sportswear offer this wide variety: rabbit hair, camel's hair, tweed, wool, shetland, jersey, velveteen, flannel, gabardine, and covert.

That's all for now but we'll be back. During the month we're going to watch you, and you, and you; and in the next issue we'll tell you what you are wearing with comments commendable or otherwise, as the case may be. Here's hoping we'll find all of you well groomed and smartly dressed.

P. S. — There are just two novelty numbers we just could not let pass without making mention of namely: dickey birds—peggy or club-collared sharkskin affairs to be worn under cardigans or slipovers, and crocheted wool caps with long pigtails.

From the Counsel of a Wise Fool

Agnes Hicks

DON'T EVER -

- 1. Get up to talk in assembly. They'll think you're capable and you're labelled.
- 2. Spend all your free time in the book shop that's why libraries are here.
- 3. Volunteer in class unless you have a definite source to back you up.
- 4. Gape at the upper classmen. You look greener than ever.
- 5. Ignore your big sisters and brothers.
- 6. Flunk tests. You'll never pass a course that way.
- 7. Dance in the foyer too much.
- 8. Flirt with the new students. They may not turn out to be students after all.

BE SURE TO -

1. Get acquainted with your faculty.

- 2. Come to all the dances and activities. A dollar won't break you.
- 3. Have vim, vigor and vitality. Anything like that helps to brighten up the place.
- 4. Join the clubs. We want you and your dues.
- 5. Do as you like about clothes, whether you go by "Mademoiselle" or "Esquire."
- 6. Smile. We aren't as awful as we look, believe it or not.
- 7. Get the idea across that you're an ideal student.

IN YOUR UNBUDGETED TIME:

- 1. Work for your letter in gym.
- 2. Knit a pull-over sweater. Pardon, men!
- 3. Write articles for your school magazine. We need new talent upon second thought, we need talent.
- 4. Patronize the book shop. A penny a day keeps the calories away.

JUST CHATTER . . .

The "Humor" Department wishes to apologize at the outset for any false impression the name may imply.

Maybe you've heard of the freshman who gushed very impressively to a group of seniors about the superior skill she had exhibited in music class in the use of the "pitching" fork.

O-O

A Student Teacher's Fantasy

Oh, to be a supervisor in a practice teacher's school And cite one million instances of times *she* broke a rule.

OI

How to be Asked to Withdraw in One Easy Lesson.

O-O

Have you ever wanted to give assignments such as these:

Mr. Crook to classify all the plant and animal life in the Amazon River.

Summon the gym faculty for posture pictures and exhibit the prints as modern art.

Miss Blood to place geographical markers to identify the southernmost borders of the first ice age.

Dr. West to play "fine or superfine" with the rocks and minerals for the Tibetan Mountains.

Mr. Moser to write a study on that book-length title he assigned once for a paper, the study to cover at least as much paper as a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

The music faculty to take a "la-la-la" test to be sung by a harmony quartet.

That certain practice teacher to take off one thousand sets of seat work on the hectograph machine.

There's no harm in dreaming, is there?

O-O

In the following bits of gossip we gleaned in re the experiences of certain budding teachers last season, any resemblances to persons living or student teaching is purely intentional:

Who is the male, with initials J. H., who entranced his class by singing popular songs?

There's the true story of the 15-minute handwriting lesson M. Z. taught for an hour because her partner had a sixty-minute conference with a certain math teacher. Was it all business, Liz?

And what that dynamo of energy in a South Baltimore school, M. G. M., said when one of her charges complained he was struck by a spit-ball! "A brick would be too good for you!" she snapped. Did Kobin really fool anyone with her brandishing of the tuning fork like a symphonic director?

A Letter

Towson, October, '4I.

Dear Mabel:

Here it is at last! My last year before I meet the world and all its gruesome evils.

How does it feel to be a senior? Well I, for one, feel no differently, except to realize I must graduate this year. The odds are against my gym suit weathering this year through, much less another. So you see I am really desperate! But to get back to the seniors. I can see where we have grown some. (Daisy says to tell you it's more than some and mostly in the width.) We are much more sophisticated than we were as freshmen. In those days we used to say at class meetings, "I make a motion, etc., etc."; now we merely languidly raise a hand and condescendingly utter, "I so move." Mother says she notices a tremendous difference, to wit: I clean my "saddles" every night. I haughtily informed her I am a senior now, one of the cornerstones of the college. She says she feels her money has been well spent just to see that one utterly reactionary movement after four years.

You asked me to tell about my student-teaching experience. Suffice it to say, I survived. Now I am getting ready to go to the front again. Little birds have been telling me the most delightful nightmares about my new assignment. All you hear nowadays is, "Build up the morale of our soldiers." But who, I ask, is worrying about ours? Let me tell yon — U. S. O. for S. S. (student stooges) could do a great job here at Towson. Seriously, though, I am eagerly looking forward to the zero hour in November.

How is National Defense treating you? All the available men on my list are gone, too. All, or mostly all, of our Towson men (?) are in uniform now. We have only a few boys left. With our imports from other colleges gone, and our home talent at an unusually low ebb, both daytime dates and evening antidoes (get it?—antidoes?) are at a critical point. I am seriously considering "going steady" with a moron, since he's the only person I know the army won't have. He really looks quite natural and human (I tell myself). Only when he opens his mouth do you get a jolt, but he's harmless.

By the way, the new gym is on its way. Remember the snowstorms we fought in those baggy suits? We're going to have a special place for individual gym now. Liz wants to know if we're going to battle fake snowstorms now, with confetti.

Our courses this year are, in some cases, killer-dillers. We're attempting to conduct in music, and really, we're quite unique. You've seen huge symphonic or-

chestras of one hundred pieces or more in front of whom stands one impressive-looking individual, the conductor. Well, we've quite reversed the procedure here. Some forty of us all conduct at once. Each gesticulates madly in her own peculiar way while one lone, dignified person, the music instructor, plays the piano. My family draws the shades, closes the doors, and flees when I practice at home. Aren't they sissies to be afraid of neighbors' opinions?

Concerning my courses as a whole, I have divided them into three groups: those where we sit, those where we sit and think and, finally, those where we sit and think and enjoy. I'll name them for you some other time since this may be seen by someone else.

Oh, there goes the bell. I must stop and go to my next class. Yes, this was one of my plain sitting classes. Please give my love to the crowd and answer "tout de suite."

Yours,

M. A. M.

P. S. — My next letter will be in a lighter vein. The opening of a new school year always makes me feel a little too serious, don't you agree?

Faculty Additions

(Continued from page 10) place Mrs. Bror Larsen, of the art department, who resigned last June. . . . Branford P. Millar, a new member of the English department, will replace Miss Alice L. Munn, who retired in June."

The faculty say:

"Both are efficient young men with charming personalities."

"I like Mr. Millar's industrious walk and Mr. Lembach's charming smile."

"We're glad they joined the staff."

The students say:

"He has suddenly increased my interest in art."

"I like Mr. Lembach's accent."

"He's a grand person and teacher."

"I wish we had more of him."

We all say:

"We're glad that they have both come here and hope they will enjoy their work with us." Consensus of opinion:

They are a little bit of all right!

HAVE YOU (MET?

HERE'S HENRY!

President of the Student Council

WHEN cornered in the Tower Light office, our blooming Student Council President coyly admitted that in the matter of women, he definitely preferred blondes, brunettes or redheads. We admired Mr. A. immensely for being so particular, wildly toasted him in warm water and proceeded to delve further into his private life.

If stretched out on an operating table, Henry would occupy five feet ten and one-half inches of space, linear measure (this is not wishful thinking) and would bear down on the same with a force of 150 pounds. He is allergic to persons who are late and likes mathematics, science, art and people who know what to do and when to do it. And here is a stimulating thought: he has blue eyes and is below the age at which Uncle Samuel invites the boys to spend a couple of years on him; that's most encouraging, especially when I had thought that all eligible males were in Peoria, love, the army or jail.

Henry was just getting warmed up to confessing his sizes: shoe, 8; hat, 7; and I do believe he would have gone farther, but I blushed violently and he had the courtesy to stop. He is also a doodler, for there was a fetching little design scrawled on the bottom of the paper in front of him; and as none of the rest of us had any ink, I know who done it. Henry done it.

Well, just then he had to rush away to a meeting, so we called it a draw; so there you have as much as I know about Mr. Astrin, S. P., B. D.,* and O. K.

* Below Draft. P. H.

I GIVE YOU — BILL JETT

Day Vice-President of the Student Council

"You can tell my public (?) that it is here to stay"—
the person speaking, Bill Jett, vice-president of the Student Council — the topic, his crew hair cut. No explanation is needed, I trust, of the coiffure nor the office.
But for the benefit of the greenies in our midst, I shall
attempt to describe, with full credit to him, the Honorable William Jett.

He is easily distinguishable not only by his threequarter hair length but also by a faint scar over his right eye. In a burst of childhood reminiscing, he let slip the fact that he had received the cut by falling from a chair when—at the tender age of 3—he was practicing to be a fireman. . . . Dear Bill . . .

Mr. Firefighter Jett is twenty years old and just tall enough for the Wright person (!). His political career here at college has been one long succession of high positions. He was president of the freshman class and, at the same time, editor of, and sole contributor to, a sports paper which he now insists contained a gossip column. In his sophomore year he was treasurer of the Student Council, general rabble-rouser in class meetings, and champion of the year book for '43. Now as a junior he is vice-president of the Council.

He assured me, in an interview, that he had no special hobbies now but that he used to collect (and here he blushed for shame) - stamps! His pet phobia is having too much work to do in too little time. He loves to eat fruit — especially bananas "because they have no bones"; is very secretive (or was) about his ability to make posters; likes to think he was called the "Campus Casanova" when he boarded at college during his freshman year; is quite famous for his stride that puts the kangaroo's-and his brother James'-to shame; has a passion for discovering strange information such as the double lining at the knees in a pair of his new pants; is quite haughty when we mention his well-known pessimistic outlook on life; and, all in all, is just a little inclined to let his mania for getting things done make him feel a little sorry for — and despairing of — the rest of us, intellectually and physically, lazy people.

I give you — Bill Jett.

NORMA KIRCKHOFF.

MEET ALICE - - -

Resident Vice-President of the Student Council

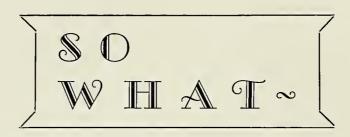
Her name is Alice Crane and her nose turns up (for purely physical reasons, we hope). When the writer of this article approached her on the balcony adjoining the "smoker" (she doesn't smoke; just suns there) she

gave a few statements which were misinterpreted by everyone there. I was left to draw my own conclusions. Here they are:

Alice, like most other truthful women, likes life, millionaires, and Ocean City. At present her ambitions (aspirations, hopes, or whatever you please to call them) are unsettled. By June she probably will have decided one way or the other. Though she lives in the environs

of Washington, her interests are centered in Towson. For further details, see Alice. I'd never expose the private life of Helen of Troy.

You will know her when you see her. She's blonde and not hard on the eyes. If you find there are several others who fit the description, may I suggest a test for validity. Should her nose be a small scale replica of a perfect toboggan hill, you can call her Alice.



Peggy Gunnells

FOR THE benefit of the freshmen, I might go into the whys and wherefores of "So What"; but read and ye shall see. (If you're lucky your name might be mentioned.)*

Perhaps you upper classmen remember your first year, but I'm certain some of your minds need refreshing. O. K. — a few sound effects — certainly you remember all the attention you got. When —

The Seniors Were Freshmen!

- I. We only heard that little Donald was the "great lover." (He's still doing all right by "himself.")
- 2. There was some doubt as to whether M. P. preferred the Great Dane or Mayo. (Lots of water's gone under the bridge since then.)
- 3. Does Crane ever get a Shock? (Now it's Hoen and the A. C. current has followed other lines.)
- 4. Recipe of the week: tea wafers spread with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Will you recommend this, Maxine?
- 5. Dan Cupid hit M. M. Wilson and Hillyard. Wonder what Shepherd was doing then?
- 6. Cupid really hit Norma Gambrill and John Chilcoat they've never recovered.
- 7. Our Jones girl, Jenny, seems to be Klopp-ing right along. Sho' nuff, true love.

*Editor's Note — That's not being lucky.

The Juniors Were Freshmen!

- 1. The topography of the freshman girls was quite up to standard. This was the general consensus of opinion of the upper classmen and the gentlemen of the faculty. (No, I'm not prejudiced: this was the steadfast opinion of one Norris Weis, the originator of "So What".)
- 2. That first Friday night when certain girls were instructed in the merits of the glen.
- 3. Mickey Sharrow was a John Barrymore-Robert Taylor arrangement in one. (Just for the play.)
- 4. Jett got the Wright idea and still has it. (We hear you were a naughty boy this summer, Bill.)
- 5. Willie Gaver became Mercerized. The future spells wedding bells.
- 6. Yes, 'twas back in the Olde Freshie days that Ronnie first wore Johnny's ring. (And still does.)
- 7. That Carter-Cox (Lon) romance enlminated with the end of the freshman year.
- 8. Shules was taking care of his Carr.

The Sophomores Were Freshmen!

- I. Agnes Hicks did a super job of advertising herself on the book shop typewriter. (Lucky you, getting your name in "So What" again.)
- 2. Dick and Mary Jane on their last-minute dash to classes. (Now they are later than ever.)
- 3. Last year: Floyd and Phelps, the Inseparables. This year: time changes everything.

- 4. Ned Logan and Mary Waugh kept everyone guessing.
- 5. The freshman Casanova, Pete Stall, had half the freshman girls groggy-eyed.
- 6. Jean Benson's theme song was "Oh Johnny."
- 7. Little John McCauley took at least an hour to walk the first fare. (A perfectly justified reason—5 feet plus.)

The Freshmen Are Freshmen!

- I. Sue Trevors was marking with Lou Cox. The uniform really gets them.
- 2. Talk has it that a certain freshman girl might get the shower. A word to the wise is sufficient, so watch your step; those showers have a really dampening effect.
- 3. The freshman class boasts a super-blonde named Ginny. Here's your chance, boys.
- 4. June S. and Bix are in the groove. Come on, freshmen, make yourselves known. Your names should be heading the list.

Last-Minute Flashes

- I. Mary Metcalf can't decide between a convertible and a V. P. I. ring.
- 2. Catherine Decker and Gene came to a permanent understanding before he went away with the Naval Reserve. Look on her third finger, left hand.
- 3. Toodles told us she took 6 lessons from an R. O. T. C. fellow at Hopkins. She didn't tell us the subject but I have my suspicions.
- 4. Special notice for Dr. Wiedefeld:
 Don't worry about your car disappearing this year.
 The culprit has graduated.
- 5. Jane Stottlemeyer finally got her driver's license this summer. The officer who gave her the test told me of the interesting conversation they had, so I'll pass it on to you:

Officer: What's the matter? Where is your warning signal?

Jane: Why, on the front — it's the little round thing that says Dodge Brothers.

- 6. Warren, make a point of learning how to pronounce a certain freshman girl's name.
- 7. To a certain junior girl:

 When you decide to let air out of tires again, be sure to get the right car.

WE'RE on the trail of a startling romance! So sit tight; it might be you!

"WHATCH KNOW, JOE?"

Jean Connor

That might be the theme song for a lot of students here at State Teachers. I'll show you what I mean.

"DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'"

That's what they say. In the Cafeteria or the Book Shop I've heard people argue gloriously over the method of teaching long division and other such drowsy issues. But ask them to write for the Tower Light, on any topic they please, and watch the rigor mortis set in. They sit down and chew their pencils desperately. What to write? What to write? Usually they end up handing in a poem. At least they can be sure that won't be accepted. And the student body ends up reading the same opinions of the same people on the same subjects.

"TELL ME SOMETHIN"

There are certain things that everyone has his own small secret thoughts about. Our country's foreign (and domestic) policy is one. The Honor System is another: Is it practical? How to enforce it? And why try to make a system out of what is naturally a state of mind? Then there are the issues of compulsory assemblies, of huaraches vs. the good old saddle shoe, of the soccer team's chances this year, of the sad state of affairs when a girl can't even get a copy of Cushman to read without chloroforming all her section-mates.

The point is that these thoughts are important. They are part of our school's great composite character. They grow out of our life. Whatever you think, on whatever subject, deserves to be put into good English and placed where the rest of the student body can read it and praise it and even pick it apart. At least, you will "Tell us somethin". You will give us a few ideas we didn't have before.

"I'M NOT FOOLIN", I NEED SCHOOLIN"

This isn't a school full of intellectuals. It is a school full of intelligent people, with a variety of interesting ideas and theories which they will discuss heatedly with their friends. If you believe in an idea enough to talk about it, have the courage to write it out and send it to the Tower Licht. That is the only way we will ever get a magazine that really represents the school . . . when students stop saying,

"I JUS' DON'T KNOW."

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Eleven Men and a Ball

IN ONE SPORT currently running, Towson always manages to approach, when (seldom) we don't reach good, full strength. This is the hard, open game of soccer, into which the official eleven has just slid, waiting, as it were, to be joined by the rest of the fellows in intramural soccer.

And this time, as almost always, we come with the argument that this is, practically speaking, a new ball club. There are only four hold-overs from very regular play last year, they being Q. D. Thompson, Willard Gaver, Dick Coleman, and Creston Herold. The rest of the squad is last year's reserves (in the main Sophomores, who are at present reaching the training which impels Coach Minnegan to announce that he can even set up an entire Sophomore team on the field).

As we write this, two games have been played, namely against Virginia and Loyola College. The Teachers walked away with the first tilt by a 3-1 score. The writer saw that contest, and went away impressed with the general spirit and fight displayed. The home talent fights at every corner and for every play. This indicates that the team will be very, very hard to beat again this season. The Loyola game was lost to us, but this does not stand in our way. The soccer team is headed for large things for 1941.

The balance of the schedule holds games with Loyola again, Hopkins (twice), Frostburg, Elizabethtown, Salisbury, and the Alumni, in October; and the pitch boys from Western Maryland in early November for the last tussle.

It's a tough grind; but we insist that the Towsonmen will weather it through, very much alive and kicking.

Archimo Krieger is at the goalic spot, and has performed creditably thus far. In front of him in the close defense positions are Sophomore Billy Mines (a nice basketball prospect, incidentally) and Willie Gaver, a Junior. Dick Coleman holds down the center-forward post, flanked at left half by Herold, and any one of these three: Harrys Fishpaugh and Stull, and Ned Logan at right. Bark (Grendel) Spellman plays at centerforward, and the wings consist of Kid Wheeler the Bix and David Lloyd Cornthwaite (this'll demoralize 'em). Captain Thompson and Lucien Peters, both now student teaching, but both very much in action, boot 'em in from the insides. That's the regular assortment.

Now, rounding out the squad are Astrin (Sr.), Wil-

liamson (Jr.), Boniface, Webster, and Rosenbaum (all Sophs), and Fowler, Diehl and Pulse who are Freshmen.

Now mark these games down in your little yellow book, and get out to bank some school (especially now) spirit. There's talk of a band which will play at all forthcoming home soccer games:

Oct.	10—Loyola	Home
	14—Johns Hopkins	
Oct.	17—Frostburg	. Away
Oct.	21—Elizabeth	. Home
Oct.	24—Salisbury	. Home
Oct.	28—Johns Hopkins	. Home
Oct.	31—Alumni	Home
Nov.	5-Western Maryland	. Home

The Coach for the Athletic Association announces the annual intramural soccer tourney which began last week. As we write, the results aren't in. But this angle is promising. Also, the basketball season is in the far offing, practice starting the first of November.

Correction

After we went to press we found out the whereabouts of Jack Owens. The former President of the Student Council (1938-39) is in the Third Training Battalion, Company D, Camp Wheeler, Georgia. He writes: "Army life hasn't been too bad so far. . . . Preliminary training is under way now. Drill, listen to lectures and have calisthenics daily. Long-distance hikes to start soon. Guess I'll be a soldier by time this is over!"

Would it be going too far to say that the Stalins and the Hitlers constitute the new purgeoisie? They stand for government by purge. Purging must not be confused with liquidating. Class or race enemies are liquidated, but one's own friends, associates, and supporters are purged.

— Topics of the Times, N. Y. Times.

She knew that I knew that her father was dead; She knew that I knew what a life he had led; She knew that I knew what she meant when she said, "Go see father."

None but the foolish and uninformed can say "We have the one and only answer."

Mrs. Nagger: "John, is everything shut up for the night?"

John: "That depends on you; everything else is."

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LAST MINUTE FLASHES

Dr. Kenneth Martin, vigorous addition to our Science Department, became engrossed in a conversation with Virginia Lee White about cameras, and had the novel experience of seeing the school bus, which was taking his class to the harbor, pull out from under his nose! Left at the post, Dr. Martin, left at the post.

* *

Vernon Albrecht had a Shep(ly) shape date at the Senior Dance. Bet(ty) you had a good time, Vernon.

~ ~ ~

Charles Chilcoat and Mary Jones are "coo-horting" around. Keeping up a Jones tradition, no doubt.

* *

What Soph was blamed for playing conductor on the Towson 8 the other morning? Your thwarted ambition, Mr. Webster?

* *

The female portion of the school's all a-twitter to discover if Mr. Lembach has any feminine attachments. We'll let you know in the next issue.

What Senior girl's password is now "Lafayette, we are here?"

* *

What Tower Light editor is losing her head over certain things?

How much there is in the world which I do not want. —Socrates.

These things call for implicit faith: democracy, love, and hash. — Pathfinder.

* *

Aesthete: A light-headed and empty-headed social parasite who toils not nor spins, nor breeds; who is as anemic as a jelly-fish, and whose motto is "Art for Art's sake." — George A. Dorsey.

* *

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Cower Light

November • 1941



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HOW DOES IT FEEL to dive straight down from several miles up? Bill Ward knows. He's the test pilot who put this amazing new Curtiss dive bomber through her paces for the Navy. That's Bill (left, above) smoking his (and the Navy man's) favorite cigarette. He'll tell you—

"YOUR EARS CRACKLE and pop. You think," says Bill, "the whole world's trying to squeeze the daylights out of you. You think maybe they *bave*, if things go a little foggy or dark when you're pulling out of your dive." After a ride like that, a Camel tastes mighty welcome.

NOTHING COMES EVEN CLOSE TO

NOTHING COMES EVEN CLOSE TO

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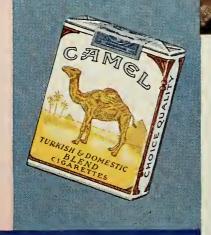
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Light up a Camel yourself. You'll know in the first few flavorful puffs why, with men in the service*... with the millions behind them ... it's Camels. (*Based on actual sales records in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard.)

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Thanksgiving: 1941

POR many years now, since the time Thanksgiving was made a national holiday, people have been calling our attention to the need in our midst for giving thanks to the powers that are, for all the bounties bestowed upon us. Moreover, we have been asked to keep a steady eye on those less fortunate than us, that we may rest assured our lot is not after all such a miserable one.

From the Indians down to the twentieth century, with its skyscrapers and lesser cultural objects. Thanksgiving has contained an idea of self-diminishment, of debts owed to those (or to Him) who grants us all the goods for which we are being grateful. All along, there has arisen a feeling of contentment, and of forgetting one's cares (much the same as one does on Sunday, when the week's work is done, and a whole new day remains for salving weary limbs). The rich had their turkey dinners, with all the stuffings, and even the poor had a bit of chicken fixed up to look like repast for nobility.

Generally speaking, in times of peace and of plenty, Thanksgiving Day serves, for the many who observe it, as a reaffirmation, as further evidence of the grace of God, and the wondrous system underlying all things earthly. But in times of strain, especially brutal physical and nervous strain, Thanksgiving Day becomes a sort of escape for harried souls.

What are we to say now, as we prepare to celebrate another day of thanksgiving? Are we to bemoan the strife and the struggle now raging? Are we, then, to give thanks that we are not as yet touched by the horrors of what is playfully called "War"? If we do so, if we do but give thanks for our deliverance from "War," we are selfish; those millions directly affected by the battles have nothing to say about it.

Thanksgiving, then, should be but another occasion for the challenged people of all the world that celebrates the holiday, to give utterance to the powerful words, dynamic democracy must be preserved. This will show that we are thankful for favors, and resentful of ill-doing. For, after all, when all is not well with us, for what should we be thankful?

We Are Thankful

It has been a customary, annual practice for Americans, since the year 1620, to celebrate Thanksgiving Day. It matters little whether it be on the third Thursday in November or on the first Monday in April. The significant thing is that this year, more than ever, we Americans can be grateful for many blessings.

We are thankful for freedom which allows men to be individuals, rather than dumb, driven cattle; for truth which governs mankind, instead of fallacious propaganda; for education which guides plastic minds, instead of regimentation which rules them; for fellowship which promotes charity, rather than censorship which suppresses it and last, but not least, for Tom, Dick, and Harry, who have valiantly left their homes to march, peel potatoes, and brandish a gun (only for practice, thank God!) in the struggle for democracy.

Honorable Confusion

N page 4 of this Tower Light is an article by Miss Jeanette V. Ulrich which decries all the talk and planning current among the student body for a genuine, workable Honor System, so-called.

We hope, of course, that the confusion which is to be seen in the contribution, entitled "Loved 1 Not Honor More . . . ", is not typical of the condition of mind of the rest of the students here. There is certainly no room at all in this discussion of whether or not the students are basically honorable. It is even irrelevant to the main point to find out why students cheat in tests or take home books belonging to the library and/or to others. All we know is that books are being stolen (that is the word we may use) to the extent of several hundreds of dollars worth. Last year, for example, the large sum of \$360 was removed quite painlessly (thus far) from out of the mass of breakage money which we all pay when we enter. Now it may be none of our business whether an individual cheats at testing time; as the writer says further, quoting Shaw, "Better keep yourself clean and bright." This is all right for examinations, because the dirty-windowed person himself suffers by the fact that he escapes. But we become quite resentful when a book is taken and we all must stand the charges. More than "clean windows" are required to remove this evil. There has to be an organized set of standards to which every student (in these things) must adhere. By getting the feeling that he himself is equal to the task of being responsible for his own ways, one is led on to confidence, and a more honest life.

Moreover, we hasten to add that a student-formed set of honor regulations will give the college even more of the college-appearance. It is very important that a college student be made to feel the sense of his own dignity. It is not important that the students are "basically" all honest. Rather than being an "insult to every honorable student," such a system as is here contemplated would be a way of complimenting each of these, and saying, "Look here, you students, you're old enough to take care of your own affairs, and we look for you to be good, sound, honest college students." If we weren't worthy of self-government, we should not have even a student council.

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2 TOWER LIGHT

The "New" Tower Light

THERE has been a revolution of a sort taking place directly under our noscs — a revolution in the system of the Tower Light, the new student publication. The Tower Light as it will come to the public beginning with this current issue is, we might go so far as to say, completely independent of anything that constituted the Tower Light of years gone by.

We have embarked upon a policy which we hope will lead us in a completely new direction. We are setting up as a general goal the creation of a paper in which all the interests of the student body for a given month will be covered; a magazine which will be awaited anxiously by all the students because of its service as a medium for some of the cultural improvements so needed by us all; a magazine which will be the product of the whole student body, a paper which will be the voice of the entire college.

The first step in our embarkation was the setting free of the staff from any restrictions imposed from without. Dr. Lynch, faculty advisor to the Tower Light, has herself said — and by this time the whole school should know this — that a college paper is the organ of the students. This must imply that whatever enters the columns of the Tower Light be creative and original. It further implies that the editorial board have practically a free hand in the determination of what shall and what shall not be printed, bound, of course, by the natural limitation of self-respect and courtesy.

The final large implication is that all the technical details shall be in the hands of the editorial board, assisted by the faculty in only those aspects wherein the logical immaturity (relative) of youth obstructs the way to complete freedom.

So much for the staff's powers. But the staff has, in addition, a certain job to do in the framework of the allotted powers. The chief one, of course, is the acquisition and the selection of contributions. One way is to know exactly what is wanted for a specific issue of the Tower Light, and to be able to ferret out the necessary material. The editorial staff must, therefore, know where contributions may be gotten. Hence if we are interested in getting a sound, experienced-based reaction to a new book on education — let us say, for example, Craig's excellent book, Science for Elementary School Teachers — we would go to a faculty member who is in a position to know concerning these things, and we invite from him a contribution which, when complete, will be printed in the Books section of the Tower Light. And if, for example, we are seeking an article on the development of a certain type of art, or of poetry, we invite contributions from members of the Art or Poetry departments of the school, or from staff-members of the Art or Poetry departments, since theoretically, at least, being a T.L. staff member in a particular branch of work implies being well informed in that branch.

On the other hand, suppose a student gets himself an idea which he feels might be of interest to the school as a whole. For him there are two avenues, one being a contribution to our regular columns to be judged for its literary value and the need which it fills; the other is the Open Forum column, in which any one having a bone to pick with a system, or a technique, or any one having suggestions which might benefit others, may feel free to enter, providing of course we in the office know who it was wrote the letter.

But there is still more to this business of getting out a paper than having articles, as such. As Mr. Branford Millar is fond of asking, and with justification, do we want our Tower Licht to have a motive, a plan, a direction, or do we want it just to happen, much as the sun rises early in the morning and sets by night?

This question is up entirely to the staff who, in turn, promises to plan the idea, and not let the idea run all over us.

However you may see the issue, please never lose sight of the fact that the TOWER LIGHT is the property of the entire student body. If you want to compete with regular staff writers, in your contributions, no one will object, just so long as such contributions maintain a certain standard of excellence, and are reasonably vital. If you do not wish to compete, the Open Forum columns are open always to you. And if there is dissatisfaction here and now, it is for us to modify our systems and give the students exactly what they want. For the moment we are trying to give to the college what we feel the college should want. It will surely be found that there isn't much difference between the two. And in the long run, when, happily, we all have approached a standard of excellence to which our further college generations may look up to for inspiration, it will be the opinion of the student body which will determine whether or not we have done the right thing.

NOVEMBER · 1941

"Loved I Not Honor More"

A N honor system, they say. Incredible. To systematize honor! To make it a tangible, measurable affair! Foolish, don't you think, my ethical readers? Or perhaps you, too, think me too idealistic. HONOR. Does it or does it not reside in the hearts of men? It can't be that there are no perfectly honorable men. Doesn't every true man have at least one point of honor? I've always thought so. Despite circumstantial evidence to the contrary, I still believe that the men and women of our college are basically honorable.

Certainly, books have disappeared. Yes, pictures were taken from the bulletin board. I'm even willing to admit (though reluctantly) that cheating during tests has occurred; homework exchanged; untruths told. Why? Because people delight in being dishonorable? Hardly. Because some material gain is desired? Perhaps. To preserve one's whole personality? Yes. Isn't it simpler to cheat on a test than to lose respect in the eyes of the instructor and the rest of the class when the test results are known? Isn't it simpler to pass someone else's work off as one's own rather than lose face by admitting that one was lazy, indifferent, incompetent? When facts in that textbook are essential to passing the course isn't it simpler to just take it from the library and keep it where one can always have easy access to it rather than struggle with fifty other students, all trying to lay hands on it? Yes, of course. It's quite easy to understand why a person would do such things. It is human and laudable to try to preserve one's respect and reputation.

BUT — isn't there another — a far better — way? Aren't these methods rather weak, easily detected, and uncertain? If discovered, wouldn't they bring greater loss of respect and damage to one's personality? Certainly. If for no other reason than that such conduct is dangerous, it's important to refrain from it. That's the materialistic point of view.

Spiritually, there's a deeper conviction that governs one's behavior. The belief in HONOR. George Bernard Shaw said, "You cannot believe in honor until you have achieved it. Better keep yourself clean and bright; you are the window through which you must see the world." How many of us have achieved honor — really? If not, how can we believe in it? If we don't believe in honor how can we believe in an honor system? If we have achieved it, we don't need an honor system! Such a system would be a personal insult to every honorable student. Could such a system be imposed on dishonorable men to reform them? Do laws make men moral? Has the invention of the electric chair done away with murderers? Will nagging and propaganda for honor fall on any but deaf ears?

HONOR, my friends, is not relative to time nor place nor circumstance. An explanation of a dishonorable act does not condone it. Passive toleration of dishonor in others is not an attribute of a truly honorable man. This, then, is the only way to combat dishonor in our fellow students: social ostracism — active scorn on the part of each student toward one whom we know to be dishonorable. Apathy is our greatest enemy.

YES! I still believe in HONOR! I do NOT believe in a so-called honor "system." Does your window need washing?

— JEANETTE V. ULRICH.

The Real Issue

A CCORDING to Ernest Haeckel's clock of antiquity, on which all the ages of the earth are represented by one round of the dial, man has existed only five minutes out of the twelve hours and so-called civilized man only five seconds. A generation is surely but a fleeting shadow in the light of the vast unknown eons of time revealed in geologic formations. Certainly our ego must shrink when we consider that this earth with its struggling millions and, indeed, our entire solar system itself is but a speck in the mass of heavenly bodies within our ken.

Man is but a fragile craft upon the raging sea of time and space, ignorant, cringing, confused. In his folly he strives to conquer nature when nature is no enemy. Nature has a continuity and an order which is readily understood as soon as man is prepared to understand. Man has no enemy but himself. His hates, greeds, prejudices, desires — all so petty in the majestic scheme of things—cast him into blighting war, bitter poverty, and harrowing disease. Unmindful of his insignificance and unmindful of a greater Law of Love and Order, man grapples with man to gain a moment of childish might and dominance.

Life is a school which instructs and disciplines her unruly charges. Unfortunately we do not see the truth until we are too faint to shout it in the market places. The voices of the wise are too feeble to quell the battle cries of a confused youth. Each generation, its energies dissipated in chaos, must learn what the generation before it learned. Each individual, warped and embittered, must learn as the ages have learned that right, not might, is our calling: that victory is ever followed by defeat; that man's greatest privilege and greatest achievement in his few brief seconds here is friendship, warmth of human affection, and kindly deeds. Our dreams for the human race can never begin to come true until the petty, undesirable things of our hearts are cast out and replaced by a throbbing love for our fellow man.

Have You Met - - -

PRESENTING -

IONA CLAYTOR President of the Senior Class

To tell you about Iona would fill a set of books, for lona is no ordinary individual in form, feature, face, or limb. By the time this issue of the Tower Light appears she will have returned to the campus after having lived through the last chapters of one of life's major problems (i.e., student teaching). Since Iona is a scientific person we shall approach her from an organized angle.

Physically: Tall, dark, with full grown bi-peds (8 or 9 or maybe 10). Eyes as luscious as a bovine's. Nice head of hair worn to suit the weather. Good appetite.

Mentally: Acute powers of concentration, discrimination, and association. Belongs to the isolated group of gray matter known as Kappa Delta Pi.

Emotionally: Calm, cool, and collected. Has definite heart attachments. Does not get excited except on rare occasions.

Socially: Lots of fun. Collectively: A swell girl.

Frances Shores Vice-President of the Senior Class

Harry sat on the typewriter in the T.L. office while I coaxed Frances away by waving a Ferguson and Bruun at her: that's how I dug this info out of our v. p.

Blushing modestly, she admitted that she is quite fond of sleeping and Dickens and that she is skeptical about convention and progressive education. At this point Warren Wendler rushed into the T.L. office with an 18-page story and we were almost too weak to go on with the interview. But, I did learn that Frances' secret ambition is to be a professional tramp with no strings attached in order that she may gain some first-hand information for some distant social studies unit. She wants to teach in Puerto Rico, the Hawaiian Islands, or Alaska (your guess is as good as mine as to the reason).

If you are wondering about her more private life — she has a mysterious locket, a rollicking sense of humor, and a repertoire of "tall stories." She's not averse to eating, worries about T.L. finances, and calls most everyone "gate." Her "After Hours" are a moot question but we know more than she thinks we do.

And that's Frances.

MISS WHITE — THE WORKER President of the Junior Class

"Just say that my hair and eyes match," said helpful Betty — and I'm obliging her. But I didn't promise not to add to that description of the Junior Class President. Miss White has the curliest head of hair at S. T. C.; measures 5 feet 2½ inches in her bare feet; and has one more year before she can vote — "against the present administration!"

Betty (and she doesn't spell it Bettye or Bette) likes sports: tennis, swimming, and badminton ("I'm crazy about the last"); she plays the piano beautifully and takes lessons at Peabody; she is intensely interested in the Sunday school class she teaches — eight boys between the ages of eleven and twelve; social service work for her church consumes much of her time; and she likes to read poetry "in anthologies."

This rather small human dynamo of energy and "getit-doneness" had a most interesting experience this summer: She had a scholarship to study for six weeks at Chautauqua, New York. The house where she stayed had girls from thirty different States, and she felt, in consequence, that she had toured the country. The subjects she chose for study were harmony and counterpoint, Spanish, and — shades of junior presidency — parliamentary procedure! As a dignified reporter I didn't blink an eyelash.

That just about sums up Betty White, one of the most sincere hard workers and efficient class presidents I have ever known. And just in case several of you would like to see the young lady in action, go over to the campus school on any Thursday morning and peep into the auditorium. Betty — in her spare moments — plays the piano for Miss McDonald's chorus class!

MARVEL WILLIAMS Vice-President of the Junior Class

The Vice-President of the Junior Class? Oh, you mean Marvel Williams, that litle blonde who has her fingers in all the social pies of the dormitory. She's social chairman of the resident students as well as being chief backer-upper of Miss White in her administration over the Juniors. Last year she was Student Council Representative for the Sophomores and an active member of the Rural Club.

Needless to say — Marvel's from the West. Everybody knows that! They've all (Continued on page 19)

Letter from Britain:

The Promised Land, North Holmwood, Dear Miss Joslin: Dorking, Surrey, June 6th

Thank you for your letter of May 3rd. Yes, I do remember visiting Cleveland and the school, but I was in so many places and met so many hundreds of people and spoke to so many thousands of children (and grown-ups) it has all become a little blurred in my memory.

You say many kind things about me and my work.

I know Laura Richards' work and also that of Rachel Field, whom I know personally. They are both first-rate writers — and I have quoted them many, many times. My own feeling — a very strong one — is that in order to write things that children will like you have to be a certain kind of person. If you aren't, it's no good trying.

You will see that I actually am living at the Promised Land. My pretty flat in London was recently entirely demolished and THAT comes into my last article — "Hats and Bombs."

In the autumn Methuen's are publishing my new book of rhymes. I think they are rather different from previous ones — more universal in character. This has come about because I have been in contact here with working class people's children, who are rather different from what I call the nursery and mummy kind. I happen to have known more of that kind and was brought up that way. That is a gain in some ways. Working folk here have little time to attend to the imaginative needs of their children — the mothers are so busy.

America has always been very kind to me and my American public is very valuable there always. We need American dollars here (nationally) and I need American dollars personally as paper is so short here that it is very difficult to plan books in England.

We are all keeping our chins up and even rationing has its very funny side. Friendly shop-girls produce parcel packets of the foods that are scarce in a conspiratorial way from the main counters. "I've got half-a-pound of dates I can let you have" — or "You can have a quarter of biscuits if you wish" — sometimes it's even an orange! We haven't been hungry — don't believe it if you hear it, but it has been tiresome, particularly in the country places.

We are all very, very glad that America is now wide awake to what might have happened if she had gone on dozing. Even now it must be difficult for you to realize how much everybody's life has been altered by this tragic business.

Thank you for your kind letter. I have written at some length to show you that I appreciate the kindness.

Yours sincerely,

Rose Fyleman.

Letter from Puerto Rico:

(Editor's Note — The Seniors usually think they are facing a huge problem when they are trying to decide in which county or city they shall teach. Here is the story of Hazel Moxley, Class of '39, who made her decision between the United States and Puerto Rico.)

DEAR MISS TANSIL: Yauco, Puerto Rico.

I have enjoyed my experience and work a great deal and realizing that there are certain arguments against doing this, I hope that I won't regret it too much. It is so lovely here and the people so kind and hospitable that I am glad I am here.

I am living with a Puerto Rican family. They are anxious to have Continentals live with them, and it has meant so much more to me to say that I am an American. It seems to be a password.

I know you want to know what kind of work I am doing. I am teaching English to the seventh and eighth grades in the elementary school here. I have seven classes a day and they are large classes, numbering from thirty-six to forty-five students. I like my work so much and it is such a satisfaction to work with children who are so willing and anxious to learn. Their English, though limited, is very good and they express themselves in a very nice manner.

There is a great need here for Continental teachers. They can't get enough to fill the vacancies that have occurred, and there is a growing need because of the great numbers of Americans who have come here to work on defense projects. I have met many of them and they are just as enthusiastic as I about the island.

I am enclosing two samples of work done in one of my English classes. I appreciate this so much because they find difficulty in expressing themselves in English. It shows their feeling for their island and to them it is the most beautiful place in the world. They will be so glad to know that these copies have gone to the States. It is their ambition to go there and take advantage of all that is available.

Sincerely,

HAZEL MOXLEY.

This is one of the compositions written by the children:

Puerto Rico, for me is the most beautiful place in the world. It is like a brilliant jewel in the middle of the ocean. It is the most colorful garden ever to see. With its plants, flowers, cities, mountains, and valleys it is like paradise. The giant cocoanut palms are like guards on the shores. The sugar cane is like small boys, all jointed together in play. The mountains are like huge giants overlooking the peaceful dream of the valley which is lost in the shadow.

— Carlos Soto.

When They Were Very Young

(ADRAMA)

Time—8:30 on a morning long, long ago.

PLACE—A school room decorated in a pre-Judd fashion. Characters—The teacher

The pupils:

Harriet Curt Theresa Emma Compton Eunice Jane Pearl Bernice Foster Clarice Becky Harold Helen Joe

(The curtain opens and Harriet, Jane, Emma and Bernice enter. Jane is carrying a huge armful of books.)

Lane: "Oh goody goody We are the first ones here

Jane: "Oh, goody, goody. We are the first ones here today."

Emma: "I had to come early to practice conducting 'America' for the assembly today. Watch me." (She waves her hands in huge gestures and accents the down beat with deep knee bends. Harold, Foster, and Curt come in. Harold throws his books across the room, aiming at his desk, but missing.)

Foster: "Say, Jane, did I tell you the one about the chorus girl and the trained seal?" (They go into a hud-

dle.)

Bernice: "I'm sorry, children, but —"

Jane (opening her books): "Now I want to share my treasures with you. Here is a lovely book about a farm—"

Foster: "Sorry, Jane, Harold and I are going to play ball." (Foster and Harold dash out, almost knocking over Becky and Joe, who are entering.)

Joe (going to the window): "Remember, Becky, last night I said that I'd show you the moon shining in the day time? (Theresa runs in breathlessly. Compton trails her.)

Theresa: "Oh, girls, I've just had the most wonderful idea. Let's organize a committee to send citronella to Southern soldiers. Just think of the poor —"

Compton: "Well, I move that we take up a collection to buy one of those new things called cameras."

Harriet: "What is a camera?"

Compton: "It's a new method of reproducing facial images."

Harriet: "Who's face?"

Curt (expansively): "Now look, Harriet, it's like a mirror because —"

Harriet: "Is it a mirror or isn't it?"

Curt: "No, it's not a mirror. It's - "

Harriet: "Well, what is it?"

(Eunice, Clarice, and Pearl enter, backed by Foster and Harold. Pearl takes off her hat.)

Pearl: "Theresa, where is your bonnet? You know that all ladies wear hats."

Harriet: "Not necessarily. Clarice, why are you sitting there so quietly?"

Clarice: "I am tied to my chair by my apron strings."

Pearl: "Why don't you untie them?"

Clarice: "I am waiting for Harold's social heredity to overcome his physical heredity and for him to untie them."

Eunice: "Girls, this is the last story I'll tell you about my little nephew, but -"

Bernice (interrupting): "Children, I am sorry, but—" (Harold shoots a spitball that catches the teacher as she enters.)

Teacher: "Harold, go stand in the corner, immediately! Helen, late again! (Helen runs in.)

Helen (panting): "I am so sorry. I just couldn't find the class today."

(The bell rings.)

Author's Note: Any resemblance of characters to persons living or dead is purely accidental.

November

Over the ridge in this bright weather Walks the wise old man.

His hair is smoky, his eyes are green,

His hat is laced with an orange feather.

The ditty he whistles is sweet and wan

As late-staying swallows singing together

Or dry leaves rustling on a dry lawn

Or the sweet scent of apples that wither. See him you may not, but hear him you can, Over the ridge in this bright weather.

— J. С.

Layton—"Are you fould of indoor sports?" Sally—"Yes, if they know when to go home."

Dots—"Do you tell your husband everything?" Eleanor—"No, he won't listen to me more than an hour or two at a stretch."

Mrs. Dinocan—"They say the war is causing a great increase in the number of marriages."

Dinocan—"I thought we had agreed not to keep dragging up the horrors of war."

Open Forum

To the Editors of the Tower LIGHT:

I'd like to know what the elementary school in Baltimore City has to offer young men who plan to teach. For some time I have talked with graduates of our college, but it didn't take me long to realize that the women were much more content than the men teaching in the elementary schools. In fact, those young men who admitted they were satisfied with their work were few and far between. Are there any professional reasons underlying this puzzling condition? Is it because of the "Educational System" in Baltimore? Is it because of the elementary schools themselves, or is it the men who are at fault? These unanswered questions have been in my mind for a long time, and now I would like someone to answer them.

When I entered this college, I was immature and really didn't know what I wanted to do when I "grew up." I wasn't quite sure I had started on the right path, even though my interests and qualities seemed to indicate I would make a good teacher of children. However, since my short stay here I have become more confused than ever. I have learned many surprising things about the elementary school system in Baltimore of which I was totally ignorant when I registered at this college. This knowledge is the result of having talked with dozens of people and making many observations concerning men as elementary school teachers.

First: While men graduates teaching in the counties can expect to be promoted within four or five years to a position as vice principal or principal, those in the city can look forward to many more long years of being just a plain teacher. Baltimore seems to favor women as principals, demonstration and practice teachers, but the counties of Maryland definitely have the men in mind when promotion time rolls around. Most of us will agree with that. But why does such a condition exist? Aren't the men teaching in Baltimore just as accomplished as those in the county? Aren't some of the men just as well qualified for promotion as the women who snare the top honors? Or what?

Second: I have spoken to pitifully few men teaching in the elementary school system in Baltimore City who sincerely enjoy their work! The men are dissatisfied because of a variety of reasons, the two most "popular" being: (a) There is too much planning to be done — not enough time for a normal life including recreation, exercise, and eight hours of sleep; and (b) The subjects are made too stereotyped because of restricting courses of study and unsympathetic supervisors. I have been

told other reasons, but perhaps you already know of their existence.

Third: There is little chance for progression in teaching for those who wish to try another field of pedagogy. A fine example of the educational system's lack of understanding is shown by the attitudes of men who wield most power in the schools. Let us dwell briefly on the sentiment toward men graduates of our college who wish to teach in the secondary schools. Although there have been and always will be elementary school teachers, particularly men, who desire to teach older children, the bigwigs in Baltimore openly take opposing sides of the issue, when there should be a definite attitude towards problems such as these. Some show little respect and much contempt toward elementary teachers who ask how they can become eligible to teach in junior high or high schools. Another faction advises these men to follow through their desires but to take care to do so in a secret manner, behind the backs of their co-workers. Of course, all of these noteworthy personages are entitled to their own opinions, but it seems to me that it would be much more sensible and would save many a young male teacher's disillusionment, if a common attitude or policy were adopted toward this and other problems that arise daily in our large school system. Is this an indication of disunity in our school system? I'd like to know.

I feel that all of these questions should be answered. No, I demand that these questions be answered — if only as a duty of our college to enlighten us students!

You could answer this article in one of several ways. You could tell me that the men in Baltimore are inferior to the women and that that is why they find teaching more difficult, are not promoted as quickly, and consequently are discontent. You could claim that the fault is due to the system used in Baltimore. Or you could say that the conditions I've mentioned don't even exist. You could claim that I have been exaggerating and that even though there are traces of the circumstances I've mentioned, they are so small there is really no problem with which to contend.

But bear in mind these facts. Male enrollment in our college is dropping. We have never had a large male group, because the men weren't attracted by the opportunities existing in the elementary school. In these times, when more teachers are urgently needed but less men are considering teaching, something drastic must be done to stabilize, and possibly increase the number of men in our college. It can be done, if Baltimore has

Forum

something attractive to offer men who teach in elementary schools!

Doesn't Baltimore, with a supposedly superior educational system, want any more men in the elementary schools? Shades of Socrates!

Senior.

To the Editors of the Tower Light:

On the questionnaire that the three upper classes filled out recently was this question: "Do you have a quiet place at home to study?" It should have been: "Can you find a quiet place in school to study?" If you can, you had better keep it under your hat.

The conditions in our college library are none too conducive to good work. At times this room resembles Grand Central Station with friends (who haven't seen each other for just ages — a period or two) greeting one another profusely. Then again round-table discussions are quite popular. Noises arising from these groups resemble anything from a low mutter to a good healthy shout. An empty classroom would provide much more suitable camping grounds. Then there are those who think that the spaces between the bookshelves in the west library are soundproofed. If only they were!

Some people contend that one is better able to concentrate in the midst of disturbances. What does it matter then whether or not we have a quiet place at home if it isn't necessary in our library?

A Soph.

Congratulations

To the Editors of the Tower Light:

Congratulations on those clever posters which have been brightening the lower corridor. Let's hope the standard is maintained!

October 22, 1941.

One of the 96%.

Wants Living Wage!

To the Editors of the Tower Light:

Before I came to this venerable institution I lived in a hazy dream that a teacher made a "good" salary; by that I mean a decent living wage. I wonder if the rest of the student body has as yet been as disillusioned as I have. I understand the helper on a garbage truck in Baltimore City (you know, the man who trundles the wagon with the tub of garbage on it and empties it into the truck) gets more than many teachers. If the city or State fathers continue to sit on their well-fed-and-clothed haunches and view this condition with their usual equable good nature, I can readily understand

why our enrollment will continue to dwindle in the ensuing years. Because, certainly, those "in the know" won't remain sphinxes forever and let other unsuspecting souls in on a bad bargain.

There are those, I know, who say that it is unprofessional to put salary above the joy of teaching. I am not saying that I do. If you really enjoy your job and put your all into it, there is no amount of money to equal the joy of doing your bit well. However, the word unprofessional may be used very glibly to cover a multitude of sins. There is, after all, such a thing as society, which has certain minimum requirements for a teacher's standards of living. Pray tell me why that same society refuses to grant the wherewithal to meet their requirements? Is the job of garbage collecting of more importance than the work of the schools? Wages in other work have risen tremendously in the defense boom. Correspondingly, the costs of living have risen. Not many teachers, specifically, will be able to meet the increased costs of living on \$18.50 a week unless they remain family parasites indefinitely.

Why aren't the students here enlightened on this subject until they become third or fourth-year students? It seems to be a tabooed subject, or even one in which the facts are not known. Seems to me it is only common sense to want to know just where you stand before taking a job. This common sense element has nothing to do with a person's teaching for the remunerative versus the idealistic end. The idealistic conception should always be the prime aim of a true teacher, but even the most ardent cloud-chaser has to put his feet on solid ground and cope with some of the sordid problems of life every now and then.

I should like to see some discussion in the Forum as to how other students may feel about the subject. If you have made it a point to find out more about the teacher's salary, do you think it a fair return for the amount of work a conscientious person puts into his job? In view of present economic conditions, what are your reactions to the situation from a practical viewpoint? Do you think it unprofessional even to discuss the subject?

Towson, October 21.

Willie—"What is the difference between capital and labor, Dad?"

Dad—"Well, son, the money you lend represents capital and getting it back represents labor."

Mother—"Johnnie, why don't you give your little sister the bigger piece of candy? Even the old hen feeds her chicks the dainties and takes only a little herself." Johnnie—"I'd do the same, Mom, if it was worms."

The Great One Over the Dark

A SHORT STORY

by Warren Wendler

. . . different and unknown,
Far stranger than night,
The darkness that lies
'Twixt the night and the light. . . .

I HAVE heard it said that the more you are able to surprise the reader, the more you are able to charm him. I have likewise heard that there is nothing so fascinating as the inexplicable. I prefer, then, to consider these contentions as "raisons d'etre" for my phantasy.

The following is an excerpt from the Edgewood College Clarion:

"Roman Talle. As I remember him, he was not so much a sensitive person that his strange experience could honestly be attributed to sensitivity or imagination. On the contrary, he was more often than not regarded — but falsely so — as above, beyond, and impervious to discomforts and diseases which the more ordinary individual might consider painful. Thus, those of us who were intimate acquaintances of his hesitate to accept the theory that he had allowed his imagination to dominate the acute faculties which we had learned to respect so greatly. We likewise hesitate to accept the theory that he had been insane over a long period of time. Indeed, mere acquaintance with the man went far to discredit this. That he became insane perhaps cannot be denied or certainly, if denied, not rationally so; but we who knew him contend that some force, some stress, some experience - very probably unknown to us — drove him to lunacy, something, we believe, of a very violent, powerful and hideous nature."

Roman Talle had been a student at Edgewood University for three years and in those three years had occupied a room upon the campus. It was not because these quarters had proved uncomfortable or inconvenient that he and his friend Falloway, upon beginning the fourth year, decided to obtain a room in town. As Roman Talle himself had said, he "had just wanted to stay somewhere else this year." And that was all. Accordingly, he and his friend investigated and found living quarters in a boarding house on the edge of town, not more than a quarter of a mile from the University grounds. The establishment was to all appearances re-

spectable and their room neat, clean, and cozy, all that they could possibly desire. Of course, there wasn't a new piece of furniture in the place with the exception of the reading lamp that stood in the corner to the left of the easy chair, but the two roommates could find no justifiable reason for complaint.

Several weeks passed swiftly by, largely occupied with the normal activities of any student settling down to the task of adjusting himself to the rigors of college life. There was much to be done, and very little time for rest or thought or pleasure, much less for insignificant details. Thus, Roman Talle, so preoccupied with his college work, found no opportunity to realize that all was not as it should be with him in his quarters.

But then came a Friday night.

Roman Talle had been planning all that afternoon to accompany Falloway along with several other students to the one theatre of which the town could boast. He was the sort of person who is very appreciative and very easily impressed when it comes to entertainment, and the theatre provided a truly satisfactory source of recreation for him. And so he and his friends set out that night as they had decided to do. It was when the group had arrived at the very entrance of the establishment that Roman Talle experienced the sudden and bewildering desire to walk, to get away from his friends somehow. It was not customary for him to act on impulse, but he did so in this instance. He mumbled something about a thesis which demanded his immediate attention and begged to be excused. As he walked swiftly away, the others looked after him with surprise and a little mystification in their eyes.

Roman Talle struck out for the edge of the town, whence he headed toward the University campus. Away from his friends now, he slowed his pace somewhat. What he had done was very confusing to him and he dismissed unpleasant thoughts from his mind only with difficulty.

The night was a very ordinary night. It was fairly cool and thus far clear enough so that stars were in constant evidence overhead. This was not the first time that Roman Talle had made this walk and, as always, he enjoyed it. Just beyond the campus, he could see the shining ribbon that was Bruck Run; and some of the peace and quietude of that eternally moving stream entered his soul and calmed him considerably. When he reached

the college grounds, he saw, by virtue of the lighted windows, that the campus library was still open. Somewhat addicted to reading, he entered and browsed about a bit before selecting a novel, Wolfe's "The Web and the Rock," and departed.

As he was climbing the steps to his room, a glance at his watch told him that it was close to nine o'clock. It was much too early to retire when he reached his room and switched on the light. He took up the novel withdrawn from the library, seated himself in the easy chair under the reading lamp in the corner, and began to read. It is a compliment, indeed, to the novel that he continued to read for an entire hour without once interrupting himself or getting out of his easy chair.

It was several minutes past ten o'clock when he laid the book aside. In preparation for the busy day which would confront him on the morrow, he decided to get ready for bed. The only light in the room at this point was that provided by the reading lamp. It was then necessary, in order to bed himself down properly, that he turn on the large room light by means of the switch on the wall on the other side of the room. Usually, he would have crossed the space to this switch and turned on the large light before turning off the reading lamp. Tonight, however, without thinking, he got up and extinuished the lamp light, plunging the room into total darkness. There was no light from the windows, for the shades had been drawn.

Immediately confused, Roman Talle began to stretch out a hand for the reading lamp cord in order to turn on the lamp light again; but he decided to feel his way across the ten or fifteen-foot space that separated him from the wall. Then he intended to edge along the wall until he contacted the light switch.

And so, with this in mind, he took several cautious steps forward. Immediately he felt very strange. The floor of the room had been entirely covered by a thick, soft rug just a few seconds ago. But now he felt as if he were walking on a hard floor, a floor without a rug!

Roman Talle, although not easily frightened, was frightened. He was so very frightened that he could not bring himself to reach his hand down to see if he really were standing on a bare floor. He comforted himself with the belief that it must be his imagination. What else could it be? Why, he hadn't taken but a few steps. He certainly could not have left his room, he reasoned. Well, as soon as he reached that light switch, he'd find out what this was all about.

Strengthened somewhat by these reflections, he took several more steps forward. The great blackness bore down upon him. It was so completely, so utterly black that the dark seemed every bit as real and as tangible as some huge, stark wall attempting to crush him. He could not see a single object. When he raised his hand up before his eyes, he was not at all surprised that he was unable to see it. He was tempted for a moment to turn back and would have, had he not feared that he might lose all sense of direction and fall over some furniture, perhaps injuring himself severely thereby.

By all laws, he reasoned, the wall could be but a few steps ahead of him. He put his hand up to feel for it and began to advance carefully.

No wall.

He stepped forward even further, straining to see through the impenetrable barrier of darkness.

No wall.

He continued to advance step by step, step by step, feeling, searching, straining to see, but . . .

No wall.

I must have walked three times the length of the room, he thought abstractly.

Then suddenly he stopped, a cry rising up in his throat and a sudden cold wave surging over him as he recalled those last words: I MUST HAVE WALKED THREE TIMES THE LENGTH OF THIS ROOM!

God in Heaven! Where was he? Why wasn't he finding that wall? Or, if wrong in his direction, why wasn't he coming into contact with furniture or something. . . . anything? He couldn't be walking in circles. Even if he were, he surely would have stumbled over a chair, a table, or a bed. Where was he? The wall should have been right before him.

He was cold all over. He could no longer think. He must be imagining things. If he took another few steps, he would surely run up against the wall. He took the few steps, but . . . no wall, no anything. Roman Talle cried out. He advanced continually. His outstretched hands met nothingness.

Tears of fright mounted to his eyes, panic pushed its way into his breast, and a great sob tore at his throat. The huge emptiness of the dark lay like a great, impenetrable blanket over him. And then he was running. He was running, running forward, ever, ever forward. Surely, he wildly thought, I must stumble over the furniture, surely run headlong into the wall! But no . . . he was just . . . running. . . .

God! It had been but a few feet from the lamp to the wall! What had happened? Where was he? Abruptly he stood still and brought his hand up to mop his forehead. But his hand met nothing! Roman Talle reeled backward in horror. His left hand clawed wildly, desperate in the hope of feeling his right, but he felt nothing. Yes, he was conscious of his arms and legs; he could feel the movements; but he couldn't feel THEM!

When he reached for his legs, they were not! It was thus with all of him. He just didn't seem to be much more than open space.

Roman Talle fell to the ground; and even as he lay there, he realized that the floor was HARD and BARE, that there was no soft, thick rug! He lay sobbing.

All was silence about him. He remained thus for he knew not how long, endeavoring to organize his thoughts and his sense, feebly attempting to get some order out of the chaos. And as eventually he arose to his feet, a very faint light, coming from nowhere apparently, filled the air.

He seemed to be in what was a long hall. He could only see walls to the right and left of him, champagne walls, and a champagne ceiling that seemed very far away, and a champagne floor. He himself must have been shrouded in black, for not even now could he see his hand raised before his face, or yet feel his face or limbs. All that he could see was that he seemed to be in a very long hall and far, far off, was . . . the end?

So intent was he upon gazing down the hall, that he was almost unaware of the low strains of powerful music coming to his ears. To his astonishment, he found, upon listening intently, that he recognized the music as a portion of the First Movement of Tschaikowsky's 4th Symphony, one of his favorite compositions. That First Movement had always been, 'though magnificent, very depressing to him. It had always made him see disgusted and despairing men and leering, merciless Fate. Here, however, he welcomed the music for here he could understand it. After several minutes, however, the strains abruptly died out; and he turned his attention once more toward the end of the hall.

He concluded that there was nothing to do but follow that hall, get to that end. He was moving, no, stumbling, dazed, at first. He gathered speed. He was running again . . . wildly. A cold wind tore against his face, and a great strength surged through him.

He was running . . . wildly . . . wildly.

A cold wind tore against his face.

His legs were pumping mightly up and down, up and down, and he was hurling forward at a speed he had never deemed himself capable of attaining. And he could see the end drawing near! He shouted with joy.

But . . .

It was swiftly growing dark.

He began screaming as the light started to disappear. It was growing darker and darker. Weariness descended upon him, but he fought on, screaming curses.

Run! Reach the end! Darkness is falling!
He was running . . . running . . . wildly . . . wildly.
The cold wind tore against his face. . . .

Run! And scream! Perhaps the light will return.

But darkness had fallen. He could not see at all. It was dark. But he could not stop running. Nor did he wish to. He had seen the end. It must be very near. And he must reach the end despite the darkness which had fallen.

He tore head-on into something terribly hard and was battered back by the shock to the very floor . . . a RUG-COVERED floor!

Roman Talle was dazed by the fall, but he knew . . . The floor! The rug. . . . And he must have run into the wall!

He got to his feet in the dark and stretched out an anxious and hopeful hand. Sure enough, there was the wall. Breathlessly he felt along it until he reached the light switch. A moment later light flooded the room.

Roman Talle looked about him. Everything was exactly as it had been, exactly in order. Not fifteen feet from where he stood by the light switch was the reading lamp. He looked and felt of his face and limbs and examined himself in a mirror. He was perfectly normal in every respect. True, his face was haggard-looking, but that was to be expected, he supposed, after such a . . . dream? No, it couldn't have been a dream. It had been too . . . too awful. He sank into a chair, bewildered and frightened. But he leaped up almost immediately. His watch said twelve o'clock!

And suddenly Falloway was at his side, his hair tousled, eyes heavy with sleep, and his slender body clothed in pajamas. Falloway, his dear friend, asking, "For Lord's sake, Rom, what's the matter? You're as pale as a ghost."

Roman Talle looked at him and asked, "Where have you been, anyway?"

Falloway looked surprised. "Where have I been? Where have you been? I came in about a half-hour ago, turned on the light, played the radio a little while, turned off the light, and went to bed. I wondered where you were."

"What!" Roman Talle was horrified at what his friend's words implied.

"Yes, when I came in at about eleven, there was no one here. You weren't in bed as I expected. Why didn't you leave the reading lamp on for me? I might have broken my neck. Mighty inconsiderate of you," replied Falloway joshingly.

"Jesus Christ! You say I wasn't here?" cried Roman Talle.

"Well, I didn't see you and I don't see how I could have missed you. You woke me up just now when you turned on the light. Say, where've you been? You're not only as pale as a ghost but you're also dripping with perspiration."

Roman Talle hesitated. He turned away, then turned

back, and after a moment of silence gave reply, "Jim, I haven't left this room since nine o'clock."

(To be concluded in next issue)

About the author: If you do not know Mr. Wendler, we can see adequate reasons for it. He is the Sophomore boy who wears a green sweater, stands on his head, and blushes modestly. The preceding enumeration does not mean that he performs all of the items simultaneously. We are printing the story in two installments. The conclusion will appear in the December Tower Light.

So What

UP AND DOWN THE HALLS . . .

Rumor has it that Corny's kinda' mixed up. Won't a certain girl straighten him out? (Don't rush, girls; file applications with the Tower Light. You'll find our advertising rates quite reasonable.)

Remember the super Freshman blond in last month's issue? It looks as though Maynard has her under lock and key.

Alma McAvoy says goodbye with "a warm hand clasp."

What would this school and Bareham do without its "Specials"?

What did the earthworm say as he crawled through the colored cemetery? (M-m-m, chocolate!)

You know the old saying, Stull — "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again!"

The soccer boys keep saying, "Oh, for another game at Frostburg." (Especially Cres.)

Jean Wright's doing her part by the Army.

Even though the Cornell team lost to Navy, Liz didn't. Nice if you can get it.

"Oh, I'm just wild about a red head," sighed Betty M. Dr. Crabtree: "Of what does the pome, "The Highwayman,' remind you?"

Jack Williams: "The Lone Ranger."

Dr. Crabtree (subtly): "Yes, for the lower levels."

Jean K. finds it quite convenient to go home on Friday nights. Oh, for a taxi service like that!

A synonym for Betty and Dick — Love at first sight.

Which Towsonite will it be, Betty Jean?

Living next door to Kenny has its advantages. Don't you agree, Shirley?

Georgette's new theme song — "I'm Just Wild About Harry."

Having trouble translating your letters, Catty? Take advantage of the Spanish Club.

- Peggy Gunnells.

Something New in Science

A TTENTION, Student Teachers! Do you remember those long winter hours spent in scarching for appropriate material for your science classes? You found plenty of books, but many of them were over your head, much less the children's!

Well, rest my weary ones. Your problems are solved. Within your very reach lies salvation. Behold the "Unitext" series in the case opposite the science room.

Seriously, though, as veterans of one bloody conflict and prospective veterans of another, we greet these with joy. These new Unitext booklets treat a variety of science subjects — insects, birds, fish, animals, rocks, astronomy, and the weather. They are written for the intermediate grades, but could really be used in most any grade. It is interesting to note that they are now being rewritten for the lower grades by one of our former students Selma Coughlan. Incidentally, to supplement the material in these books, she is using information that she gathered from one of her courses with our own Dr. West.

These booklets are all well illustrated in a colorful and realistic manner. The information is clearly and vividly presented and may well be used to supplement any classroom material. Each book is independent of the other and presupposes no previous knowledge. Going along with them, is the teacher's manual which gives specific suggestions for their use; such as, the probable length of time needed for its thorough study, "core ideas" and "possible approaches," "activities," "study problems and exercises," and also further references for the teacher's use.

Perhaps these Unitext booklets do not impress you as being important just now, but when you go "out" (that all-expressive term) you, too, will sing their praises!

Klauenberg-Volk.

A Bit of Natural History

AM convinced that to go on an overnight hike is the best way to win friends. (You can also influence people if you're on the breakfast committee.)

When I got out of the car Friday morning with my pack slung over my back (that is purely for effect — I couldn't lift it higher than my knees) my father cheered me on by saying, "Don't let them kid you into leaving anything. It's going to be cold up there." I had visions of having to leave the fourth blanket at school, maybe even the third, so that my pack could be squeezed in somewhere. All day I worried, but with the coming of

3:00 I saw roll after roll carried out looking like huge sausages tied in the middle, a blessed few even bulgier than mine.

There were several complications, such as a dead battery, no key to the lodge, one lost group, before all arrived. We had waited for supper so long that everyone fell to with a vengeance. They assured us that the hamburgers were quite done. Frankly, I think if we had served them uncooked in between two pieces of burnt toast nobody would have cared. After satisfying the inner man, we all gathered around the fire to sing. The trials and tribulations of somebody who indulged in a rotten peanut kept us on edge until the bitter end. Then we found out the ten best ways how not to get to heaven. (Nobody offered to tell us the right way.) While we were giving our vocal chords a rest, Helen began a game. Even if you aren't the least bit gullible, before you had finished it, you, too, would have believed that that stick was a dog.

Finally, after winding up with some very lovely campfire songs, we trooped off to bed. And if you think "troop" is the wrong word, listen sometime to thirty-one people trying to get upstairs and settled in bed on the floor in fifteen minutes.

The breakfast committee (all four of them) slept together so as not to disturb anyone when they rose at six o'clock. To make a long story short, suffice it to say that the B. C. did not rise at 6:00 and were not the first ones up. Once gathered in the kitchen, however, they performed nobly under the able directions of Chef Martin.

After breakfast we drove to Pen-Mar (I know what you realists are thinking, but we didn't ride all the time). From there we hiked over part of the famed Appalachian Trail, which goes from Maine to Georgia. We proceeded to travel six miles in the direction of Georgia. Part of the group that we were supposed to meet at the cars got their signals mixed. Of course, it wasn't anybody's fault. Nobody told them that we would be back for them. (Nobody told them that we wouldn't be back for them, either.)

The lunch committee returned to the lodge ahead of the others and had things really humming when the rest ran (?) in. A shorter hike had been planned for the afternoon, but by the time everyone finished eating, we had to leave.

If you want to know how to get eggs out of the frying pan without a turner, how to drink your tea while it is steaming hot, how to strain coffee without a strainer, how to get eggs off forks without a dishcloth, how to have a good time, go on the next overnight hike with the Natural History Group.

— Arlene Peeples.

Last Year's Prides

Frederick County Alice Dodd Mary E. Stoner Audrey Mercer

Harford County
Mabel Whiteford
Annetta Wright
Evelyn Ernst

Anne Arundel County
David Shepherd
Elaine Reynolds
Catherine Mileto
Ruth Durner

Howard County Katherine Mullinix

Montgomery County
Veneta Lambros
Margaret Owings
lola Clay
Charles Cross
Nancy Metzger
Lee McCarrier

Prince George County
Helen Gifford
Leon Lerner

Baltimore County

Agnes Thomas, Sparrows P.
Margaret Hale, Baynesville
Genevieve Haile, Dundalk
Ridgely Hill
Marjorie Coulson, Arbutus
Ruth Price, Dover Road
Joe Hillyard, Parkville
Howard Stottlemeyer,
Carroll Manor
John Shock, Stoneleigh
Rose Marie Callahan,
Patapsco Neck
Sibyl Davis, Essex
Ruth Eppard, Fort Howard
Jeanne Wilhelm, Sixth

District Consolidated Peggy Heck, Sparrows Pt. Ruth Tapman, Catonsville Ruby Young, Essex

Of Hearts

The heart is a historian, And keeps a record, too, Of times and names and places And people that we knew.

The heart is a historian. No book could ever hold The memories, sweet and bitter, We have when love grows cold.

The heart is a historian. What more is there to say? You left your memory with me The day you went away.

- Lois Anne Cheetham.

OLD TIMES

Bernard Phelps to Creston Herold via postcard:
"I am leaving today for Camp Wheeler, Georgia.

231 of us are being shipped out of here tonight at 5 o'clock. I hope things are coming along O. K. Tell all 'Hello.' I hope the army lets you finish school this year. I like this life. So far — good eats, plenty of sleep and plenty of drill. Don't get married. Join the army! — Bernard."

Dressing Room

WE NOTE:

Smart tan riding jackets sported by Wanda Carter, Phyllis Walter, and Jean Benson (who insists she picked up hers in a men's shop).

Mary Ruth Needle's evidence of her reading of "Mademoiselle." We like your argyle sweater of green, red, and gray diamonds. Have you seen the socks to match?

Dot Gronert's "extra-special" longies of pink and meadow rose.

Florence Abramson's wisteria slip-over.

Frances Larson's red corduroy boots and all you people's smooth loafers which divert our attention from the saddle tradition.

Striking jewelry: Margaret Zillmor's chocolate brown necklace, Jeanette Ulrich's nifty lapel vase, Dela Jontiff's black eversharp affair on a silver chain and spring.

Those exactly alike red and black dresses which made us believe we had more twins at our Senior Dance. Good idea, Jeannette and Mary!

That wee bit of Scotland in the modern kilt Jean Fisher is wearing these days.

Baby hair cuts which look very charming and demure. Ruth Maleson, Vella Kobin, Dottie Kapp, Thelma Rosenthal, Bettie Jean Battenfield have all taken to the scissors.

Janet Clautice's and Mindelle Kahn's tortoise-shell glasses.

Henry Astrin's and Harry London's exciting tie and shirt combinations.

Sidney Blum's fetching bow tie arrangements.

Bill Mines' clothes in general.

Pete-"Who's boss at your house?"

Tubby—"Well, my wife and I share the job. She bosses the children and me, I boss the goldfish."

Johnnie—"I dreamed last night that I proposed to you. What is that a sign of?"

Gladys—"It's a sign that you've got more sense when you're asleep than when you're awake."

Emogene—"When I grow up, Mommy, will I have a husband like Daddy?"

Mother-"Yes, dear."

Emogene—"And if I don't get married will I be an old maid like Aunt Christy?"

Mother-"Yes, dear."

Emogene—"We women certainly have a hell of a life, don't we, Mommy?"

Research Perverted

DO YOU THINK the following verified definitions are aptly descriptive of the faculty members they apply to? They are not listed in order of importance. Each, in his own little way, holds a special corner of our hearts, singularly and collectively.

Since the mcn are in the minority, we'll be really democratic and take them first.

John the gracious gift of God
Donald proud chief
Joe he shall add
Compton in a class of his own, since
no meaning was found
Harolda champion; general of an army
Foster see definition for Compton
Branford ibid., Compton and Foster
Kennetha leader; commander
Curt same as 3, 5, and 6 above

And now for some of the ladies:

Clarisia bright, illustrious
Helenlight
Theresa carrying ears of corn
Emma energetic, industrious
Elma see 3, 5, and 6 of men's group
Lucyborn at break of day
Anna grace
Stella a star
Elnasee Elma above
Eunice happy victory
Harriet the head or the chief of a house
Pearlsee Elna
Rebecca of enchanting beauty
Anitasee Pearl
Bernicebringing victory
Nellielight
Ruthbeauty

Editor's Note: These definitions are according to philology.

Hope

A tiny spark Amid débris May smoulder long Before set free.

A bit of hope Inside the mind May slumber long If kept confined.

- Virginia Dorsey.

Music Season

SINGERS, Planists, violinists, dancers — this season the myriads of lights in Baltimore's music halls will look down upon a great galaxy of stars. Along with this critics' heyday more top hats will be dusted off and evening gowns donned than ever before. So, for you who suddenly find yourselves dazzled by the array of musical offerings and appalled by slim pocketbooks, here are a few suggestions.

On December 3, Sir Thomas Beecham will conduct the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Sir Beecham was conductor of the London Philharmonic before coming to America. Martha Graham and her Modern Dance Group will appear at the Art Museum on December 19 and 20, while Hanya Holm will be there the week-end of January 31. As for violinists, Szigeti will appear as guest soloist of the National Symphony on January 6 and Yehudi Menuhin on February 12. The great Rubenstein is also going to favor Baltimore this year when he plays with the Philadelphia Symphony on March 4. Richard Crooks will sing with the National Symphony on November 25.

Baltimore has certainly drawn the lucky card this winter. We hope that all of you will receive some enjoyment from these fine programs.

The Glee Club

ON MONDAY afternoons and Tuesday assembly periods, students in the halls near room 211 are prone to rhumba or tango instead of walk to their destinations. The reason for this extra rhythm instead of the usual ambling, shuffling gait is the sound of music being practiced by the Glee Club. This year, a secondary aim is being nurtured by that group. Besides providing the school, specifically, and the people of Baltimore and Maryland (via radio), generally, with good choral music, the club is now trying to foster Latin-American relationships by having in its repertoire songs from those countries. For the rhythmic bass and alto and the singing melodic tenor and soprano these songs are well suited.

Along with a song the club sang last year there are three new Latin-American pieces. The familiar song is, of course, Carmencita or Cielito Lindo, a Mexican folk song arranged by Wallingford Riegger. The new songs are Que Lejos Estoy (Far from My Native Land), Mexican folk song; Ay, Ay, Ay, a Creole song; Estrellita, a Mexican Serenade by Manuel A. Ponce arranged by Bryceson Treharne.

- RUTH MALESON.

"Follies" of the Faculty

THE FIRST Annual Faculty Follies will be presented on Tuesday evening, November 18, in the auditorium. Great secrecy has (until now) surrounded the program, but an inquiring reporter does not let that fact bother him. By various means (threats, cajoleries and pleadings) I learned that the theme of the Follies is to be the Gay Nineties. The inimitable Dr. Walther will act as master of ceremonies and is expected to greatly enliven the occasion with his pungent wit.

The first part of the program will have the set-up of a music hall. A sensational chorus, featuring such luminaries as Miss Owens and Dr. Crabtree (if my informant is correct) will be followed by a melodious group of singers rendering such heart-breaking songs as "The Curse of an Aching Heart." The highlight of the act will be a daring dance in imitation of Little Egypt's performance at the Chicago Exposition of 1893 (the identity of the dancer remains an undivulged secret). Included in the cast of this first part of the program will be all the members of the faculty who can be crowded on the stage.

The second act will consist of a soul-searing "meller-dramer" entitled "Curse You, Jack Dalton," which will point out in vivid dramatic terms the perils and temptations which beset the path of an innocent, young working girl. No definite information as to the members of the cast could be obtained, but it has been rumored that Dr. Foster Dowell will play the dashing, romantic hero and that Mr. Compton Crook will be seen as more villainous than ever. Miss Woodward will appear as the dark Spanish menace and various other members of the faculty will take parts in roles illustrative of vice and virtue.

It is hoped, my kind informant said, that students will come to the Follies — and come prepared to hiss the villains and applaud the virtuous hero and heroine. And I say — Who would miss it?

Burning Leaves

Brown leaves form a funeral pyre Cremated by a dancing fire. Smoke curls high and wends away To mingle with the twilight gray. The hungry fire its prey consumes, And charréd heap is left as tombs Of autumn leaves, whose beauty lost, Are offered as a holocaust.

— Virginia Dorsey.

BOOKS

Oldest Week

NOVEMBER second marks the opening day of 1941's Book Week. As one pauses to reflect over the span of vears since Book Week first originated he will note with great satisfaction and pride the progress and importance this week has assumed in the eyes of the great American public. In May, 1919, Franklin K. Mathiews, Chief Scout Librarian, spoke before the American Booksellers' Association at its meeting in Boston, in an attempt to make reading part of the Scout program and at the same time to rescue Scouting from being interpreted to the public by machine-made stories. Mr. Mathiews painted the picture of the boys' real needs and persuaded every dealer at the meeting to put more energy back of his children's department, and to give it a new importance. In July of that year a dozen enthusiasts met and a series of conferences followed. After a while slogans began to materialize and a semblance of what was to become a Book Week arose.

It was necessary to obtain the help of libraries and librarians and to get the public schools to work hand in hand with the former. Soon interest developed so rapidly that in a thousand communities Book Week became a regular part of the school year. Thus did the campaign for "free-reading" arise. Soon parents were faced with children wanting their own books and libraries.

Book Week was set in November because November and December are always the busiest time for the sale of children's books. But now books are no longer stacked away after Christmas. Stores sell them the whole year around. And now, also, book dealers are contacted by educators and so develop a more mature and serious attitude toward their sale of books.

At first the special week was Children's Book Week, but it was later changed to Book Week because so many high school students and young adults wished to take part in its observance. Entire communities now participate in Book Week programs. Libraries, schools, book stores, women's clubs and other organizations all take an active part in each city's observance of the Week. It is now the oldest living national week, this year marking its twenty-third year of existence.

How important Book Week has become is made clear when one thinks of all the wonderful books that are being written for children these days. Formerly the great pens were concerned with books only, for adults, but since children have expressed their great desire to read. a new road with vast possibilities has opened for both the author and the child.

"Many times the reading of a book has made the future of a man," said Emerson, and how we do agree to this thought! Thank you, Mr. Mathiews, for making Book Week such an integral part of our American way of living. It is a priceless heritage.

- K. Petroff.

The Time is Now!

"The Time is Now!" by Pierre van Paassen, New York. The Dial Press, 1941.

IN MAY, when this small volume was published, there was no talk at all of the possibility of a German invasion of Russia; or, at least, what talk came at all was passed off by Russophiles and Communists as wishful thinking on the part of the capitalist leaders, who were really interested in the collapse of the Soviets. Naturally, then, Mr. van Paassen's essay will have to go down in our literary mess without benefit of the new wealth of ideas and directions offered by the current war in and for Moscow.

The author has presented a very broad picture of the direction being taken by Totalitarianism Militant in its march toward world-domination. As Mr. van Paassen views the situation, there is no other, no safer way of looking at things than to see Hitler as the prophet of a New World, at once the engineer and the workman in revamping the whole world.

But a newer slant (relatively) is the author's version of the movement's direction. It follows briefly: England's position has been upheld so long by dint of her mastery of the seas. How do we eliminate England? By pushing her bodily off the seas. To accomplish this we must own the seas.

At last we have it! Mr. van Paassen refers repeatedly to the German Geopolitical Institute in Munich, which has laid such gigantic plans for control of the seas without bothering to work up a German navy. Things are more simple than that. Germany hopes to control the seas by conquering the lands bordering the seas. To call the cards any other way, says Mr. van Paassen, is to invite ultimate destruction of a terrible sort.

Why? Because looking at the battle for the world any other way, we may almost concede the fight to Germany. And if we concede defeat, we cease giving aid to the countries fighting Fascism, which stoppage would surely be our death.

Mr. van Paassen follows his setting forth of the broad idea by telling us that the fight is still in its first stage. The Germans are still engaged in closing up the Mediterranean, which they can do only when they have Suez. We gave them Gibraltar, at the other end, when we gave them Spain way back in the years 1936-1939. What we must not let the Fascists do is take Suez, whence they will filter through to the whole western coast of Africa. Once having the eoast, they will have everything from northern Norway to Capetown in South Africa.

We have a job to do, says Mr. van Paassen!

The author is doing a valuable thing for the awakening Mr. Roosevelt has been looking for in us these last few months. They both deplore the peculiar unawareness of the dangers and the evils in the situation here at hand. Roosevelt, of course, is doing large things, while Mr. van Paassen writes books.

I think we may accept Mr. van Paassen's thesis in its eruder elements, for development of the war up till now seems to bear him out well. But acceptance will not win the war. We must insure ourselves against German mastery of the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal, which will give them Africa. But if Mr. van Paassen had known of Russian invasion, he would surely have advocated allout aid to that country with the same passion with which he hates the Soviet Government. However you think, the Time is Now!

- N. R. C.

Beauty is Skin Deep

HAVE YOU EVER tried to judge an individual by his appearance? If you have, then you've probably already experienced the shock of discovering a quite prosaic looking individual who really wasn't too much of a bore at all. Pardon us if we seem to digress a bit, but we're going to apply this same principle (?) to — of all things — magazines.

It takes no scientifically conducted study to discover the favorite magazines of the students of S. T. C. One glance at the shelves in the magazine library is sufficient. Life, New Yorker, Good Housekeeping — these are the magazines with a well-worn look which seems to fairly shout, "We get around!" But how many of you have ever glanced through the scores of so-called "wall-flowers" among the magazines? Seldom, if ever, removed from the shelf, their covers resemble a suit just returned

from the eleaners — not a wrinkle or a soiled spot to mar their beauty.

Perhaps it was natural curiosity or a desire to be different. But regardless of motive, we mustered enough will power to pass by the favorites on the shelf and delve into some of the less sought-after reading material.

Education for freedom — a familiar phrase, but what does it mean to you? Robert M. Hutchins (Education for Freedom, Harper's, October, 1941) states that education under a democratic form of government should be such that it produces men and women eapable of freedom. This can best be accomplished, according to Mr. Hutchins, by giving a liberal education to every citizen in proportion to his capacity to receive it. His program for education "consists in transmitting to the individual the civilization he has inherited, together with the techniques by which it may be understood — the liberal arts, the arts of reading, writing, speaking, and calculating — for minds trained in good moral and intellectual habits will operate regardless of changes which may occur in the environment."

Harvey Weston in his article Anglo-American Relations (Scribner's Commentator, September, 1941) raises a question confronting the United States today — After the Second World War is over, what will be the sentiments of England's ruling class, and the common people who are influenced by that class, toward the United States?

Mr. Weston points out that since Colonial times, Britain's governing classes have feared the growing power of our Republic, have resented its democratic institutions and dreaded its competition in the commercial field. These factors have led to contempt and hostility more than once in the history of our country. Mr. Weston believes we may by all means extend our deepest sympathy to England and if we seem committed to do so, extend monetary aid. He warns us, however, in view of past events, not to expect too much post-war gratitude from England.

What contributions should be expected from sociologists in the present crisis? Stuart A. Queen of the University of Washington (Sociologists in the Present Crisis, Social Forces, October, 1941) believes their function is three-fold — to inquire, deliberate and recommend. A committee has been chosen by the American Sociological Society to make investigations pertaining to research, teaching, and extra-curricular activities. From these investigations it is hoped that suggested activities will result which may be put to practical use by the Government, industry and other social institutions.

"Should Women Be Drafted?" — that is the challenging subject of another Gallup Poll in the October, 1941, issue of Coronet. What is your reaction to the question?

The public answers "No," but a very uncertain "No" as can be seen from the percentages:

Yes		 	 48%
No	 	 	 52%

How did the women between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five vote? The surprising answer to this can be found by those interested, in Coronet — S. T. C. magazine room.

In the October, 1941, issue of *The American Mercury* can be found an article which should be of vital interest to every college student — *Colleges Gear* for *Defense*. The author informs us that practically every college has formed a defense council to coordinate its war program. By "every college" is meant not only such colleges as Western Reserve, Wellesley and Harvard, but also the state teachers' colleges. This is another article no intelligent student can afford to miss.

"The Democratic College" in the Association of American Colleges Bulletin is another highly interesting magazine article. This is no didactic essay but a critical, sometimes sarcastic, account of the shortcomings of the democratic program in most colleges. Too often, says the author, are graduates of the so-called academic courses considered "intellectual Brahmins" while graduates of the technical courses are considered the "untouchables." He defines educational democracy as "the freedom to choose the means to ends that are appropriate to the individual."

— CATHERINE SWAIN and MARY DIPEPPE.

IN GRAY SILENCE

In gray silence the morning sky clings.
A stray wavelet caresses its brothers lovingly
As a tiny stream tells its story
To clustered pebbles beneath flowing feet.

The breeze of star-lit summer evenings surrenders To day not yet born, And tireless tiny guardians of calm Boldly echo back their cricket call.

Traces of night still mark the sky With somber hue in unseen corners Prolonging day's arrival.

- Henry Astrin.

A Modern Sadie Hawkins' Tale

Immuned to women, an aeronautical engineer, An obstinate poker player who loves to guzzle beer; He dresses as most business men do — More or less conservative, well-fitted, suits of blue. The jitterbug type he prefers not to choose However, quite gay are his striped socks and shoes; Beside most men, he's a squirt, a half-pint, But next to me, he towers like a giant! His curl-less brown hair, short like a crew; A well-built physique — let me assure you; The crystal blue eyes, imprisoned in their sockets, Erupt my heart like a match explodes sky-rockets; His hands are small with fingers long and lean, The well-shaped nails with moons, are squared and clean; His lips are determined, yet passionately tender — He'd kiss her and depart rather than offend her; He maintains a certain manner of strict formality Subtle, cautiously effervescing with personality— His voice, a rich barytone, he sings fairly well Anything but opera can go straight to hell; He laughs a great deal, the puns are terrible. Furniture must be modernistic, Cezanne's unbearable: Bridge isn't bad, he'd rather bat a birdie, No taste for women, but dislikes 'em sturdy; Intellectually smooth, a gad-about town — Gets the impression across, he really gets around. And so as the end of the story draws near The result of this friendship I want you to hear. She met him at a wedding, her cute little usher, They all thought he'd fallen and surely would rush her. But night after night she sat home alone Anxiously awaiting the ring of the phone — Her education she continued at good old T. C. This romantic affair (?) once happened to me! As the years drag by and the memories fade My heart is still pining — I'm still an old maid.

AGNES HICKS.

Have You Met?

(Continued from page 5) memorized the story about the bear that treed the man and the one who stole the fish.

Everything happens to her! She falls off street cars, loses dollar bills and lunch tickets, and tears up anything she has in her hands if she's excited.

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College News

WHAT GOES ON HERE?

THE DORMITORY will soon be the proud possessor of a new set of furniture for the smoking room — in red leather and chromium!

Some of the girls are looking forward to seeing several of the most famous dancers in the United States at the Museum of Art. There will be recitals at intervals within the next few months and we have been fortunate enough to get special prices on tickets.

Did you see the lovely corsages worn by those who attended a recent A. C. E. meeting? A demonstration was given, showing unique arrangements and corsage preparations.

A rousing get-together of the now "gone but not forgotten" Sophomore 1 section of last year was held at the home of Janet Clautice on October 24.

The Natural History Group (and others) — mostly others—went on an overnight trip to Thurmont. Concensus: We had a wonderful time — mattresses or no mattresses!

More gum! More people stuck! More taffy hardening in cavities! Where? At the Dormitory Taffy Tug held in the kitchen the other Saturday night. Cheers to the cooks and the cookies (those unlucky (?) individuals who couldn't rope in a date) even if we all did have taffyitis Sunday morning.

Spooks, witches, and pumpkins will reign at the birthday party to be given sometime near Hallowe'en. Sounds like fun!

We all felt that "pause which refreshes" when the S. C. A. served Coca-Colas as well as hot dogs at its first party of the year.

Our Glen has been teeming with various pienics and entertainments sponsored by classes, sections, and clubs of our college.

The Natural History Group walked a minute portion of the Great Appalachian Trail which stretches from Maine to Georgia. In fact, we did only 6 miles or so of the winding 2,050 miles.

— Mary Jane Burdette and Inez Schultz.

PET PEEVES

The \$-&-# who rush to the faculty reserve section at the end of a period and sign up for the two or three books that the whole section is supposed to use. It would be bad enough if the person intended to use them all herself but in one specific case the person was "saving" them for some friends. That defeats the purpose of the faculty reserve shelf, doesn't it?

Why does the Tower Light bother to quote Socrates when we have Mr. Miller?

UP FROM THE RANKS

I had a potential army facing me there in the quiet of that hot, stuffy, littered cuppy-hole of a room. They stared up at me complacently, awaiting my first action, my first words. I read their references, their attainments of the past, and the possibilities of their future use in furthering the Cause. Satisfied with that I gave the signal, and we parted company for the day.

A week later in the same room, which was as hot and stuffy and littered as ever, we met again. By this time all plans had been made. We were ready to dig in and dig in hard; indeed, to become imbedded in the very earth itself. There had been previous delays, but this time nothing would stop us. They were the best, and they were at my command. I had but to give the word and they would take any given position that I should indicate. Wind, rain and heat might beat down upon us but we should rise victorious. We should be unconquerable.

We worked desperately hard that afternoon to get a perfect start on our mission. After all, a good beginning was essential. After hours of checking and rechecking locations and of seeing that each individual was well taken care of, I sank down on the floor to relax. I looked over the plans once more, and then wearily arose and closed the door of the hot, stuffy toolhouse. If work counted, my long hours of toil and planning with those special seeds should win me at least one prize in the coming garden contest.

SAD BUT TRUE

In all the fields of human endeavor, there is none which requires coordination of the grasping muscles, automatic control of the tear ducts and fleet feet (for pursuit purposes) as does the getting and keeping of a man.

Through eons of practice, women have perfected systems for the acquisition of them who wear pants. Then, in the year 1940 A. D. the Selective Service Act came down like a wolf on the fold of poor, defenseless womanhood and robbed her of the objects of her predilection.

Off the little dears went, away from home fires and the light of girlish smiles. Somewhere, they now be, with only the chiggers, ants, and termites to stimulate their minds or (a five-letter word rhyming with the latter and beginning with "h").*

Now, what is femininity going to do — join sororities, sit and knit, drink tea? Well, you take a darn good piece of advice from one who knows and concentrate your womanly wilcs on victims over draft age.

* Editor's Note — Censored; after all, one can't be too candid on paper.

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In a split second, resident students can make a hundred-yard dash and reach the Dorm. In what seems a long eternity, some day students reach home, tired and exhausted after travelling 2 hours. If such a student spends four hours a day, twenty hours a week, seven hundred twenty hours in each school year, two thousand eight hundred and eighty hours in four years with twenty-four extra hours thrown in for the times he attended star guides, lectures, extra trips, etc., he spends two thousand nine hundred four hours*, or one hundred twenty-one days, or approximately four months in travelling for the express purpose of getting an education.

Now it is a known fact that certain teachers under certain conditions receive the same credit for summer trips as they would if they attended summer schools. Why should not a day student who travels on an average — one month — (night and day) every year, receive credit for his educational experiences? — and the experiences certainly are educational:

- 1. One acquires a magnificent sense of balance after juggling books and one's person into an upright position on a bus or street car packed with humanity.
- 2. One has the valuable opportunity of meeting and stepping on the toes of all kinds of people, fat and scrawny, white and black, moron and genius, the lazy and the ambitious, procrastinators and teetotallers.
- 3. One acquires a wealth of patience.
- 4. One learns the use of manners when toes are stepped on and laps are sat upon unexpectedly.
- 5. One becomes well acquainted with the Geography of Streets.

Certainly travelling day students should get some credit for having travelled 2,904 hours in 4 years. Let them look forward to the Commencement Day when they excel Dorm students by receiving 2 degrees, Bachelor of Science and B.L., Bachelor of Locomotion?

- * Unbelievers, please converse with day students who either
 - (1) Travel in circles to get home
 - (2) Live beyond the United Railway lines
 - (3) Live on the other side of town
 - (4) Walk first fare for financial reasons.

- Female Biped.

OF THEE I SING (?)

(Human Side)

Any Monday afternoon, if you're looking for a gruesome experience, just stop in at a Glee Club rehearsal. Room 220 — yeah, that's right! Sing? Oh, no! You don't have to sing—just stop by for the heck of it. You say the altos are singing bass and the sopranos are singing tenor? Think nothing of it! Wait until Miss W. starts her rhythmic interpretations of the music. Of course, it often takes some time between numbers to get the horde calmed down, but after that the atmosphere may be relatively peaceful for a while. But not for long. Maybe some day we'll learn how to keep quiet. Every now and then a minor uproar may be created by a joke originating either from our maestro or one of her cohorts. So rehearsals go on and on and on. (Monotonous, isn't it?) The funny part, and the best part, is that in spite of all the foregoing, the outcome is really good music.

Street-Car Riding

MY FAVORITE pastime is riding the trolley cars. I should like to begin at the starting point so that you will see my reason for selecting street cars as a hobby. Anywhere from two to four hours of my time is spent on the street cars daily. The vellow quad-wheeler is fast approaching the Pennsylvania Station and as the numbers are rather indistinct, I hail each one from the middle of Charles Street and do this continually until I get a No. 17. As I drop the car token into the box, I maneuver my books in front of the motorman's face, so he will see I'm really going to school, manage a smile and proceed to make a flying forward tackle to the back of the car. But all too soon he begins to doubt my veracity and asks for my identification card. This convenient-sized 2 inch by 4 inch slip of cardboard always manages to get dislocated and after a five-minute raid in ye olde purse, I pull out the card, trying to hold my hat, my books and my dignity.

My fellow-riders are fond of the motorman (maybe they're back-seat drivers) and they pile around him six deep, but I like to look out of the window, so I try to rough my way to the rear of the car. As I gain a vard. the car pulls on the brakes and I drop back two. After a several-block struggle, I see a lone strap dangling and plan my defense; but there are other faces eveing it, too. My hand is not any too small, and by hook or crook it generally manages to reach the strap first. Foot

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room comes next. Here is where my shortage of height is a hindrance. I generally fit between two elbows and as the car stops, the elbows meet and I duck. It is fun, though.

Ah, my fellow-comrade is folding his paper! (By this time I've discovered for the skin you love to touch use Woodbury's; for indigestion, try Tums; and after you've chewed Wrigley's doublemint, wrap it in paper.) The "positively no smoking" sign with its big red letters stands in dramatic contrast to the steam-smoked windows. I decide he'll soon be leaving, so I glare until he looks up. I resolve to take his seat or bust — probably bust. He rises and finds he's not where he thought he was. Oh, well, the street will come someday.

After this happens about three times, the seat isn't worth going after, but he finally leaves and I hit the seat before the others. Generally about a half-dozen other people are on my lap, but I move them quickly.

Just as the seat is beginning to feel comfortable and the lady's book beside me is getting interesting, I look around and, yes, there's an old friend of the family standing there and glaring at me. (She nods and my Jiminy Crickets starts working.) I know she looks almost exhausted (from over-exercising her jaws); I get up and she gets down. Ah, well, my motto is one good deed a day. But other Jiminy Crickets are working and the man a few rows up offers me his place. I sink to the seat and hear "Greenmount and Gorsuch — transfer to No. 8." It seems too real to be true.

As I dash for the No. 8, I find it's labelled "Govanstown" and so I, sadly disillusioned, retrace my steps and wait patiently (?) for the crowded "Towson." It pulls into sight and I think of what is ahead for me, the same as on the No. 17, except the ads are different, the seats seem softer, the handles don't slide, the car stops more suddenly and the ride is longer. I decide most assuredly that street-car riding is my favorite pastime.

- AGNES HICKS.

Life

A HIGH RISING wind whistled through the pine trees as a solitary figure bent over a heap of sticks. The ringed moon shed a ghastly light on the scene below. A spark flickered and went out — another and another. After many successive trials a small flame struggled upward through the heap of sticks. Before long a blazing fire was eagerly leaping upward. Each flame seemed like a tiny hand stretched out to God in petition. Crouched low beside the fire's meager warmth was a lone figure in rags. A tattered hat was pulled far over an unshaven face where pride and shame were mingled. A coat so threadbare that it looked as if it were taken from the loom half finished sagged from drooping shoulders. A pair of soiled, patched trousers scarcely reached the bare ankles below. Large dusty burlap bags were tied carelessly around swollen feet. A figure of desolation and remorse sat head in hands.

The unceasing murmur of the trees as they bent their leafy heads together was a constant reminder of gossipping old women in that far away Georgian town.

That train whistle! What did it mean? Georgia — Georgia — Georgia!!! A twig cracked. The figure was alert, every nerve tingling — an animal before his trapper. His keen steel eyes carefully scanned the surroundings. Even the darkness seemed pierced by their intensity. Another twig cracked. The man jerked to his feet and nervously paced the ground. He fiercely kicked aside twigs, leaves, and stones. Forward and backward, forward and backward he paced, each step faster than the last. Then, as suddenly as he had started, he stopped and sank dejected to the ground, to bury his head in his hands, never to rise again.

The wind blew colder and colder. The fire flared extremely bright and then less brightly as each tiny hand drew back its heavenly grasp and flickered into oblivion. The smouldering coals, their duty completed, closed tired burning eyes, as heaven poured tears of pity on the desolation below. Far in the distance an owl kept dismally calling: "Who-o-o? Who-o-o?"

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THE TOWER LIGHT is a monthly publication of and by the students at the State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland.

A Christmas Message from

DR. M. THERESA WIEDEFELD

HRISTMAS is the feast of children and for that reason is of great importance for teachers; it marks the birthday of Jesus the Great Teacher and for that reason it is of very great importance to teachers.

Jesus glorified the state of childhood by His own exemplary child life, and later He blessed children everlastingly when He said to the disciples who attempted to keep the children away from Him, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of God." (Mark 10:14.)

His public career began when He was about thirty years of age. His classroom was wherever He happened to be. He taught in the synagogue and in the temple. He taught on the high mountain, in a ship on the Lake of Genesareth, in the city streets, in the homes of his friends, in the River Jordan, at Jacob's Well, and on Mt. Calvary. He had no books nor papers; once He wrote in the sand.

His students were fishermen, laborers, and shepherds; the blind, the lame, and the dumb; the sick and those possessed of devils. Publicans and sinners, masters and servants, rich and poor, listened to His teaching.

He held the attention of the multitudes through the magnetic power of His own personality and the wisdom of His utterances. He chose His subjects to fit the needs of the specific groups and He varied his approaches and teaching procedures in accordance with their abilities to respond. He saw into the hearts and minds of His listeners and understood their shortcomings and their difficulties. He taught by precept and example. He was patient and resourceful, and had no need for the weapons used by the weaker teacher, such as sarcasm, anger, and intolerance. He gave instruction in citizenship, sociology, logic, and ethics; and His methods of teaching lessons in charity and justice have provided the best examples of character education from that time to this.

The educational principles of Jesus are not included in the history of education which is taught in teachers' colleges. At Christmas time when we celebrate His birthday it would be helpful and appropriate for us as teachers to study the educational philosophy of Jesus the Great Teacher. We should begin our study with the Child of Bethlehem.

Christmas - 1941

NE PICKS UP THE MORNING PAPER and reads with ever-growing concern the screaming headlines of disaster in the War; one goes to the theatre and is deeply moved and saddened by the newsreels depicting the brutal bombings of homes, hospitals, and ships; and one who is truly observant is none the less stirred to pity by the so-called common, daily tragedies that mar the happiness and peace of the citizens in one's own small community. After a time a feeling of uselessness, a general doubt as to the value of the human life is bound to grip one. For the past months, especially, there has seemed to be no place for happiness or personal satisfaction in a world such as ours.

Yet now — in the midst of the apparent destruction of everything that man has held dear — now — when we seem to have the least reason for celebrating — comes Christmas. The very word denotes gaiety and cheer; its mention brings to mind visions of brightly-lit candles on a shining tree, a table heaped high with turkey dinner, happiness brimming from the eyes of little children and grown-ups, the beautiful carols we all love to sing, the warm feeling that comes from unselfish giving to family and friends and, above all, the memory of that first Christmas Day with the Little Babe in the manger-

Our first impulse may be to refuse to reconcile the gloriousness of the season with the general unhappiness about us. Some of us may even imply that such a celebration will be hypocritical. On the contrary, however, a remembrance of the generosity, unselfishness, and love of mankind that sprang from that long-ago Prince of Peace is quite fitting at the time. Never before in human history has such a need existed for guidance and renewal of hope as exists now. If December the 25th can even partially satisfy such a need, its original high purpose will have been realized.

War With Japan

THE WAR WITH JAPAN is a war that the United States neither asked for nor herself provoked. All the blame lies entirely with the deceit and the camouflage of the Japanese Government and, above all, Japan's war-crazed militarists who are not at all satisfied to have gotten stuck in China's embattled mud, but must get their country involved with the Axis and play the Nazi game in the Far East. The Japs have opened fire, and they have begged their destruction.

For America's part it may safely be said that the war was brought to us. We are rising up even now from the immediate defensive, to the long-range offensive. In America there is now unity, where earlier there was strife in the matter of a Foreign Policy for America. Senator Wheeler, when informed that the Japs were upon us, announced that it was our duty now to join hands and "lick hell out of the Japs." You see, domestic quarrels (and more and more will it be seen that much of the opposition to the Roosevelt foreign policy was domestic, that is, anti-Roosevelt) stop at the sea-coast, or border line. This is a fairly ancient national axiom and it has held good for years now.

For the individual's part, it can be said that he did not get unduly panicky about the attack. He mustn't ever do that. The entire strategy of war, at certain stages, is waged against nerves, and against normal existence. We do not believe the Japs can possibly win, anywhere, against the United States.

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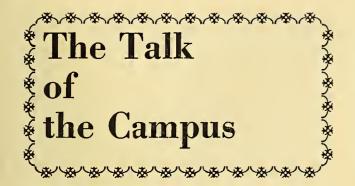
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TOWER LIGHT



WALKING PAST CENTRAL PRATT NOT SO LONG ago we noticed a display given over to our Alma Mater. In the foreground were arranged a number of copies of the publication, Seventy-Five Years of Teacher Training, with several volumes clipped open to show full-page portraits of Dr. Wiedefeld and Dr. Tall, our former president. At that point we underwent a definite enervation upon observing on the large pictures of our own college buildings, the captions of antiquity, "Maryland State Normal School." It seems to be quite inevitable that on those few occasions when the college receives publicity, we emerge with the categorical ambsace. No doubt we will spend the next seventy-five years in teaching the world our real name.

LATELY, WE HAVE BEEN NOTICING EVER-INcreasing numbers of a small volume called *They Got Me Covered*, being a somewhat to be expected chronicle of the life of that effluent clown of the air, Bob Hope. You may see it lying around most anywhere (especially since it has been made available in your corner drugstore); and, truth-telling, we must say it makes for rather agreeable reading, if one enjoys the extraneous exaggeration characteristic of American humor. However, for those leaning toward more unctuous jibes than the proverbial brickbat, let us offer solace by referring them to *Esquire*, or to the *New Yorker*.

WE HATE, REALLY, TO PICK UP LOOSE ENDS, but may it be observed, for the benefit of any who choose to lend an over-harried ear, that H. L. Mencken once told us the astonishing fact that God Almighty Himself had endorsed democracy only since 1776. In the same breath we stop and wait for the news that God Almighty Himself has approved George Bernard Shaw's cleanly-worded definition of "honor," as of November, 1941. "Does your breakage fee need bolstering?" Really, though, if it takes \$360 to nourish the extravagant egos of about fifteen people what would protecting the reputations of all of us do to the National Debt?

WE HARDLY KNOW WHICH WAY TO TURN TO evade the effluvium of current literature. But above all, we must urge you not to pass by Ciro Alegria's prize-winning Broad and Alien Is the World. Not so long ago, when Archibald MacLeish was making awards out of the mouths of such men as Dos Passos, Sandburg, et al., a young Peruvian walked away with the coveted Latin-American Prize Novel award, and his name was Alegria. The novel gives manifest treatment of Peruvian life, not to be passed over if one is even remotely interested in Latin-American affairs.

WE CAN THINK OF NO DREAM MORE PLEASING than that suggested by Mr. Thomas Howie, Superintendent of the Alexis I. DuPont School in Wilmington, during our visit there. Mr. Howie told of a system of internship which corresponds to our student-teaching—wherein the students are paid for teaching and are left alone in the classroom, with no "snoopervision," as Mr. Howie acutely termed it. In addition, the student teacher comes under the influence of a remarkably fine group of teachers, demonstrating the application of Gestalt psychology in modern teaching. "We are not interested in teaching the child subject matter," observed Mr. Howie. "We want to teach him to live — to be a good citizen in a complex society." Traditional? Not at all! Pragmatic?

Yes, yes!

THERE'S GENUINE FOOD FOR INVETERATE WINdow-gazers in the downtown displays, characteristic of the joyous Yuletide season. If you haven't seen them yet, try not to miss them. Stewart's has a display that would thrill the heart of any student teacher at work on a Maryland unit. Here are shown several views of Baltimore Town from its infant days to date, garnished with explanatory captions, extremely interesting. And if your heart is more levitously inclined, get a look at the jolly, moving show at Sears. This features the Dumbo Circus — which revolves around one of Walt Disney's latest creatures, "Dumbo of the Circus." Dumbo is the unfortunate little pachyderm who had such large ears that he was subjected to constant ridicule; but finally he made Hollywood by learning to fly.

WE TAKE OUR HAT OFF TO THE CASTING DIrector of the late Faculty Follies, which was such a downright, rousing success. The casting was master work. In connection with this we have heard a good bit of discussion back and forth in regard to making the Follies a traditionally annual presentation; but we must express a tendency away from any routine as such. The larger the interval between madcaps, the more popular they become. Reiteration dulls the tongue.

ONLY TOO OFTEN HAS IT BEEN CALLED TO OUR attention that the state of manners in many places where males and females come in contact with each other has not been too robust. It is true that along with equal suffrage, woman incurred also the male's privilege of standing on the street cars and busses. Well and good; if a woman is strong, young, and able to stand on her own two feet, she should, by all means. But only too often have we seen old women board cars, totter precariously over emptyhanded young men who are seated comfortably, until some kind-hearted member of the weaker sex gives up her seat. Our question at the moment is this: Are our males fallen into a lethargic state, or is it the minority only we have been seeing?

• • •

LESS IN LINE WITH THE PHILOSOPHY THAT woman is now equal by virtue of her cry of equality, is the complaint we have to make about the trend in car etiquette. Many is the girl who has blithely opened the car-door herself and hopped, unassisted, into the Maxwell, while Bertram dashed nimbly around the rear bumper to see if he couldn't be the first aboard. We have often wondered which sex would make the hastier exit if a room were filled with men and women, and someone screamed, "Fire!" We fear that if there were any real danger, the women would have to wait while the men rushed out, or else get trampled underfoot in an heroic attempt to prove that man has manners as well as beards. We hate to admit it, but we are afraid to look the word "gentleman" up in the best of dictionaries, because we might find that it became "obsolete" simultaneously with the exit of the horse and buggy, the gas lamp, and the bustle.

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ONE OF OUR MORE PERSEVERING SPIES WAS SO stimulated by the Faculty Follies that her hopefulness for humor in the classrooms, where faculty goes on display for solid hours, was much increased. Here is a sample:

Mr. Moser: Have I made it clear that you cannot possibly multiply a concrete number by another concrete number? For example, you can't multiply miles by miles, or feet by feet.

Unconvinced student: But, Mr. Moser, don't you have square feet?

Mr. Moser: Please! Don't ask personal questions!

• • •

AND THIS ONE, WE THINK, WILL BE OBVIOUS, though not pulled off by an instructor:

Miss Holt: Are you sure you're the only member of your section who will be using this reference on sewerage?

Sophomore: Oh, yes! The other girls are working on men.

THE INFLUENCE OF TRADITION BRINGS TO MIND its application by a sharp tar named Godfrey. One day Godfrey walked into a saloon, and genially announced, "When Godfrey drinks, everybody drinks." Whereupon everyone flocked to the bar and swilled a hearty stein in haste. Godfrey coolly pulled a dime from his hip and slapped it on the bar, saying aloud, "And when Godfrey pays, everybody pays."

Calendar of Events

WEEK OF DECEMBER 15 —

Monday: Tower Light deadline
A. C. E. meeting
Math Club meeting

Wednesday: Chimes Guild

Basketball — Catholic University at

Washington

Thursday: Little Theater Guild Christmas Dinner

Friday: Assembly: Motion Pictures - "Oxi-

dation and Reduction," "Sound Waves and their Sources"

Marshals

Christmas recess begins at 3:00 P. M.

WEEK OF JANUARY 5 —

Monday: Classes resumed — 9:00 A. M.

Tuesday: Art Club meeting
Wednesday: S. C. A. Vespers
Thursday: Varsity Club meeting

Friday: Assembly: Motion Pictures - "Mech-

anism of Breathing," "The Truck

Farmer" Marshals

Student Council meeting Little Theater Guild Play

Basketball - Gallaudet at Gallaudet

Saturday: Natural History Group - Swan's

Creek

WEEK OF JANUARY 12 —

Tuesday: Art Club Wednesday: Chimes Guild I. R. C. meeting

Te-Pa Chi Annual Dinner

Tower Light Staff meeting — 3:15

P. M.

Thursday: Founders' Day (celebrated at the col-

lege)

Little Theater Guild

Assembly: Motion Pictures — "The Nervous System," "Water Power"

Friday: Marshals

Tower Light Dance Section meetings

Basketball - Gallaudet at Towson

January 19 — Tower Light deadline

The Great One Over the Dark

by WARREN WENDLER

SYNOPSIS

Roman Talle, senior at Edgewood University, obtains rooming quarters with his friend, Falloway, at a boarding house on the edge of the campus. On a certain night he returns to his room and, after reading for an hour, decides to get ready for bed. He has been reading by the light of a lamp in the corner of the room. He extinguishes the light, plunging the room into total darkness. His first impulse is to relight the lamp, but he rejects this in favor of feeling his way across the room to the wall and thence to the switch which controls the larger light. He takes a few cautious steps and finds to his alarm that he is no longer on the rug-covered floor of his room. And yet he knows he could not have left the room. Then events happen swiftly. He gropes forward, ever forward and though he moves for many feet, he cannot reach the opposite wall. Fearful, he begins running. He runs and runs until exhaustion causes him to fall. A half-light suddenly appearing shows him to be in a long, long, queer hallway far down which, he senses, is the end. Meanwhile, he has been aware of music which began and stopped abruptly. He begins running down the hall toward what he believes is the end. The light dies out, and moving in the darkness, he runs head-on into - the wall. It is only a matter of seconds now before he finds the lightswitch. To his horror he discovers that it has taken him hours to cross the room! His friend Falloway, clothed in pajamas and eyes heavy with sleep, is at his side speaking this terrifying statement: "I came in this room an hour ago and there was no one here."

Where had Roman Talle, who had not left the room,

been?

PART II.

"It's true. Oh, I'm not mad! At least, I don't think so. Listen to me! I came in at nine. At ten, I got up out of the easy chair under the lamp and turned the light out. The room was in utter darkness. I couldn't see a thing, not a thing. I started to cross the room in the dark to get to the other switch. And Jim - God, believe me, Jim - I just kept moving, moving forward, always moving forward. Wait, listen 'til I finish. I kept moving forward expecting any moment to reach the wall. And Jim, even though I started for that wall at ten o'clock, I didn't reach it until just now! It was horrible. I couldn't see a damned thing! And I ran, Jim, I ran! I ran like hell! I was in complete darkness for ages and ages, it seemed. And suddenly I ran head-on into the wall and found the switch! That was several minutes ago. It is now after midnight. Jim," - his voice quivered somewhat here - "it took me two hours moving at top speed to cover the fifteen feet from that lamp to this switch!"

Falloway was puzzled by this barrage of words, which came so swiftly and were so amazing in content that they were almost unintelligible. He pulled Roman Talle down to a seat on the sofa which was by the wall.

"Now tell me exactly what happened," he said.

And Roman Talle told him almost everything, but what he failed to tell his friend might easily have thrown some light on the matter then and there, might have given them an inkling of the truth. It was only natural that Roman Talle could not give the exact time when such-and-such occurred or whether he was in such-and-such a circumstance. The time element was to prove of the utmost importance. More unfortunate was it that Roman Talle, although he did mention the fact that he heard music, did not mention what music it was.

And when he had finished telling what had occurred, Falloway remained silent for a moment, obviously puzzled. Had this been any other person, he would immediately have pronounced him mad, but he well knew that Roman Talle was not easily frightened, impressed, or bothered.

He asked, "Maybe you fainted, Rom. Could that be it?" "No," was the reply, "you came in at eleven o'clock. You would have seen me."

Falloway said nothing. He made his friend some coffee, and they discussed the occurrence to some length but arrived at no conclusions.

And Falloway knew that there was something really wrong here. For he knew that Roman Talle was telling the truth when he said he had never left the living quarters during those two hours. It had been raining since ten o'clock; and although Talle himself was wet with perspiration, his shoes were devoid of any trace of the mud that would inevitably be visible had he gone out.

Falloway thought that perhaps his friend had just walked about the building, but he discarded this, realizing it was well nigh impossible to do this because other tenants complained at night of the creaking noises those walking in the hall or on the stairs made.

Therefore, it seemed an established fact that Roman Talle had not left his room. By all indications it was true.

Where, then, had Roman Talle been?

It was only natural that what happened that Friday night should occupy a prominent place among the thoughts in the mind of Roman Talle on the next day. Indeed, so persistently were his thoughts inclined toward puzzling out what had happened to him that he was scarcely aware of anything that occurred in those Saturday hours. Despite all his efforts to find some — nay, any — explanation for his "experience," he could find none. And the fact that what had happened was inexplicable more stimulated him into making that final decision than the fact that it did occur.

Roman Talle knew deep down in his heart that this was no trivial matter; on the contrary, it was very serious; and he was determined that, if he had to, he would go to any length to obtain an explanation. It was with this determination in mind that he told Falloway that he was going to do again exactly what he had done that Friday night; he was deliberately going to attempt to retrace his steps across the room from the lamp to the wall switch.

He made this decision on Saturday afternoon, and that night Falloway was present. The latter stood off to the side. His duty was to turn on the lamp light if Roman Talle himself had not reached the wall switch within a reasonable time. Under no circumstances was he himself to attempt to cross the room.

Roman Talle did not hesitate. When his watch said ten o'clock, he had Falloway turn off the room light while he himself turned off the lamp light.

And once more he stood in complete darkness. He felt a sudden rush of fear as he took the first few steps and his courage gave way. He turned around to switch on the lamp light once more. He wasn't exactly surprised when he failed to find the lamp. It should have been within reach, but of course it wasn't.

He realized he would have to go forward; he could not go back. If he did go back, he would get lost . . . in what? God! Suppose he were never able to get out of this place!

He immediately dismissed these unpleasant thoughts from his mind when he realized that he was once more on a hard floor. He wasn't so afraid this time because it was what he had expected.

And so he started to advance. The darkness once more pressed down upon him. But he did not seem to mind somehow. He almost felt confident. With a joyous laugh rising in his throat, he began to run. As before, he ran and ran, encountering nothing, until he fell exhausted upon the ground. As before, when he attempted to feel his limbs and body, he was not able to do so; but he was not afraid because it was what he had expected.

This is the same as the last time, he mused.

And then, suddenly, without rhyme or reason, he felt an urge to write. In his pocket were pen and paper. In the darkness he scrawled a note, folded it, and put it into his coat pocket. He did not know what he had written or why, and somehow did not care. It had just been an inexplicable impulse. He had been compelled to obey it. These reflections sobered him.

He arose. The same light which had appeared the last time appeared again. And he could see not far ahead of him . . .

a river, and on the other side, he knew, was the goal, the way.

A sudden, burning desire to cross that river and get back into his own world filled him. He hastened toward the water's edge. And as he neared it, he recognized it strangely enough as Bruck Run, the river that ran behind Edgewood University! But he had to cross it. This one desire obsessed him. Had he been thinking clearly, the very fact that this was Bruck Run would have stopped him. But he felt that he had to cross it. However, as he took the final steps preparatory to leaping into the water, a dark figure appeared at his left hurrying to intercept him. He screamed and ran for the edge. This — whatever it was — was trying to stop him from reaching his own world! He had to get away!

The dark shape was crying out to him, trying to stop him. It had hold of his coat. He tore savagely out of the grip that clutched him, crying, "Let go of me, damn you!" And he leaped into the river, the coat torn off his back by that dark form.

He struggled to the water's surface. And as he began to swim for the opposite bank, he sensed that something was horribly wrong. He looked toward the bank from which he had just leaped. A policeman stood there shouting to him and holding his coat.

And Roman Talle thought, "Why am I here?"

He screamed as the truth flashed across his brain and he tried to swim.

But something was pulling him under ...

And the Sunday Albany News said:

"Roman Talle, a student of Edgewood University, committed suicide last night by leaping into Bruck Run, the river that runs behind the University. Thomas Morne, a police officer, saw him running toward the river and attempted to stop him. However, Roman Talle tore away and leaped into the river where he was drowned. The officer managed to grab his coat before his death leap. In one of the pockets was found a note addressed to his roommate. It said: 'I can't go on like this any longer. Good bye.' He signed his name."

But the next day Falloway was interviewed by the press and he repeated exactly what Roman Talle had told him that fatal Friday night. He likewise told all that had transpired up until the time that Talle started to cross the room for the second — and last — time.

He concluded with, "About five minutes after he started toward the other wall, I switched on the lamp light. He was gone. Neither the door nor the windows had been opened. I can swear that he did not leave the room."

If this statement were accepted as true, how had Roman Talle managed to get from the room to the river?

This problem was a direct outgrowth of Falloway's story. People who did not know him thought he had created a series of enormous lies which they could not possibly fathom. However, intimate acquaintances of his, such as his instructors and student friends, realizing that he had no possible motive for lying and firm in the belief that he would not lie even if motivated, chose to accept his story as true; and a good number of these people decided to seek a solution to the problem. After a few weeks of investigation, it was realized that if any explanation could be offered at all, it would have to be one hundred per cent theory, with little, if any, scientific basis. All attempts to find any explanation got nowhere, for there was nowhere to start. After the investigation had just about been given up as hopeless, a Dr. Henry Arthur appeared on the scene. He was said to be the world's greatest theorist and logician; and although he was looked down upon by practical scientists, even they had to concede that he was a man of rare intelligence. Why he came no one knew. He went first to see Falloway and got the entire story of what had happened from him. He urged Falloway to give him every detail.

The latter has written the following account of the investigation. He first describes the doctor:

"He was one to attract attention. His great stature, his quick step, bespoke an inner vitality and boundless energy. The piercing eyes topped by a high, broad, forehead were indicative of intellect and insight; and one could not help being aware of his keen, analytical powers.

"After he had questioned me for hours, it seemed, drawing from me even the slightest, apparently most irrelevant facts, he launched forth into a long explanation.

"He began:

"'My explanation of what happened to Roman Talle may seem utterly fantastic and entirely impossible. But there are many things in our world today that are equally so, I grant you. Our modern inventions were considered impossible years ago. The fact that the chair upon which you are now seated is solid and yet composed of units which are constantly in motion is fantastic in itself. I am merely trying to say that you must consider before rejecting my explanation. It is a poor scientist, indeed, who presumes to say that this or that is impossible even if it is from all surface indications. Indeed, we cannot call anything impossible.

"'As you know, all our senses are imperfect. There are sounds we cannot hear, things we cannot see; it follows that our intelligences, likewise, are imperfect, that our thinking capacities are inadequate, our conceptions relatively few. We are now dealing with something beyond our ability to conceive, or if to conceive, to appreciate. Perhaps later, we shall develop sufficiently to comprehend; perhaps a scientific law will be the result.

"'Enough of this, however. Let me try to explain. I believe that there exists a world negative to ours, a world encompassing the same space as ours; and everything which exists for our world, also has a place in the other. What is space to us is solid there, and what is solid to us is space. Where at night, for instance, we see yellow stars and the moon in a black sky, the other world sees the sky as yellow with black stars and a black moon. In other words, everything we have here has a double existence. The chair you are sitting on has a definite place in the other world as well as in this one.

"'We have, then, two worlds in one. If this is true, these worlds must revolve around a single axis, which axis, at certain times and under certain conditions only, forms a passage-way from one world to the other. Somewhere in your room is that axis. Roman Talle was unfortunate enough to find it.

"The first night he crossed the room, conditions were such that the passageway lay open to him. He entered and there received reverberations from both worlds. A light filled the passageway, and he heard portions of music, which occurrences were brought about when you came in, turned on the light, and switched on the radio. At the same time, he was feeling the effects of the other world, as evidenced by the fact that he could not feel his limbs, was not aware of himself. That first night, Roman Talle was transported back to his own world before he entered the other world. Thus he found himself in his own room. By that time you were in bed and asleep.

"'That second night I do not know exactly what happened. I do know that he entered the other world. While there, it may have been that he realized what was occurring; and, overwhelmed by knowledge too great for human mind, he decided to take his life by leaping into Bruck Run. You see, when he was transported to his own world, he was brought back to the spot corresponding to where he had last been in the negative world.

"'More likely than the fact that he deliberately committed suicide is my belief that he did not know what was going on. I believe that he was punished, that he broke a natural law. And it is impossible to go unpunished if you break a natural law. Just as you cannot step off a high building and not expect to fall, you cannot enter the negative world and expect to go unpunished. Nature, then, gave him his just due. He learned a secret he should never have learned.

"'And now you and I know the same secret.'

"I was breathless after this account. I could only find words to say that as fantastic as his explanation was, I had to accept it because it was logical and because it was the *only* explanation.

"I asked, 'What shall we do?'

"He replied, 'I cannot answer for you, but I shall attempt to enter that other world.'

"'But it means death,' I cried.

"Dr. Arthur smiled and said, 'I know.'

"As he turned to leave, I heard myself saying, 'I'm with you.'"

Exactly one day after Dr. Henry Arthur interviewed Falloway, the following small article appeared in the Albany News:

"The eminent theorist, Dr. Henry Arthur, and John Falloway, a student at Edgewood University have completely disappeared. An investigation is being conducted by the city police . . . "

And there were many details.

FOR CHRISTMAS

It's Christmas, and beneath the tree
On Christmas morn I'd like to see
These packages addressed to me
None other.

Done up in ribbon on the table,
I'd love to come upon Clark Gable:
I'd shout with joy (if I were able) —
Oh, brother!

And right against the parlor wall,
Extending far into the hall,
Ten tons of cashew nuts — none small —
I'd eat 'em.

For being good, I think I rate Although I guess it's rather late; A dozen pounds of extra weight: I need 'em.

Yes, Christmas morn beneath the tree I only want these presents three.

Just send them on from you to me.

A DAY IN DECEMBER

A blanket, soft and white, Has covered Quaker leaves. Transparent pinnacles Add splendor to the eaves. Frost has painted arabesque Upon each window pane. Trees are wrapped by Nature In crystal cellophane. The mirror on the pond Reflects the hoary sky. The air is filled with laughter Of skaters gliding by.

- VIRGINIA DORSEY.

Follies Finale

Theatre-goers, never in all stage history has such a galaxy of stars appeared in one performance, as produced that Broadway success, "Curse You, Jack Dalton." The hit brought here in his best role E. Foster Dowell, who out-loved all his previous love parts; the great and only Compton Crook, who out-villained all his previous villany, and hero of heroes, Joe Young West who, with unforgettable bravery saved the day. There were also in this great show the gentle Merle Yoder, the aristocratic Jane Joslin, the unpredictable Hazel Woodward and, last but not least, that sweet young thing, Mary Grogan. Loud and long were the hisses that accompanied the malicious deeds of the moustached villain. Drip, drip went the tears as the heroine's tale of woe wrung the hearts of many. Thunderous was the applause as a pistol and the hero laid bare the cruel truth and saved all. This drama was indeed heart-rending, but all was well when at last virtue triumphed. The critics have agreed that the entire cast was superb, that the show was the best of the season, and that the soul-stirring story and unforgettable acting will live in the memory of all who were so fortunate as to view the presentation of "Curse You, Jack Dalton."

Neither will they forget the musical which followed under the guidance of that "courtly and courteous Baron of Amusement," Curt Walther. Indeed, Mr. Walther's wit, aided and abetted by his be-checkered waiter, Mr. Moser, started things in a whirl. The charming Mme. Jarley (bravo! Dr. Wiedefeld) displayed with due pomp and circumstance her rare collection of wax works which, this critic will say, were more life-like than any wax works heretofore seen. And then the other acts — the Mississippi tenor (Dr. West), the man on the flying trapeze and the girl he had stolen away (Coach Minnegan and Dr. Crabtree), that melodious trio (Dr. A. Dowell, Miss MacDonald, and Mr. Millar), that beautiful bird in the gilded cage (Miss Bersch), the graceful waltz by Miss Brown and Mr. Lembach, solos rendered by Miss Schroeder and Miss Weyforth, songs and dances by Mr. Lembach and the chorus of beautiful ladies, and the grand finale of all the acts.

If you did not see this stupendous, colossal, terrific show, if you were not enchanted by the "tuneful ditties," if you were not entranced by the "beauteous maidens" — you really missed it!

P. S. — A bushel of apples to the entire faculty and staff for their highly commendable acting ability and showman-ship and, most of all, for their good sportsmanship!

— DOROTHY KAPP.

Have You Met . . . ?

PAUL HARRIS

President of the Sophomore Class

"It came upon me while I was shaving," tall, brown-eyed Paul confided. I was startled from my pleasing contemplation of the sophomore president's red tie and asked, rather stupidly, what he meant. Before he could reply, I remembered the answer myself. . . . A few weeks ago Mr. Harris had been *vice*-president of his class; then a sudden vacancy in the higher position had made him president.

Paul is intensely interested in Scouts — Explorer and Eagle; he is an assistant Scout master and likes, best of all, to camp. His main sideline ambition is, however, in a different field: he aims to be — of all things — a deep sea diver!

The "new" sophomore president enjoys classical music — especially Dvorak's *New World Symphony*. He airily waved aside my timid opinion that Strauss made good listening by his declaration of developing an understanding and appreciation of Bach! ("If *Wendler* can like him . . . ").

Paul's college activities include track, Glee Club and — "outside of that" — homework. I reminded him, then, that being class president requires quite a bit of time; that advice was unnecessary for he is quite willing and able to roll up his shirt sleeves and get to work. "I'm going to do the best I can," he said. And he meant it.

ELEANOR SCHUTZ

President of the Freshman Class

Miss Schutz came dashing out of Mr. Crook's class — "saved by the bell" — and I gently shoved her into the T. L. office for an interview.

Perching on the desk, "Shorty" (she's five feet, eleven and three-fourths inches tall) seemed rather vague as to definite information about herself. The few facts I could prod from her ran something like this: She collects *everything*, likes sports, and plays the piano (she was too modest about the last accomplishment). She loves dancing and is quite happy and satisfied with the college and the dormitory. Her favorite color is pink and she hails from Sparrows Point.

By this time Madame President was a little befuddled at, and I was a little weary from my "tooth-pulling" interview, so we decided to end it then and there. Shorty's parting shot

as she left the T. L. office set me wondering a little about my powers of observation. "Oh, yes," she said, "don't forget to mention that I have green eyes!" Zounds! I could have written a book on that one statement.

MARY LOUISE SMITH

Vice-President of the Freshman Class

"Beebe" ("I called myself that for no reason at all") is a direct antithesis to her superior officer in the matter of physical features . . . she is short and has brown hair and eyes (I noticed the last FIRST).

Miss Smith comes from Frederick County and would be more than content at college if it weren't for that "ole debbil" homesickness. However, when she forgets about home, her enthusiasm for everying "but reading" is tremendous. She is "crazy" about all sports, "loves" jitterbugging ("I try anyway") and has a "great yen" for dramatics.

If the old saying that opposites get along well together is true, then President "Shorty" and Vice-President "Beebe" should make a smooth executive team.

LONGING

When I was two and twenty, A leopard held me slave Deep in his gloomy forest Digging his diamond cave.

With tricks and quick conniving
(You could not call me brave)
I 'scaped my lord the leopard,
I 'scaped the diamond cave.

Now I am four and forty, And dwell in pleasant lands. Yet aches my heart. It is not here One glimpses diamonds.

- J. C.

POME

Social studies,
English,
Math!
They're enough to drive one daff.
What's the course of study say?
What's the trip planned for today?
Objectives, courses, units — all,
They're the things which Juniors call —
"My worries."

- Helen Pross.

How the Other Half Lives

December 25th — Christmas — we celebrate! It is a time of happiness, caroling, good things to eat, and the filling of those stockings which "were hung by the chimney with care." To make it picturesque, in some regions the weather is cold and snow is lying heaped upon the ground. Everywhere we see the Christmas trees with their multi-colored bulbs; the mistletoe and holly; and the candles in the windows casting their friendly beams into the frosty atmosphere. Yes, it is Christmas and everybody is celebrating. But in this vast country of ours there are many ways of observing the Yuletide aside from those we Marylanders know.

Not very far from our northern border are the Moravians of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, who start many days before Christmas to bake the delicious and ornamental cookies used in the holiday parties and for decorating the Putz. The Putz is the Christmas tree which is a pine, cedar or whatever type

So What

Some say that Junior girl from Hagerstown will be spending the Christmas holiday in Oklahoma. Elizabeth S. has lost her heart to Hopkins. Marvel is running her a close second, though. Fran Larson has also gotten the bug; it must be catching.

Jr. 3 had a super duper party in Bremer Sherman's club cellar. Since Jack Williamson was leaving the next day, he bid a fond farewell to all (the girls). Don't all you boys quit school, 'cause it might not work again.

Speaking of persons quitting — what will Mary Jane do without Dick?

Did you know Betty Letzer is expecting a diamond for Christmas? Likewise Margie Parker? Likewise M. Heuisler?

Refo seems to have room-mate complications.

Someone in the school is making himself very obnoxious by walking away with important books, such as Hopkins' Interaction. Don't you think a word to the wise should be sufficient?

Some of the Freshman girls are asking who that certain Senior boy is. Make yourself known, Johnny!

- Peg Gunnells.

desired, having at its base a small landscape of mosses and greens upon which are planted tiny houses, trees, people and animals. A sacred ceremony, the love-feast, is held in the church on Christmas Eve. In observance of the love-feast each member of the congregation is served a large cup of coffee and a bun. At this time also, each little child is given a lighted candle to represent the coming of the Light into the World. Thus, the Moravians observe Christmas.

We find Christmas Day in the South more like the Fourth of July. It is the noisiest day of the year, with firecrackers popping, bells ringing, children yelling, and brass bands parading the streets. This activity begins at midnight and lasts all day. To make the occasion "Christmasy" (if I may express it so) the houses are tastefully decorated with holly and mistletoe, the Christmas dinner still has its turkey and cranberry sauce, and Santa Claus comes to see all the good little boys and girls.

In the old Spanish settlements of New Mexico, the Christmas celebration begins a whole week before December 25th. Each evening a party of men and women goes to the honses of friends, dramatizing "The Virgin Mary and St. Joseph seeking lodging." The people in the house are at first hesitant about admitting the party. This is done to carry out the idea that Mary and Joseph were refused entrance in Bethlehem. However, the door is finally opened to the party and everyone has a merry time. On Christmas Eve, the Birth of the Savior is presented in tableaux in some large hall of the community.

Did you know that at one time the celebration of Christmas was forbidden in one portion of our country? The Pilgrims and Puritans of New England looked upon it as a pagan festival and in Massachusetts there was a law forbidding celebrating. How very different now! Christmas in New England is just like Christmas anywhere else, except in a few small towns and villages adhering to Puritan ideas. In the small towns of New Hampshire, one large tree is set up in the center of town and all the parents place the children's gifts on the tree. The children and parents assemble at a set time, and after a program of Christmas music and song, the presents are taken and the tree left practically bare.

How many of us are aware of these different celebrations on Devember 25th?

- INEZ SCHULTZ.

Attention, Sophisticates:

• Keep your eye on that sophisticated column which goes by the name of "The Talk of the Campus." Noone, precisely, can be credited with the material, but it is drawn from the best sources of college outlook among the student body. You may even submit your own paragraphs, after the pattern here demonstrated.

After Four Months

This is a time of change. Many changes, indeed, have been recently evident in our college. One of these, and one of importance to every student, concerns the advisory system. Prior to this year it was customary for each section in the school to have a ready-made advisor, selected for each group by the administration. This advisor was to see that section management went smoothly, was to help orient new students, and was to serve as a source of advice and guidance to the students when they met various problems in their school life. This system had been in use for some time and during that time had been the recipient of growing criticism and discontent. The arguments advanced against the section-advisor set-up included the following:

- (1) The grouping of students into sections stimulated section cliques and "sectionalism."
- (2) In the classroom, instructors as well as section members came to know just who could be depended upon to do the required work. As a result of this, instructors would call upon the reliable students and foster their energies and abilities, and the section members who tended to be indifferent toward their work became more so, depending upon the reliable individuals to carry on.
- (3) Many intra-section cliques existed, much to the detriment of the sections and the college at large.
- (4) Social atmosphere in and among the sections was deficient. The students were concerned with each other chiefly in the academic role and little in the social.
- (5) One of the most important criticisms was that the section was merely an organization through which certain necessary functions of the administration could reach the students. It was a tool by which administrative duties and affairs were carried out.
- (6) Probably the most important criticism was that the advisor was not really an advisor. This meant that, in general, students did not consult their advisors. Personal problems were either lacking, were solved personally, remained unsolved, or were brought to the attention of some other instructor.

This growing discontent finally found voice and was brought up in Student Council. After much discussion and planning on the part of faculty and students, the system in existence today was inaugurated. This system is still in its experimental stage. At present, the Freshman and Sophomore classes have section advisors. This year the members of the Junior and Senior classes were allowed to select their own advisors, each person of the class doing so individually. Those choices having been made, college life has continued for four months. Four months should be a fair trial for the new set-

up. How does opinion stand now? Is the new system superior to the old one?

There is still discontent. The Freshmen and Sophomores resent being treated like little children and rightly so. The rest of the college glibly voted to retain section advisors for the underclassmen, but reserved for themselves the privilege of individual choice. Little can be done about this part of the situation now. Further trial, discussion, and planning must take place before any changes can be made. However, how about the upperclassmen? Is the individual advisor set-up beneficial to them? Are they getting the most from it? The answers to these queries seem to be along a negative line. It is safe to say that few students have consulted their advisors. This is fact. Some students have not even spoken to their advisors outside of the classroom. There was also the case of a student who did not know who her advisor was. (This may or may not be a reflection upon the student. We are inclined to think it is not.)* It cannot be that upperclassmen have no problems. It is doubtful if anyone will deny that they do. But still advisors are not being consulted. What is the trouble? Does the answer lie in the system or in the students? Has the "after" improved upon the "before"?

*Ed. Note — Notices concerning appointment of personal advisors were sent to all sections. Let us have further discussion of the problems of the advisory system in the Open Forum.

Honor Poll

The Math Club under the guidance of Mr. Moser, undertook the conduction of a poll to find out the opinion of the student body on the matters of cheating and an honor system. Startling results were obtained; here they are — and where do we go from here?

It was found that over one-half of the students questioned felt there was little cheating going on in the matters of privileges and testing. Does this condition actually exist in our college, or are 58% of our poll-participants laboring under false impressions? The poll showed that one-fourth of all the persons questioned believed there was a great deal of cheating taking place in all fields; these persons must have had some basis for answering as they did wherein lies our next step?

The attitude of the non-cheater is a prime factor with which to reckon, for it can either be the backbone of an honor system or the rotten poles to undermine one. Fifty-one per cent. of the day students are silent but resentful of the cheater who merrily piles up good marks at the expense of fellow students and classmates, and 66% of the resident students take the same attitude. But 12% of the resident students actively protest against cheating while not one of the day students speaks against a wrong-doer, even though he is bitterly opposed to him. If an honor system existed, this protesting would have to take place, for what is an honor system but protecting the innocent from the cheater by reporting the latter when he is out of step?

When asked if an honor system would work in this college, 100% of the Freshmen stated positively that it would. Is this naiveté and optimism, or have the Seniors just grown bitter before their time? For of all the Seniors questioned, 55% said in no uncertain terms that an honor system could not work in our colege! They have been here four years; are they care worn, haggard and pessimistic, or are they wise and merely being honest in their answers? The Sophs were evenly divided in their opinion as to whether a system would work or not, while the Juniors said "Yes, it would," backed by a 70% aye.

But if we had an honor system, necessity would demand that we also have a court to judge violators. Sixty-five per cent. of the student body agreed that this court should consist of students and faculty alike, while 33% felt that students alone should control the wrong-doers.

Well, there you have the results of the poll: what shall our next step be? Should we be educated from the minute we enter the college as to honor, starting with the innocence of our believing Freshmen, or will old age (meaning Juniors and Seniors) ripen us to the idea? Here are the facts; the rest is in your hands.

SIMILIES

"Vanity Fair" - Room "13" "A Midsummer Night's Dream" - Mr. Lembach "The Tempest" - Dr. Foster Dowell "Escape" - The Coke Machine "The Stargazer" - Dr. Wset "She Stoops to Conquer" — Betty Jean Battenfeld "Treasure Island" - Miss Joslin's Room "The Male Animal" - Mr. Moser "I Married an Angel" - Mr. Crook "The Westward Movement" - Practicums "With Hearts Courageous" - Miss Bader's classes "Black April" - Student Teaching "Men Like Gods" - Find one "Three Harbours" - Miss Blood "Honorable Estate" - Glen Esk "The Lively Lady" - Dr. Crabtree "If I Were You" - Supervisors "Famine" - Book Shop's lunch hour

Suggestion to "Senior"

To the Editors of the Tower Light:

For a long time I have been of the opinion that the men in this college are elevated individuals who think themselves capable of subjugating the Gods on Mount Olympus. The question is no longer a moot one — I know it now.

At the time of their entrance into S. T. C. the males (notice I didn't say men) are literally handed golden skates on which to skate through college life. Attached to their heads there seems to be a star which forbids the criticizing of the male by the lowly female. Therefore, with the hope that I will not tread on sacred territory, may I present my little dissertation.

Why, in Heaven's name, should the men receive more consideration in the teaching system? Are they not in the minority? Naturally, since there are more women employed in the teaching system, the ratio of their advancement is greater than that of the male. The mere fact that a teacher wears long pants should not entitle him to parking space in the principal's office! People who get high offices earn these offices by years of hard work. Four or five years of study is just a drop in the educational bucket. And rightly so!

If "Senior" really wants an advancement he will study and take his chance along with the rest of us "skirts."

- JuSE.

ON DUTY

Three phones to get, Three girls to find, A thousand things On my small mind. I'm on duty.

A bell to push,
A light to switch,
And all the boys
Out the door to pitch.
On hall duty.

A plug to pull,
A door to lock,
One eye on the mail
And one on the clock —
Still on duty.

It's time — at last!
With heavy feet
I climb the stairs
To a safe retreat
From hall duty.

- MARY JANE BURDETTE.

Helpful Henry

N PAGE 29 in the Student Handbooks, one will find a section labelled "Men's Dress Code," and it is my humble opinion that it needs an airing. Being of an alert nature and not at all blind or hard of hearing, I sensed a slight unrest among the male populace, coupled with some consternation, regarding just exactly what our men could wear. My experience and knowledge along these lines practically compels me to enlarge upon and explain the Men's Dress Code.

Well, first of all, the name is all wrong. Take Webster's word for it. A code, as Mr. Webster defines it, is a system of rules or regulations or laws. And, unless I have been unscrupulously misled, such regulations are supposed to be heeded. That is why I say that the name is misleading. Perhaps it should be called "How to Dress Properly — For Stylish Young Men" or "Desirable Dress for College Men." Don't take me wrong, I am not criticising — just observing. You and I know that critics are important-looking people who use big words to try and prove they know more about anything than you do.

It has occurred to me that people who write codes and regulations ought to realize that we are individuals. After all, isn't it a silly thing for them to say I must wear a sleeved sweater, just after I bought a perfectly good sleeveless sweater? And for them to intimate that one should conceal one's new "Elasto-Transparent" suspenders with the pearl clips is revolting. Imagine a woman who doesn't have five or six straps showing! At least, men's suspenders don't keep slipping out of place, and they aren't attached with safety pins, bobby pins, paper clips, adhesive tape, etc.

Then there is the free interpretation to which Rule 4 is open. It has what might truly be called the "elastic clause" which I must say puts the original stretching clause to shame. "Men students may wear sweaters . . . when that type of dress is appropriate." Appropriate, indeed! How many creativeminded youths have set themselves to interpreting this in terms of their individual wardrobes and desires! The clause goes further to state that "any type of sleeved sweater may be worn if it is consistent with the standards of appearance and good taste." I actually overheard one Freshman ask, "What standards?" And as to appearance, well, anyone knows the loyalty men have toward garments. The older they are the more comfortable and acceptable old clothes become. A man looks awkward in a sweater until it displays two or three moth holes, a wandering elbow, and a few Red Cross or Willkie buttons. Furthermore, the person who even suggests that that sweater is not up to par, is treading on dangerous ground. I know three boys who ran away from home because their mothers gave away certain of their prized old

clothes when they were at the movies.

As to good taste, it is my personal belief, from observation, that the taste of an average male sweater-wearer is terrible. Leave it up to a man to pick out wierd color combinations and designs. As a matter of fact, one Junior confessed to me that he had a secret weakness for perpendicularly striped sweaters — alternately red, green, and purple. Now don't think for a minute that these men do not consider themselves the ultra-ultra apex of appearance and good taste.

There has been much discontent among the Sophomores concerning the Code. I have heard it rumored that it's getting hard to borrow a coat for observations now-a-days. Think what this means; here we have the slipping in of those non-descript garments that simply cannot be classified. There are any number of odd things on the market that are referred to as jumpers, jackets, slouch coats, campus coats, loungees, etc. It is quite obvious that an air of ambiguity surrounds these terms. For instance, if a teacher says, "Johnny, you should be wearing a coat now," he blandly replies, "This is a Kampus Kavortin' Koat — the latest thing in men's coat wear this fall." And what can a person reply to that? Nobody understands new styles; they just take it for granted that times have changed since they were young, and accept anything.

Another problem brought up is in reference to discarding coats. I feel that enlightenment is in need here for, after all, there come times when men feel absolutely forced to remove their coats. For example, I overheard this touching conversation not long ago between two men students:

Freshman: "Joe, I'm positively working up a sweat sawing all these boards — I wonder if anyone would mind if I took off my coat?"

Senior: "I don't know, Hank. I've never had mine off. Tradition, y'know."

That is what I call a pitiful situation. Really, one shouldn't feel as though his suit were sewed onto him, as in the case of this gullible Senior. There is a happy medium. When engaged in manual labor, it gives one a feeling of solid working-class respectability to lay aside one's coat, roll up one's sleeves, and pitch in. There can be no objection to that. Frankly, what hair I have curls whenever these Book Shop Cowgirls shout at me, "Say, you're not at home!" (so comprehensive and original, isn't it?) as I walk by feeling particularly comfortable in my shirtsleeves, having just painted fourteen posters for some slave-driving committee.

So, fellows, bear up under the criticism. You know how rules are — we all wear what we want anyhow, don't we?

- HENRY PEMBROOKE, Esq.

Open Forum

Says It Can Work

To the Editors of the Tower LIGHT:

Why is an honor system incredible? Take for granted the fact that we believe in honor. Accept also the assumption that we have achieved honor ourselves. (Forget about the \$360 worth of books — if you can.) Still I ask — why not an honor system? I do not conceive of it as a means of measuring honor but rather as a stimulant to keep those who have already achieved honor consciously striving to maintain it. An honor system would also act as a stimulant to those who have not yet been awakened to their underlying qualities of ethical and honorable conduct, or to those who need to build a basic foundation of honor in order to live according to their highest capabilities. Furthermore, can we not believe in an ideal even though we may be far from it ourselves at the present? The questions have been asked "Do laws make men moral?" "Will nagging and propaganda for honor fall on any but deaf ears?" If men are subjected to laws and propaganda long enough and forcefully enough they are bound sooner or later to be influenced to some degree by them in spite of themselves. At least they become aware of the desirable action that should be taken.

If we agree that "Passive toleration of dishonor in others is not an attribute of a truly honorable man," how can we tolerate even traces of dishonor in our fellow students? Social ostracism is truly a powerful weapon with which to combat dishonor. BUT - would not an honor system make this method of dealing with the problem more effective than it could ever hope to be under present conditions? Surely this point does not need further explanation. We cannot dive blindly into an honor system set-up and hope for the best. Somehow we must prepare ourselves for it or else enter it gradually to allow for the adjustments that will inevitably result from a new way of conducting our college life. That, too, is our problem. It is not unusual to hear our own students describing the college as a "glorified high school." (Not everyone, of course, but some.) Now is the time and here is the opportunity to help change that description. And we can do it.

Perhaps we are not yet ready for an honor system; perhaps we have not yet reached that stage of development in democratic living. We could still be ready for it in a very short while if we really want it. It seems to me that the establishment of an honor system, a real honor system, here would be one of the greatest achievements we could ever hope for.

- Helen Pross.

November 14, 1941.

To the Editors of the Tower Light:

Hitler with his mechanized army of terror has driven into and taken Poland, Austria, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Norway, the Low Countries, France, and others. His military strength has surprised statesmen of the entire world, but his economic endurance has been a source of even greater surprise. In May of 1939, prior to the beginning of the war, Time published an article which offered as its moral this:

"If she fights soon, Germany, unless she can team up with Russia, must win by a blitzkrieg, or she will lose, as in 1914-18, to the silent pressure of human and industrial starvation and the British fleet."

There was much written and said about the economic revolution which would be the downfall of Germany. The standard of living in Germany was reputed to have fallen 20 per cent, since the pre-Hitler era. The people were even denied necessities, so that the factories could flourish. For in Nazi Germany it is the government and the army first; the people are the last to be considered. Last year a Jewish refugee, not an ordinary person, but an educated woman, holding her doctor's degree from a well-known German university, spoke to a group of young people in Maryland. She said that the stories of the denial and suffering of the German people are not exaggerations, but under-statements.

Early in the war, the economic state of Germany was labelled "conducive to an internal revolution." Those familiar with the situation said Germany could not survive a long war — the industry geared to super-productive rates for wartime supplies would collapse. But Germany has not had an economic collapse. She is as powerful today as ever. She has not teamed up with Russia. But she is doing a fair job of defeating her great Communistic neighbor at this writing. And she has not won by a blitzkrieg, nor is there any indication of the end of the war in the near future. All of the prospective dooms promised for Germany have been obliterated by her overwhelming military victories. Now, in the second year of the war, she has great, masterful England on a terrible defensive. But still in the United States, we sit back, and point confidently to our naval bases and our army camps overflowing with efficiently trained men (at whom, I say, Hitler's super-trained army of German youths would snicker). We fear no invasion; we know there is an ocean between the threat of Hitler and our land. Yet, while we gaze across the waters and look with pity on the war-torn continent, Hitler is busy right here in our cities, in our factories, in our shipyards, and even in our government, preparing for the kill, and the conquest of his biggest prize - the United States of America.

November 15, 1941.

--- J. F. M. TOWER LIGHT

Likes Helpful Henry

To the Editors of the Tower Light:

Why not some more of those clean-humored articles of advice from Henry Pembrooke, Esq.? As essays they are fine and smooth, and might readily rank with the best of their kind.

December 2, 1941.

B. A. C.

... We have published Mr. Pembrooke's latest essay, dealing with the Men's Dress Code, on page 13. Mr. Pembrooke, well-versed in these matters, has an interesting bit to say about it.—The Editors.

Patsy's Mail

December 15, 1941

Mr. Randolph Scott, 20th Century-Fox, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Randy,

So far you are the only heart-of-gold hero in California who has a genuine "r"-less accent; but watch out for Joe Young West, the Tennessee Tenor, who could give you a pretty close run for your drawl.

Sincerely,

Patsy.

Mr. Johnny Weismuller, Universal Pictures, Hollywood, Calif.

Listen, Johnny,

Any day now, you might see Donald Minnegan swinging from branch to branch in *your* leopard skin. Man, whatta thought. Yeow!

Most sincerely,

Patsy.

Miss Bette Davis, Warner Bros., Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Bet,

Could you have seen the meanie role, as played by Hazel Woodward, you would pack up your Oscars in shame; she made your shady ladies look like Salvation Army girls at Christmas.

Grimacingly,

Patsy.

Mr. Robert Taylor, M.-G.-M., Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Bob,

E. Foster Dowell upheld justice, defied the villains, and kissed the gals in a way you never even thought of doing it. Better watch out; he even looks fetching in a *sweater*.

Sympathetically,

Patsy.

Miss Maureen O'Sullivan,

M.-G.-M.,

Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Maureen,

Our tiny Towson trapeze artist, Eunice Crabtree, is slowly edging you out as the favorite to play in the next Tarzan picture; she's not only agile, but think of the novelty: doctor's degree in the jungle!

Yours truly,

Patsy.

All Scene-Stealers,

Hollywood, Calif. Dear Scene-Stealers,

Your reputations as comedians and scene-stealers are gone with the late hurricane. Harold Moser so outdid you, all of you, that you might as well preserve your careers in alcohol. Think of it, ladies, he can even dust!

Most sincerely,

Patsy.

Fill in the Ballot

JANUARY 16, 1942 — the first important date in the New Year for S. T. C. students. It's the night of the Tower Light Dance, which no one can afford to miss. Just as the magazine is *your* magazine, so is the T. L. Dance going to be *your* dance. Below you will find a ballot on which you can enter your ideas concerning the way the dance should be conducted. Just snip around the lines of the ballot and drop it into the basket in the T. L. office. We'll let you know the results in the January issue.

TOWER LIC	GHT DANCE BALLOT
My choice of dance	is: (check)
1. Inform	nal
2. Formal	
My choice of orches	tra is: (name in order of choice)
<u> </u>	
<u> </u>	
<u> </u>	
_ (8	Signed)

Tongue in Cheek (?)

To the Editors of the Tower LIGHT:

I should like to take this opportunity to protest against the type magazine the Tower Light staff is giving us.

After all, ours is a professional school. We are working toward becoming good, practical, hard-headed elementary school teachers. How is publishing a college magazine going to make us any better teachers? If it confined itself to professional subjects and discussions of teaching method, I could see a justification for it. But I must protest when articles on politics and school problems (which we can do nothing about and have only a secondary interest in anyway) appear on the Tower Light pages. This smacks of a liberal education to me, with all its connotations. May I repeat, we are being trained for a profession — a profession in which a practical knowledge of the subjects we are to teach is far more important than knowing the ins and outs of politics, what symphonies are going to play in Baltimore this winter, and so forth.

The literature side of the Tower Light is no doubt contributed in good faith, but I have a practical suggestion to offer this department, too. Why not limit all poems, stories, etc., to those on the child's level? Think what utility this would have for teachers and student-teachers!

If you will alter your policies in these respects, I will be only too glad to cooperate with you. I do not feel it would be true to the ideals and traditions of the good, old-fashioned elementary school teacher to do so for the present Tower Light.

December 4, 1941.

OLD-FASHIONED.

... We must admit we were fooled for a brief moment as to the nature of this letter. At first we got all excited about it, and wondered how we might word our answer. But it is easy to see (from certain tell-tale indications) that the letter is written in a facetious tone by an urbane student of the college who has taken up the perspective of the ridiculous and provincial. Incidentally, it certainly is our intention wherever possible to bring to our readers suitable professional material, and as much of a liberal education as space will permit — The Editors.

Drink On, Dead Men

In the region where dead men perish over again In the palace where drunkards drink hearty There will the spirit of life and living extend

In our time In the time when wives mourn The death of their men and the strangling of Their children Then will the breath of morning's

Freshness rule in the serene quality of angles Cut from the cloth of brotherhood and the strong Odor of freshness from the winds of the earth linger On Where is the spirit of live men? Not long In the land does it linger when the mind dwells On notions of war and hate of one's ageless link

With the past and the minute present Swelling Chorus of angels declaring the might of the Lord And the reflected might of the Lord in swills of

Hard drink in the taverns where drunkards gorge In great quantity and dead men die new deaths Breathe hearty, men; breathe deep the clean breath

Of the turned cheek and the Sermon from the Mount On the Mountain of God and in the Valley Say Whether you will love your neighbor with the mute

Words of the heart caressed or with the Heart wounded Pierced with the gleaming Point of the golden sword

Is the time for living now when dead men die Or would it better be later when dead men Have been resurrected Take away the cup of rye

From him who drinks it too heartily

Perish the pleasure from the palates of gourmands Ring again the tolled-in-measure bell of sacrifice Let dead men die new deaths and drunkards swill

New nectar

Oh I have lived too long in this time I too Much have seen of the horrid deaths of men Their souls rise up in disturbed anxiety New

To the tranquil nature of the soul unused to Persecution and to torture Where is the love Of mankind that I should see out of the music

Of the creators Does the sphere's music speak More of love than the music in the taverns? Why should love be purchased and not innate?

My ears pained at the hearing of such words as I have heard My nostrils perk at the smell Of drying-up blood and lingering whiskey

Only then did I hear of the war among men
Of the missives from heaven-sent to rid
Us of the dead men Dead souls roaming the

Earth in the garb of the live-and-kicking

I sought the word of the prophet in the matter And he answered not

The sword that is now a ploughshare is hard To reconvert The pruning-hooks are more at Ease among the leafy boughs And the dead

Soul rests more comfortably under the fig-

Bring on the beer! Waiter, hast thou heard? We will drink away our sorrows and become Yet more intoxicated!

— EMILE.

BOOKS

I HAD JUST set myself down to the typewriter to rush off a couple of book reviews to the man with the lino keys at his fingertips. Suddenly, like news of a long-past thunderclap in the heavens, came the shout of the newsboy's "Wuxtry," and within the moment I had acquired the most sickening imaginable feeling in the pit of my stomach and points upward. Japan had attacked. America was back in the wars again after a slight pause (for refreshment and navel-contemplation) of about 23 anna.

It all came so fast that there was literally no time for a readjustment. True, we had had advance warnings in a plethora, of the "Yellow Peril," and way down somewhere we had a dim idea of what the two-ocean navy was being built for. And yet I was so dumbstruck by the news, that all my appetitie for humor was gone. We all made a dash for the radio, and a girl in the car had to crack wise while the dispatch from Tokyo or some place was being read; I turned on her with the ferocity of a sabretooth. I suppose we all do some downright queer things when the strain on our nerves is great. That is quite typical of beleaguered belligerents, and may often contribute materially to disintegration. Our nerves are just not finely toned at this point.

But even war mustn't cause us to cease our thinking operations. Military operations require thought, to be sure; but we simply have to set aside a certain amount of reflective thinking-energy for the same problems which were faced in peace-time. (Of course, I write this as if we were already at war, and I must say again every word the news announcer gives me now sends shudders through me.)

What I'm getting at is this: If you let your thinking apparatus get befogged now, and the danger is great, you're going to have a devil of a time fighting this war, as you are going to do just as certainly (we may say) as the Japanese attack was part of the whole, large Axis plan for world domination. These two are just as certain as the fact that the sun rises on the Mikado each day.

And there are certain basic ideas which we must never neglect. One, a more stable, compressed idea, is the background of democracy, as expressed for instance in the wealth of American literature from the time of the Mayflower Compact to some of the mass-centered verse of Carl Sandburg.¹ This rich background, fluent with the growing language of America, and waxing prosperous with the maturation of American thought, is treated by Mr. Smith with a reverence, where necessary, which might even be said to approach the way to Holy Writ as often evidenced. The editor of this anthology we would call truly representative of, and worthy

¹ The Democratic Spirit. Edited by Bernard Smith, Knopf, 1941.

of representing the "Democratic Spirit." He doesn't look upon the democratic system as a set of pretty words as embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and only words. Democracy to him is stuff which must permeate the entire human mind if it may be said to engage him. You don't exploit labor and bear the name "democrat," the while shouting "freedom of the press, etc., etc." You don't own slaves in the South and call yourselves democrats. (Note the small "d".) By the same token, again, you don't suppress Indians in India and chant the modern war whoop of making the world safe for democracy. Now this may be extraneous to the point that the anthology has to make (if ever anthologies have whole points to make). You don't wage holy wars, no not even against the "Yellow Peril," and discriminate against negro workers in your own country, or hang negroes ("lynching") with any decent consistency. I suppose you don't, either, read about the democratic spirit, and sit complacently by, saying it's a wonderful thing, wouldn't it be fine if we could have some. Well, democracy is a costly thing; it is acquired, like independence, with the sweat of one's brow and the bitter toil of one's every limb. I know the intellectual is going to read the "Democratic Spirit" and be able to modify, to recast, to formulate perhaps for the first time a philosophy and program for democracy; but what is the "average" person to do? Well, the answer is simply that there is a lot for him to derive from the volume if he gets around to it. It certainly isn't basic, though, and I daresay a sixth or seventh grader might state democracy in acceptable wordsthough not polished with the fine beauty of a Thomas Paine, or the clumsy exoticism of a Bart Vanzetti. A long time ago Patrick Henry rose on the floor of the Virginia House of Burgesses, and asked for liberty or death; not so long ago John Dos Passos offered a rather naturalistic approach to American life; Sandburg writes down his belief: The people, yes. And it is all lumped under the impressive "democratic spirit," I say there is no such, as such. That which we call by that name is a supra-national manifesto which exists in the minds of supra-national men all over. But the type democrat that Mr. Smith shows himself to be as he records the American spirit points that Mr. Smith is the right fellow to have for showing you where that which ought to be done (for your fellow-man) has been written.

Schickelgruber

JUST IMAGINE how one might feel were he living in a land where he would read the collection of Adolf Hitler's speeches, and not be permitted to shout off his house-top how foul and revolting it was to him. It is fortunate that I

am permitted to tell you what I thought of Hitler's New Order.² I certainly am not come to impose. We all agree that any Order of Hitler's is no order of ours, certainly. The only trouble is as it has again and again been pointed out, that there are actually individuals, still, who persist in refusing to recognize the peril from Totalitarianism. If you know your page-references you can show them just the spot where Adolf said he was going to do it. But it is truly a sickening experience to go through even one or two of the Master's peaceful, restful lectures. They are laden down, for example, with lewd, disgusting slurs at the Jews, who are the diabolical power behind the International Bank, and the International Red. Democracy, for reasons we haven't space to list, is a foul invention of the Jews to ensuare the Herrenrasse. All you have to do in cases like these is to remember the plaint of Israel Zangwill who often said, "International Jew, my eye!" (in effect). "Just try to get them together on some vital Jewish issue. It's like pulling teeth!" Besides, Hitler is a liar, by his own admission.

 $^2\,My\ New\ Order.$ Edited by Rauol de Roussy de Sales. Reynal & Hitchcock, 1941.

Roman Talle

BETWEEN THE emotional indifference of Smith's volume, and the vulgar vehemence of Hitler's harangues, I must take a measure of satisfaction out of the publication in these columns in the last issue and this, of Warren Wendler's short story, The Great One Over the Dark. It is rarely that an undergraduate comes to show such power of language that Mr. Wendler has shown to date. Far be it from us to eulogize him, or to repeat the sketch of his life published in the Tower Light. We insist that we are not swelling his head because heads like his don't swell up very readily. What we should like to hope for is this: that Mr. Wendler accept the fact of the success of his story as a Tower Light feature, and allow his mind to conceive thousands of words more of typical Wendler prose. It may strike you in a particularly funny way, but he also writes poetry, which we are trying to scare out of him, and into our columns.

- EMILE.

Six Lessons (Easy)

The Pattern of Politics, by J. T. Salter. New York.

Here is a book for the people and about the people — those people whose votes choose a great President or put a Frank Hague in power. Professor Salter is interested in them as being the pieces in the mosaic that is the "Pattern of Politics." Whether he is telling his fascinating stories of the folkways of ward bosses, or enumerating the qualities that make great political leaders, his interest is the voters, his message is to them. It is a message we have all heard and

forgotten often: That a democracy confers upon its citizens the responsibility to think through every issue they are called upon to decide and to use their vote in a way that will benefit the state.

The Pattern of Politics would be an excellent handbook for any aspiring young politician. It analyzes the means which a man must employ to get the people to vote for him — personal favors, remembering first names, and the other trivial attentions that count so much with a rather undiscerning public. If he is of the grafting bent, he would find the part that explains how public morality lags behind private morality very helpful. It would make a better handbook for the voter (or the voter-to-be) who would like to understand better the political system as it is practiced in cities and counties all over the United States, or who wants to know why this system has necessarily come about and what he can do to improve it — a refreshing change from wondering who is responsible for the present world situation.

Professor Salter has made here a thorough study of the American political scene. His book was published almost on the eve of Roosevelt's re-election. Therefore, in his last chapter, "Leadership," he combines recapitulation of his remarks and an evaluation of the two candidates. What value his estimations of Roosevelt and Willkie have, in the light of recent developments, you will have to decide for yourself. But — "The leader sets the example for everyone. . . . He is the picture we have drawn, for good or ill, of ourselves," says Professor Salter.

— Jean Connor.

Rugg-Cutters

That Men May Understand. By Harold Rugg. Doubleday, Doran, 1941.

TT IS A SHAME that a person who is as valuable to the Leducational profession as is Dr. Rugg should have to spend a great share of his time in defending charges that his social science texts are communistic (sic). He could do so much more great work for the furtherance of successful modern educational practice in the United States, and here he has to make speeches from coast to coast in which he has to say "No, my texts are not communistic; no, they do not attack the American way of life; they do not treat Washington and Lincoln disparagingly; my opponents are quoting out of context, and seeking to banish my books from the schools on unethical grounds." Not those words, but very similar. Now he has to spend all of a full-sized book telling us that all his work in the past and now has been and is That Men May Understand, and if they will not understand, to what avail was all his work.

Our thanks to Dr. Rugg for doing battle so valiantly with the reactionary forces which seek to throw out of the schools his so very progressive series of social-science textbooks. The sinister forces at work under pretense of undercutting subversive activities, as typified by people like Mrs. Dilling, are more subversive than those real or imagined characters she accuses; after all, and this is not wholly jest, she makes people of Dr. Rugg's caliber take time off to lend her dignity by denouncing her. This is not the author's complaint. It is wholly mine. I don't like the idea; and that is all. It was with regard to Mrs. Dilling, incidentally that Dr. Rugg alleged that he would be quite disappointed were his name not in her list of Communists. He calls it the most complete list of American *liberals* ever published.

Those of us who have read or looked at parts of the Rugg Social Science Series get a sick feeling all over when we find the good Doctor under fire. Every positive statement of fact, when it happens to present a not-too-beautiful picture of American life, is damned as subversive to the American way of life, they say. Keep those problems (admitting that there are such) in the minds of big, strong adults, where they belong. What can a child know of the struggles? Tell him only the pretty things. Let him find out the wicked things when he gets to that age where his now-tender mind can stand it. It is people whose thoughts run in such wise who charge Harold Rugg, while declaring it to the uninformed world, with being a "red," a "miseducator." Rugg sort of leaves the matter to his reader. What kind of education would you want your child to have? A free, all-considering one, which examines the ugly with the ivoried? Or perhaps you would like him to receive all the abstracts and little child's poems and let the men and women of the land worry.

For such prospective teachers as we, when we consider the educational background in philosophy and curriculum building that is being drawn up here at Towson, it would be difficult to imagine a time when some student or alumnus would attack methods like the ones Dr. Rugg uses. We are really glad to see that Dr. Rugg still has faith in the educability of adults. Some of us had already given up.

You may notice we have been reluctant to inject the term "freedom of the schools" into the discussion. I hold that "freedom of the schools" is a condition that may be said in a secondary manner to *obtain* in a well-run, democratic school. You can, however, go about the business of perfecting such a school without recourse to generalizations which have to be explained and re-explained *ad infinitum*. — H. M. L.

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Christmas Time I Like to . . .

Ride on the upper deck of the Charles Street bus at dusk, when it's just beginning to snow, and watch the street lights blink on - I feel snug and satisfied and warm, somehow, at the sight. . . . See the huge Christmas trees in the theatre lobbies - they make me feel as if ushers are human beings after all and not just robots in brass buttons who will continue to say even after death, "Seats down front and in the back only." . . . Watch exasperated wives who drag even more exasperated husbands on shopping expeditions - the women always look as efficient as so many new Diesel engines, but the men all seem to be D. C. generators switched to A. C. current. . . . Sniff the aroma of freshly cut pines on a crisp, cold afternoon - there's something about that fragrance that beats all the Suivey-Moi and Opening Night in the world. . . . Stop and watch the men who sell flowers on the corners, downtown-they sound so infatuated with their trade and yet look as if they had just swallowed an overlarge dose of quinine and castor oil. . . . See the expressions on people's faces as they go home in the evening - they look as if they'd been hibernating in an aspirin bottle all year and just awoke to the fact that the world's a pretty nice old place after all . . . and I guess it is.

- PAT HERNDON.

College News

THE COMING OF WINTER'S WINDS BRINGS ON the entrance of basketball as the college's major varsity sport.

This season, Coach Minnegan is faced by several handicaps and hardships. First, he has but three men with a substantial quantity of varisty first-string experience; these are: Cutie Thompson, Itzy Schkloven, and Archimo Krieger. The 1941-42 team is being built around the above-mentioned trio. The current edition differs from earlier squads in that coöperation and team-play constitute the basic strategy, whereas formerly, modes of play centered about one outstanding player.

Thompson is the little fellow who carries all the enthusiasm into the game one could ask for. He has been elected captain, and plays an integral part in the team's organization. The fact is, that by the present approach, each man is quite an integral part.

Playing with him at the forward spot is little Itzy. He is a veritable speed demon on the floor, and really crams action into his ball game.

The play-builder of the team is Mortimer Krieger. He may best be designated as the "man behind the man who nets the goals."

Working at guard with Arch are Bill Mines and Bark Spellman. Bill is another dependable scorer who can keep that ball going. Big, lanky Spellman, in the center position, although green at the sport, uses his height to good advantage.

The fellows who make up the remainder of the quint are also developing into useful dependable players. Two promising guards are Will Gaver and Mort Weiner. Others whom Coach says will see plenty of action during this season are Charles Chilcoat, a Senior; Sid Blum, Oscar Brilliant, and Jerry Pleet, Juniors, and Bix Wheeler, Sophomore.

Assemblies

IN ONE OF LAST MONTH'S EARLIER ASSEMBLIES, the college got a new slant on "Some Procedural Aspects of World Settlement." The speaker was Dr. Wallace McClure, of the State Department, who adhered quite rigidly to his topic. He suggested, in question form, that the next treaty not be just an armistice as the 1919 affair was but that it follow, rather, the pattern of 1898, when the Spanish-American War was ended. He outlined the type mechanism that would be created to enforce the new peace, and spoke of a really effective League of Nations. All this was under the heading of Method. What *kind* of a world you want, he said, is a a matter for you yourself to think out. There is, however, a definite, workable method to attain that kind of world.

LATER IN THE MONTH, WE HEARD FROM DR. Joseph Singewald, of Johns Hopkins University, who is head of the department of Economic Geology at that institution. He demonstrated the set-up with regard to the control over and possession of various essential minerals by the world's leading powers. His conclusion was that this war is being waged by Hitler to break down the status quo, which secures her position at the bottom of the mineral list; and by England and America, to preserve the status quo.

Excursions

TRUE TO THE ADVENTUROUS TRADITION, THE Juniors are traveling this semester to a number of interesting places to round out their experience background before Student Teaching. Miss Woodward and Dr. Foster Dowell have conducted the most ambitious jaunts — Dr. Dowell to Washington and Miss Woodward to schools in Montgomery County and Wilmington.

PARKSIDE SCHOOL, MONTGOMERY COUNTY, gave one section a chance to see progressive education working. The curriculum included pupil activities like planting trees on the school hill to prevent erosion and running a school store — not a play store — where real food was bought and sold. A perfect integration of Montgomery County community life with the school curriculum has been achieved. Parkside is fortunate in its new and good buildings and equipment, but even more fortunate in its principal, Miss Smith, who has given the children a progressive type of schooling and yet managed to develop enough responsibility in them to meet that freedom.

THE JUNIORS WHO WENT TO WILMINGTON with Miss Woodward got a view of progressive education under private sponsorship. They saw the Alexis I. Dupont School, which is perfectly equipped and taught. Again a fine leader is the sparkplug. Mr. Howie has set himself the job of "educating to live happily" and he carries it out efficiently and fully. The children are selected from no special economic group, but are from the average environments represented in any public school. The wonderful results are the results of the new education administered by understanding people and backed by sufficient resources.

A WASHINGTON THEY HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE appeared to the Juniors who went with Dr. Foster Dowell to the Department of State, the Library of Congress, the Supreme Court and Congress itself. Non-educational highlights: Singing on the bus on the way over — being escorted through the Congressional Library by the distinguished Russian exile, Dr. Vladimir Gsovsky — the enlightening discussion on cheeses in the House of Representatives. A good time was had by all (including the instructor).

Yearbooks

THE SENIOR YEAR BOOK STAFF HAD JUST HELD a decisive meeting with Dr. Wiedefeld when we went to press, and it seems certain that they will produce a book of which the Class of 1942 will always be proud. Iona Claytor, Senior president, says that they aim at a book that will be "new and distinctive" in content and set-up. We had to be content with this information, since the Seniors are keeping all tentative plans quiet until they have had a class meeting. More of this next month, we hope.

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THE JUNIORS' YEAR BOOK COMMITTEE CONTINues to function efficiently. Last year, with a determination that was suspected by those who thought it couldn't be done, the Class of 1943 formed a temporary committee, sponsored a Bazaar to raise funds, and laid the groundwork for actual printing by getting estimates from printers and engravers. Plans for the year book's layout and subject matter were started.

This year the Juniors must select a permanent year book staff. Three co-editors — William Jett, Muriel Frames and Sidney Blum—have been elected, and the class will vote on department heads in the near future. Wilma Smith of the temporary committee reports that there are three big jobs ahead of the new committee — the choosing of a printer, editing of material and, finally, building of the year book funds. A large order for the committee and the class. But you know the Juniors!

THE SOPHOMORES PROVE THAT THE YEAR book idea is here to stay. After sitting in on the Class of '43's first committee meetings some of the Sophomores (they were Freshmen then) formed a staff which started to collect data on other college year books before the year ended. At the start of this year the staff formed handsome plans. The year book of the Class of 1944 is to be informal - and this, as Marie Kindervatter blithely puts it, "calls for a budget twice the size of one for a formal year book and three times as much work; so the committee adjusted to the situation by reorganizing its staff." That is some adjusting, but we believe that the Sophomores can do it. Already this year they have made up their budget and planned activities to meet their expenses. Actual year book material is being assembled - literature and informal campus snapshots - which, collected over their four years of college life, will make a complete record of their class.

SO FAR THE FRESHMEN HAVE TAKEN NO STEPS toward a year book, but if shining examples mean anything, who knows? They may figure in next month's reports.

Briefs

S. C. Dance

The Student Council has projected its dance, slated for January 30th, and advises that for those who are unable to dance, there has been organized a dancing class, to be held in the foyer on Wednesdays at 3 P. M. Marie Kindervatter is chairman. In addition, there is talk of a Student Date Bureau which, as one student has put it, will have on hand "accredited dates," to accommodate those in need.

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Y. A. W. T. H.

The college chapter of Young America Wants to Help, keyed by Dr. Katherine Gallagher's signal address, has gotten off to a promising start in its charitable career by electing Miss Sylvia Gelwasser as president. The purpose of the Y. A. W. T. H. group is to render aid to the suffering young people in war areas. Since no means exist for serving continental Europe, the work at present is limited to Britain. A project, as yet unnamed, for raising money is under way to help "normalize the lives of young Britons." The other officers of the organization follow: Shirley Hicks, vice-president; Jean Gray, secretary, and June Stephan, treasurer.

Community Sing

The college Glee Club, the Orchestra and the student body will join with choral groups and instrumentalists from the vicinity for a gigantic community sing to be held on the 18th of this month in conjunction with the annual Christmas dinner. The whole affair will take place in Newell Hall. Everyone has been urged to attend.

Seating

The regulations for attendance at Monday assemblies are now complete, and seating is standardized as of this month. The job was handled by the Marshal Committee, under the direction of Mr. Compton Crook.

Profile: Dr. Dowell

Dr. Anita Dowell has recently been elected National Keeper of Records of the Pi Lambda Theta National Association of Women in Education. The following article accompanying the announcement of Dr. Dowell's office, appeared in the Pi Lambda Theta *Journal*, October, 1941:

"A native of Baltimore, educated in the public and private elementary schools of Maryland, Dr. Dowell has combined interest in and concern for education with the rich experience of wide travel, both here and abroad. From the Girls' Latin School of Baltimore she went to Goucher College for her B.A., to Columbia University for her M.A., and to Johns Hopkins University for her Ph.D. degree; meanwhile there were additional studies at the Marine Biological Laboratories at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, and with the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness at the University of California.

Dr. Dowell had taught in the elementary and normal schools of Maryland; at Horace Mann School, Columbia University; and at present is Director of Health Education and Assistant to the President of the State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland. Summer positions have been held at

Oregon Agricultural College, Monmouth Normal School, Marion County Health Demonstration in Oregon, and the University of California. Her attendance at Council this summer entailed special leave in order to fly from the University of Florida where she was teaching in the Summer Session.

Along the academic route Dr. Dowell has collected such honors as a scholarship to Woods Hole, awarded by Goucher College; a scholarship for summer study at the University of California, awarded by the National Study for the Prevention of Blindness; and a European Traveling Fellowship, awarded by the American Child Health Association. She is a member of Phi Beta Kappa and Kappa Delta Pi.

The author of Physical Disability of Teachers in the White Elementary Schools of Baltimore and co-author of Health Education in the State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland she has written several magazine articles and reports and has been a frequent contributor to the Pi Lambda Theta Journal."

Get-Togethers

The Class of 1936-37 held its sixth annual Dutch Get-Together Breakfast on Saturday, October 25th, at 9:00 A. M. at the Oriole Cafeteria on North Avenue. Eating in a small private room this year made the group very talkative and chummy. Each one of approximately thirty-five related a bit of his past experience, which information proves of greater interest to the group as the years pass. Dr. Wiedefeld, Mrs. Brouwer, Miss Blood, and Miss Scarborough helped us renew the intimacies of the college we love and once knew so well. The group disbursed after eating a hearty breakfast, telling all the news, settling a bit of business and singing heartily the old favorite Towson songs, especially "Alma Mater." Every year we think the idea grows better and realize the value of reuniting acquaintances that are bound to drift apart as the years speed by.

- Muriel Jones.

A joint meeting of Kappa Delta Pi and Chi Alpha Sigma was held on Saturday, October 25th, in the Ballroom of the Stafford Hotel. The speaker, Dr. W. O. Weyforth, was presented to the group by Dr. Wiedefeld. Dr. Weyforth is a professor of Political Economy at the Johns Hopkins University. The topic of his address was "Political Economy in Relation to the Current Economic Problems."

Dr. Weyforth humorously inferred that he had been invited to speak because of the association of his sister, Miss Emma Weyforth, with the Teachers College. However, the clarity of his thought-provoking words disapproved the modesty of his remark. A short discussion period followed the address.

- Marion Cunningham.

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Our Scoop - of - the - Month

War Brings Faculty

News Committee

Obituary to an Honor System

Pembrooke Probes the Library

News from S. T. C. Boys in Camps





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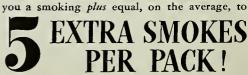


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THE TOWER LIGHT is a monthly publication of and by the students at the State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland.

Reasonable Hate

It is becoming more apparent that when the Japanese bombers swept in over Pearl Harbor that calm Sunday morning they blasted more than an army base. All America's peacetime frame of mind had to go with it. For it is impossible, and worse than that, fatal, to remain passive in our emotions toward a state bent upon destroying us. We will need all the force of feeling behind our fighting. We will learn to hate.

Hate whom? The people who struck at us? The Japanese and Germans and Italians who engineer total wars? Why not? Only a hopelessly treacherous and inhuman people could wage such warfare. Only a race morally and intellectually dead could fight for the fascisms these men support. So we can heartily turn our hands against these races that leap at the throat of all that we think good in life.

That is one kind of hate. I do not think it is the kind for us. America is the mixture of many bloods — Occidental and Oriental, Celt and Teuton. How can we reasonably condemn a whole people as unfit to live, when fine members of that people live all about us? And if we cease to base our judgments on reason and honesty, we must weaken the premises of the democracy we fight for.

All this is not a plea for tolerance of evil or for a vain kingdom of live and let live. That would be worse than unreasonable — it would mean that the experiences we have been through have taught us nothing. It is a hope that the emotions that are the driving force behind our war efforts be worthy of a democratic people. They never will be if we forget that the Japanese, Germans and Italians were molded to the storm trooper pattern largely as we have been molded into seekers of freedom. They hear and see life in terms of the standards and knowledge that reach them. The thought may stun, but if you had been born in post-war Berlin you would probably find much to support in the New Order. If we really hope to build toward universal democracy, we must realize that men are what stress has made them. It is the force that disintegrates human nature which we are fighting.

So let us go on to win the war, with a reasonable hate to lend us power — a hate of the Naziism that chokes the soul and the one-time picturesque Japanese militarism. And let us never fancy ourselves and our allies as the only races capable of decent existence.

AN HONOR SYSTEM?

EITHER THE GENERAL STUDENT BODY has no interest in affairs which vitally concern it or else it is so ignorant of the basic facts behind the issues that it can make decisions only in a blind and heedless fashion. Let us consider — for a change (!) — the honor system.

For several years at least the student body leaders have — as a result of expressed interest from the general council — toyed with the idea of establishing an honor system at our Teachers College. As far back as '38 and '39 students were beginning to voice and write loud complaints about the "cheating" carried on in classrooms. They began to advocate an honor system — at least what they thought was an honor system. A faculty bulletin dated April 28, 1939, reads, "They (the students) seem to think it means merely that the instructor leaves the room during the period of the exam." A faculty member suggested, in reply to the bulletin, that a system could not be established unless the students realized that it meant their assumption of complete responsibility.

Last year we, as students, designated our approval of the idea by voting to establish a committee to take definite steps. Representatives from other schools were invited to let us "in" on the workings of the honor system in their respective colleges. This year the committee was maintained but as yet has done little more than send a questionnaire on "Do you want an honor system?" to the student body.

Up until recently, then, we have encouraged research, we have apparently given the "go" signal to the establishment of a system; yet read and absorb the following facts.

When the present seniors were freshmen (1938) one of Mr. Moser's math classes conducted a poll as a mathematical project and as a stimulus to arouse interest in student problems. The subject of the poll was — basically — the honor system. Those of you who were guinea pigs know that the Math Club recently conducted a similar poll — under the same conditions and on the same problem. The results are interesting; more than that, they are astounding. In 1938 65% of the whole school said an honor system would work; in 1941 only 49.2% said the same. Why the difference? Furthermore — our present seniors said that such a system would work by a small vote of 25%; yet in '38 this same class as freshmen enthusiastically exclaimed to the tune of 78.6% that an honor system would work. What has happened? What has made that 21.4% nay vote in '38 change to a 55% one in 1941? Do not these two figures alone show something basically wrong; do they not show a tremendous waste of time in even considering an honor system when such a change of attitude can take place in students in four years' time? One may argue that the honor system enthusiasts have left college before becoming seniors but that would not account for the extremely wide range in per cents.

In 1938 only 12.5% of the whole school said that there was a great deal of cheating taking place among the students. In '41 there was a jump to 19% on the same question. More honesty in answering? Probably not. More cheating? We'll leave that answer up to you. On the same question our present seniors said in '38 by a 64% vote that there was little cheating; in '41 there was a drop to 45%.

Another interesting comparison in the results from the two polls involves the question of the attitude of the non-cheater. In '38 only 7% of the freshmen said that the non-cheaters were helpful to the cheaters. In '41 20% of the same class voted that the non-cheaters aided the cheaters. Chances for an honor system to work? Reporting of cheating is an essential for its success. A similar contradiction occurs in another aspect of the same question. In 1938 58% of the whole school said it was resentful but silent concerning the cheaters; in 1941 the percentage was practically the same — 57.1. The resentful attitude (Continued on page 22)

THE STAFF

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Jean Connor Katherine Petroff Dorothy Kapp Ruth McCarty

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Dr. Ruth Lynch, Chairman Miss Margaret Barkley Miss Pearle Blood Miss Hazel Woodward Mr. Brandford Millar

FACULTY NEWS COMMITTEE FORMED

The compulsory Tuesday assembly devoted to the dissemination and explanation of current events is the most noticeable result of the creation of the Faculty Committee on the Dissemination of News Relating to National Defense. Dr. Wiedefeld announced the appointment of the committee just before the Christmas holidays and to date it has conducted three assemblies under Dr. Dowell, Mr. Moser and Mr. Miller.

The committee was appointed in the belief that rumor and hearsay are as much the weapons of modern warfare as are tanks and planes, and that the most effective counter-weapons are the education of the public as to the facts and their significance. For this type of educational propaganda blitzkrieg, the teachers colleges are in the front lines and should lead the attack.

The accompanying chart of the committee's organization shows that it is prepared to do much more toward this end than merely conduct assemblies. The support it receives from the student body and faculty will determine the extent of its functions.

At present it needs newspapers for its clipping service, student volunteers for newspaper clipping and for aiding in group discussions, conferences, campus activities, etc. Each student must keep himself informed by (1) reading a leading newspaper (preferably a morning paper) each day; (2) listening to at least one good radio news report each day; (3) attending meetings, lectures, etc., on current events; (4) reading books, magazines or pamphlets on the problems of the present war; and (5) by inspiring himself and others to keep well informed as a patriotic duty and an educational necessity.

The committee would appreciate all pertinent comments, criticisms, etc., from faculty members and students. It cannot function without your aid. Don't be caught defenseless in an educational and psychological blitzkrieg. Remember the lesson of Poland, France, Norway and the other victims of the new Caesars. Keep well informed and be true to yourself as a citizen, a student and a teacher.

- E. FOSTER DOWELL.

Plan of Organization

GENERAL COMMITTEE

DR. FOSTER DOWELL, Chairman

Program Division Dr. Foster Dowell

Miss Blood

Tuesday Assembly Newscasts News interpretation

Discussion Monday Assembly

(When Otherwise Unscheduled) Speakers Unified Program on United States and

Italy, Germany,

Japan, etc.

Consultation Service

Dr. Walther Mr. MINNEGAN

Answers to student, faculty questions, handled through conference, group discussion, etc.

Speakers Bureau Mr. MILLER

Inside College

Training student speakers to campus organizations, etc.

Outside College

Speakers to alumni groups, schools, etc., in State (and City) requesting such aid. Transportation of outside speakers in specialized fields.

Bureau of Reference, Research and Official Contacts

Miss Barkley Dr. Lynch

Research

Service to the committee

Assemble

Reference materials, clippings, files, etc.

List All

Government and other organizations sending out news data, etc., on defense, with copies thereof.

Publicity Service

Mr. Moser Miss Steele

Advance

Notice for Monday, Tuesday assemblies and other activities.

Letters, Etc.,

To campus groups, State schools, alumni units, telling of services.

JANUARY · 1942

Helpful Henry

Since my nature is of a somewhat kindly turn and since my insight and experience are of a rather unusual maturity, I feel it my obligation to shed some light on those paragraphs in the Student Handbook which concern the Library. For, after all, it seems to me that the more inexperienced members of the student body need to be informed of a few variations and elaborations of those directions, without which, I fear, they will be at a distinct scholastic and academic disadvantage. For instance, if the first paragraph about the Library is heeded, some uninformed students may come to believe that people actually read in the reading rooms. The freshmen may even get the impression that any time you wish you may dash in and pick up a copy of Hopkins, Judd, or a Sixteenth Yearbook and read peacefully for an hour or two. No, no, never. Let me tell you now that the Library rooms offer accommodations for section brawls; cultivation of romantic tete-a-tetes; preliminary practice of demonstration lessons and science experiments; round table forums on topics of national or local concern; committee meetings; and an occasional game of "two-three-and-five". And, furthermore, while it is rumored that the Library owns several copies of the aforementioned books, I have yet, after three years, to have the pleasure of lustfully and jubilantly running my fingers through their pages in the literal sense of the word. Once I saw a copy of the Sixteenth Yearbook, and I was as awestricken as though it were a copy of the Gutenburg Bible. The next two people signed up for it were helping to guard it — I think they are working on their Doctorate at Columbia now.

Then, humorously enough, a schedule of Library hours is given. Week days, it says, the Library is open from 8:30 A. M. to 5:00 P. M. Why, only last week I happened to be waiting for a trolley to Baltimore at about six o'clock P. M. when a sophomore stepped from a car and headed for the Ad Building — he told me he wanted to be first in line the next morning in signing up for Our Generation. This is a deplorable situation. Think of the infiltration of underhand activities. Only last spring, I arrived, particularly triumphant, at about 6:00 A. M. and sat on the front doorstep - only to find one student with two assistants working for her - each stationed at a possible point of entry. And then, when the doors were thrown open and I dashed madly down the hall, well . . . far be it from me to intimate that they "jimmied" a window or bribed the janitors . . . but all I know is that there were four of my classmates sitting in a row outside the Library door.

And in regard to the evening sessions on Tuesday and Thursday nights, all I need mention, I suppose, is the case of the junior girl who once went there without a date and made the T. L. Gossip Columns for five straight issues! That is a typical example of what may happen to a person not acquainted with our elaborate, unique library system. Anybody should know by this time that a library is a place for social gatherings and oratory, and that if one wants to get a readable book he joins the "Readers' Guild", "Book-of-the-Month Club", or goes to visit a relative at spring house-cleaning time.

Then, too, I feel that some warning should be given about fines. Of course, there is never change, so if you have a five-cent fine and a quarter in your possession, don't offer the quarter if you expect to get any of it back. Now, do not take me wrong; I am not trying to picture our Library staff as cold-blooded, enterprising capitalists. For as a matter of fact, in the event that one is short of change, they will be found to be very generous. I find them much easier to bargain with than other librarians. You can haggle with a Pratt librarian for half a day and they will not lower a fourteen-cent fine to twelve cents or a dime for anything in the world. As a matter of fact, I was very much touched one time by the following conversation at our College Library desk:

Senior: I say, I know I had a quarter here in the corner of my handkerchief.

Librarian: Have you lost your money?

Senior: I must have. Look, Miss Y., can you lend me the ten cents until tomorrow?

Librarian: Well, I suppose so, but it sounds suspicious to me.

Now that is the height of generosity. A student owes a ten-cent fine, so he borrows it from the librarian to pay her with. Somehow, it seems all mixed up, but you know how libraries work. Once, I overheard a thrifty Senior trying to give over his fountain pen in payment for a fine. That's good business, if the pen is anything like most pens that are loaned around in colleges — they must steal them from the Post Office.

In parting, I am sure that I have aired a few matters concerning our Library system, cleared up a few hazy points and, all in all, given a general picture of the Library as it really is — a center of social activity, surpassed only by Grand Central Station or Hutzler's Bargain Counter.

The Talk of the Campus

INTERESTING TO NOTE IN THESE TIMES OF changing minds and changing ideas, is the philosophy of a man like John Dewey, who is quoted, in a recent essay by Max Eastman, to have said, while wondering to himself if he really meant business when he prayed: "What the hell are you worrying about anyway? Everything that's here is here, and you can just lie back on it." "I've never had any doubts since then," he adds, "nor any beliefs. To me faith means not worrying."

ON THE LIGHTER SIDE, EASTMAN IN THIS SAME essay tells of Dewey's father, who ran a small general merchandise store in Burlington, Vermont, and who was known round the country for his wit and practical business ability. Outside the store he hung a sign which read: "Hams and Cigars — Smoked and Unsmoked." Take it for what it's worth.

FOR THOSE MUSICALLY INCLINED, WE SHOULD like to observe, if you have not noticed it, the flood of Schubert-inspired work of the current season. First we have the delightful cinema version of Schubert's life, New Wine; follows another screen presentation of Schubert's music in the Little Theatre's Music Festival; and climaxing it all came the operetta Blossom Time, starring no less a personage than John Charles Thomas, as Schubert, the inspired but penniless Viennese composer. And if one can spare a minute from listening to Mr. Thomas singing those Schubert melodies as only he can sing them and observe him solely as an actor, one will find him there, also, a modest genius. Mr. Thomas is the first artist of any repute who, we have noticed, needs to be practically dragged from the wings to acknowledge his curtain calls.

SOMETIMES WE WONDER WHERE ALL THE energy in the Class of 1943 comes from. Last year many of us were entertained at the '43 Bazaar; and this year, that class offers the Junior Carnival. If our knowledge of carnivals and of Juniors is not amiss, we will most certainly be on hand this January 22nd for a better-than-usual time — with lots of new ideas and surprises awaiting us.

GATHER 'ROUND, YE FOLLOWERS OF THE cinema productions. If you haven't seen *How Green Was My Valley*, dash to your neighborhood theatre to see it. It's one of the most dramatic, yet humor-packed films we've seen in many months. The casting, photography, and acting are, in addition, superb. Incidentally, the best-selling novel by Richard Llewellyn is very readable, too, if you like to read the books before seeing a screen version.

PERHAPS WE ARE A LITTLE LATE IN REPORTING it for a recent book list, but we encourage those interested in current literary work and style to read E. M. Almedingden's *Tomorrow Will Come*. It's interesting, well written, and easy to digest. If you haven't heard, the story deals with Miss Almedingen's life in Russia, and the development as well as present status of that country.

MAY WE TOSS A FEW BOUQUETS AT MISS GERAL-dine Hughes, Miss Weyforth, and Mrs. Brouwer for their fine work in putting over a new venture in Teachers College's Yuletide celebration? True, the holidays have since passed, but the spirit of the occasion still sticks with us. As a member of the audience we were struck by the magnanimity of the spectacle and the sheer power evidenced in its very humbleness. Here was, in effect, a truly patriotic gathering that was far more convincing than ten speeches or the lewd blare of bugles.

Compliments of '41

On display in the main corridor this week is a collection of twenty-two children's books, all fresh from the pens and presses of authors and publishers who have made the most progress in elementary literature. Elizabeth Coatsworth, Armstrong Sperry, Bertha Steven and Walter Edmonds are among the writers represented. The illustrators include such artists as Paul Lantz and Dorothy Latham (and of course, Wanda Gag). These books are a gift to the Library from the Class of 1941.

Miss Joslin, class advisor, chose the books from a variety of grade levels and subjects. Not all of them are fiction — there is biography (Simon Bolivar, by Elizabeth Waugh), social studies, and a science textbook that fascinated us by its combination of fact, illustration and poetry.

The books are splendid now with their bright jackets and crisp leaves as they stand in the case. But it will not be until they have been on the children's library shelves for several years, the jackets are a little dull from use, and the pages limp from many turnings, that we will see the real splendor of the Class of '41's gift.

Art without Tears

EARLIER IN THE YEAR THE TOWER LIGHT PREsented a breezy account of an interview with John Lembach the Man. Its concluding statement was that he was "a little bit of all right". (Unquote Dorothy Kapp.) We feel, though, that there might be a lot of good in getting the man to sound off on the kind of art instruction he believes in and works in. Not that he has an inviolable obligation to do so, but that it provides interesting reading, for one thing, and may give greater insight into the kinds of material and people amidst whom we are living. It's an interactive world.

"Principally," writes Mr. Lembach, "we are trying to foster creative self-expression, through encouraging the experimental attitude." This is, basically, the burden of the writings of the Ruggs and Shumakers, who insist that room must be provided for "creative self-expression" for all. From an art point of view, it means that, fundamentally, we all have the ability to do many things of an aesthetic quality. What we don't have is a set of values, because we haven't had the chance to experiment to find what we can and what we can't do.

The techniques used in art are varied. (What does the scientist ask for but variety of situations in which to form and later test and reform hypotheses?) The classification we use, says Mr. Lembach, is an elemental one. Work is done two-dimensionally, three-dimensionally. We knew this all along, of course, but we never got down to saying it specifically. Even definitions are out of order, because we all know the difference between two and three. Most of us can't grasp the implications of four, but when speaking of two's and three's we are on eminently safe ground.

Abstract design in two's is indulged in with admirable lack of restraint, all the while, though, keeping the eyes and moods awake for the empirical implications of what we are doing. At the other end is realism and illustration. The three-dimensional includes work with soap for "pleasant, meaningful form" and for pleasant textural or surface qualities, clay heads and figures, for "simplified, powerful form," and wax-carving, for simplified form. These are mass media. Work is done also with cloth, wood, and paper, figures being constructed with an eye to "solidity of construction, and appropriateness of materials."

Simple enough. These are the media in which we may indulge. But to what end, superior to merely attaining power and texture of pleasant quality? We have spoken already of the need to draw out of the student creations, compact with whatever emotional qualities the student might have. But

what is the difference? Creation in writing! Creation in plastics! Or fanciful abstractions that would put the very surrealists to shame with all their impressions!

We may conclude that the artist's purpose is the attainment of fullest realization of one's capacities, coupled with a broad conception, near to the mind, of what beauty is, and the various empirical techniques which may be used for such a conception. All the while, remember, you are experimenting. It holds in art, just as in biochemistry. Beauty, to Mr. Lembach, and we must profess a sympathy with this declaration, is what is "pleasing to the aesthetically experienced and informed." This is the very same experience we use to determine what media we excel in, and what dimension is our comfort.

"All students," writes Mr. Lembach, "are urged to try to be really successful in at least a few art undertakings, to gain craft-courage (or artistic self-confidence)." His principal caution, however, is that students are urged not to fear failure, since, at times, "real success emerges out of a succession of puzzling failures."

You who never essayed anything in graphic arts because you feared failure here have the prophet of enlightenment again. The essential matter is the expression of one's self, and one's self, in a college, is capable of producing things greater than a previous feeling of incapacity would have you believe. This holds just as well outside the art room. The world offers myriads of opportunities for creation, yet many hold back because they fear failure. They fail to realize that the Human Race itself has become whatever it is because some tried and failed and tried again, in order to survive. Rule of thumb is somewhat scientific. The purpose of education, when all is said and done, is to develop the personality of the individual to the fullest extent, as decreed by his biological acquisitions. Here is a conception of artistic creativity which we might all learn, and take with us to the four corners of what lies ahead.

HERE'S A BIT OF ENCOURAGEMENT, PROSPEC-TIVE TEACHERS IN BALTIMORE CITY

Of the 25 seniors who took the professional examinations in June for the eligible list, 6 declined appointments in Baltimore City for various reasons. The remaining 19 were placed as Class II substitutes before the schools opened. On October 16, the earliest date possible, 13 of the 19 were promoted from Class II to Class I substitutes. On November 1, four more teachers were promoted to Class I; so by that time only two of the persons who accepted appointments had not been promoted to Class I. The percentage of students in the Class of 1941 promoted so early in their teaching experience is higher than that for several years.

Take heart! We'll be school marms and masters yet.

Open Forum

Read the facts, "Senior"

To the Editors of the Tower LIGHT:

The Open Forum in the November issue of the Tower Light contained a letter — signed "A Senior" — concerning the apparently low position of the male element in the educational system of Baltimore City. Since we at college are considered to be of a little above average intelligence, any accusations or complaints we make should have basis in fact as far as possible. I am afraid that "Senior" let his emotion get the best of him in his lengthy epistle and paid slight heed to available information on the true state of affairs. Therefore, I, a lowly junior, shall attempt to enlighten him and anyone else who has a twisted conception of the matter.

First of all, "Senior" stated that men teachers in the county may expect to be promoted within four or five years after graduation, while those in the city could merely look forward to "being just a plain teacher." FACTS, however, seem contrary. Opportunities to enter special fields after teaching successfully in the elementary school are numerous -- especially, it seems, for the men who have graduated from our college in the last decade or so. Two men, classes of 1928 and '33, are vice-principals in elementary schools; three, of the classes of '28, '29 and '31, are teachers at the Baltimore Polytechnic Institute; three men, classes of '31 and '36, are teachers at Forest Park High School; one, of the class of '39, is a member of the faculty of Baltimore City College. And so the list goes on. But the most important thing to be stressed is that all these men received their promotions within less than ten years' time. Encouraging, isn't it, if one really has the initiative and desire to get ahead.

As for the more or less subtle accusation that "Senior" makes concerning the greater chances women have for promotions in the elementary schools of Baltimore than the men, here are additional convincing facts. The State Report of 1941 gives the following figures pertaining to the teachers in the elementary field. Of the 56 men teachers in Baltimore schools, 4 are principals and 4 are vice-principals; that gives a promotion percentage of 14.3. On the other hand, of the I,271 women teachers, only 69 are principals and 25 vice-principals; the percentage there is only 7.9. Therefore, when one considers the proportion of men teachers to women teachers, the promotions of the men do not indicate any discrimination against them. Indeed, the facts tend to show an advantage almost twice as great!

Certainly Baltimore wants men in its educational system. Nevertheless, promotions and chances for advancement in special fields have to be gained solely through hard work and determination. Surely, "Senior," the men should not expect — nor even WANT — favoritism!

January 5, 1942. A Junior.

E. B. Thinks Out Loud

DEAR EDITOR:

There is lots on the minds of every man, woman and child. What does a female college student think about these days? My mind is a mill of confusion; incoherency is the order of my day and variety the essence of my life. Setting down some of the pseudo-thoughts that come to me is my n-point program as registered in my crowded cranium.

I am irked by the "patriots" who are now (belatedly) deciding to boycott Japanese-made goods. American business men spent American money to buy the products. Whether they were wise or foolish in their purchase is not a topic for debate. The fact that Americans — our fellow Americans — not Japanese — stand to lose and lose much by the boycott is the fact for consideration. The younger generation has a reputation for spreading ideas . . . let them spread this one.

Another "campaign" that occurs to me is tithing for national defense. No, I cannot classify my use of the word as sacrilegious (Funk and Wagnall define tithe: "to divide by ten with a view to taxing every tenth"). Let one-tenth be the smallest acceptable portion, and the range graded according to conscience and/or income. Slogan for the day (anyone question the use of a church phrase for a state matter?) — "Without our form of government, there would be no church to tithe for. Let us tithe for both, and enjoy the privileges of both."

I've been thinking about having school during the summer. It is a good plan and, I think, quite workable. I hope, though, that at S. T. C. the magic spirit who rings the bells will put ten minutes (instead of the usual five) between periods. This will allow for a leisurely trip to the water fountain, in addition to making possible a more leisurely (and less heat-inducing) trek to classrooms.

More and more I think students should be conscious of putting out lights in the library (even if someone else was at fault) and more careful of keeping books in order on shelves. Electricity is expensive and books (at least for our college) are beyond purchase.

This is but a corner of my thoughts — but enough, I think, for one dose. Perhaps, editor, when I have enough money for a postage stamp (all my change goes to defense stamps now) I'll retreat to the quiet woods of some remote state and really think on paper.

Respectfully,

January, 1942.

E. B.

About Stamps

To the Editors of the Tower LIGHT:

Can't the sale of defense stamps be made more obvious and perhaps campaigned for and advanced hereabouts? A corner of the registrar's office is not exactly on the beaten path of most students. How about the Bookshop and the Cafeteria, too? The power of suggestion is a wonderful thing. January 6, 1942. - JUNIOR.

... The idea appeals. We have asked Miss Woodward whether it would be possible for the Bookshop to sell stamps, and she says that the plan can probably be worked out. We can anticipate more collegiate dimes going for defense, not dietwrecking. - The Editors.

What to Do in an Air Raid

1. GO TO THE CENTER OF A BUILDING.

If the bombs explode upward, you won't be too far down; if they explode downward, you won't be too far up. But all measurements are inexact, and the bombs probably know it.

2. FILL THE BATHTUB WITH WATER.

If your house starts to burn, you can flood it. If it isn't on fire, you'll be flooded anyway, bathtubs having such characteristics.

3. CLOSE THE WINDOWS.

If there is gas outside, it can't get in.

4. OPEN THE WINDOWS.

If there's gas inside, it can get out.

If there is gas anywhere, stop breathing.

5. GET UNDER THE TABLE.

If you haven't already had the above experience, you will profit, for sub-table sitters usually feel that they are going to float up to meet the table. This time, however, the table will come down to accommodate you.

6. PARK YOUR CAR.

Make the best of a good opportunity.

7. DISCONNECT YOUR GAS STOVE.

If you aren't bombed, you'll starve to death.

Calendar of Events

WEEK OF JANUARY 19:

Monday:

Glee Club and Orchestra

Tuesday:

Student Council Executive Board

Math Club

A. C. E.

Wednesday: Chimes Guild Thursday:

Junior Carnival

Friday:

Marshalls

Student Council

Basketball: Gallaudet College at

Towson

WEEK OF JANUARY 26:

Monday:

Glee Club and Orchestra

Wednesday:

Chimes Guild

Thursday:

Little Theater Guild

Friday:

First semester ends Marshalls

Class meetings

Student Council Dance

Saturday:

Basketball: Washington College at

Chestertown

WEEK OF FEBRUARY 2:

Monday:

Second semester begins

Glee Club and Orchestra

Tuesday:

Student Council Executive Board

A. C. E.

Te-Pa-Chi

Wednesday:

S. C. A. Vespers

Thursday:

Varsity Club

Friday:

Marshalls

Student Council

Basketball: Elizabethtown at Towson

Saturday:

Natural History — Loch Raven

WEEK OF FEBRUARY 9:

Monday:

Glee Club and Orchestra

Tuesday:

Glee Club at Assembly

Art Club

Basketball: Catholic University at

Towson

Wednesday:

Chimes Guild I. R. C.

Tower Light Staff meeting -

3:15 P. M. Little Theatre Guild

Thursday: Friday:

Marshalls

Section meetings

College News

THE FIRST MONDAY ASSEMBLY OF DECEMBER, 1941, brought to S. T. C. a speaker already familiar to some of our students, Dr. Vladimir Gsovsky. A member of the Library of Congress staff, his varied biography includes a judgeship under the Czars in Russia and a captaincy in the Russian army; it was not surprising that his topic was "The Military and Geographical Aspects of the Russo-German War." One of the unusual facts emphasized was Russia's unique geographical pattern, formed by great north-south river valleys, which could be the most powerful asset to the side which held them. Coming at almost the peak of the German putsch of late 1941, Dr. Gsovsky's talk goes on record as one of the most valuable and timely of the year.

• • •

THE ECHOES OF DANCING FEET CAME ON THE eighth of December — and very nimble feet they were. Attached to the feet were two personable young people, the representatives of Arthur Murray Dance Studios. After a delightful demonstration of several popular dance forms, our own students were invited to try their ability in an impromptu contest. Many students "zipped" to the stage and did right well, if we do say it. Has anyone collected those free lessons awarded according to audience applause?

• • •

BILL OF RIGHTS DAY — DECEMBER 15 — DR. Foster Dowell — three elements in the formula for a vital assembly program in such serious times. Dr. Dowell was followed by Mr. Minnigan with an all-important civilian defense message. More and more progress is being made in our defense organization and preparation here at S. T. C. Remember Pearl Harbor!

• •

MOST OF THE STUDENTS HAD A CHANCE TO SEE the Campus School's presentation of Charles Dickens' Christmas Carol, either at dress rehearsal or the final performance on December 19th. Behind the production were weeks of the children's planning, writing and practicing. Bouquets to Miss MacDonald for the music, to the crew that achieved the effective scenery and lighting, to the teachers who coached, and last but not least, as they said of Tiny Tim,

to the children. A round of applause to the beautiful illusion they created — and the old truth behind it.

• • •

CHRISTMAS MEANT MORE FOR THE LARGE group of carollers from the Dormitory who sang at Eudowood just before the holidays.

• • •

THE TUTORING COMMITTEE HAS FORMED A system which, if approved by the student body, will soon be put into effect. Stop developing wrinkles and turning your hair to silver before its time. Help is on the way.

• •

THE DECLARATION OF WAR HAS BROUGHT A seriousness of purpose to faculty and students. The latest of rapid changes being made to inform us and thus to aid others in this emergency is the elimination of Monday assemblies in favor of classes for civilian defense. "All Out" is the keynote as faculty and student body back this great program.

• • •

A REPORT COMES FROM THE SOPHOMORE YEAR-book Committee, and a list of officers for the 1944 Au Revoir staff. Marie Kindervatter is Editor-in-Chief, and heading departments are Arlene Peeples, Vera Willhide, Warren Wendler, Kathleen Burman, Wm. Mines, Sue Baker, Jean Gray and Maynard Webster. The book, as it takes shape, promises something new and different in being a cross-section of life at our college. °

• • •

THE JUNIOR CARNIVAL, SPONSORED BY THE Class of '43 to raise funds for their yearbook, will be one of the events in the Towson social season you won't want to miss. The date — the 22nd of January.

• • •

THE SENIORS HAVE CHANGED THEIR PLANS for a yearbook, and because of the present national emergency, they are making their yearbook funds available for defense.

• • •

BUY DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS, ALL YOU lads and lassies. And if you need a little bit of stimulus, hearken to the story of what some of our classmates have already done. Sophomore 6, with their advisor, Miss Nellie Birdsong, raised the sum of \$10 — right within the section. When Christmas time drew nigh, they used the money to buy defense stamps and presented them to the school as a gift. We believe such an unselfish act deserves publicity; we are confident that it will encourage others, both individuals and classes, to make similar contributions.

BOOKS

NE DAY recently I felt as though I were riding some sort of a wave myself. I was reading that Adolf Hitler was on the wave of the future, and that he was on the wave of the past, and I wasn't quite sure which wave I was riding. I knew it couldn't be the "wave of the future" our friend Schickelgruber was riding. And yet I couldn't be too certain that he was only an atavism. The result was that I decided I was riding the wave of the present and two waves of the other tenses were trying their almighty mightiest to unseat me.

You see, I had been reading the now-famous biology, contributed by Mr. R. H. Markham¹ and Mrs. Anne Morrow Lindbergh.² The latter is sure that we are facing the "wave of the future", and urges that instead of being found on the opposing side (and, hence, wanting) we should conform, adjust to the New Order. Mr. Markham on the other hand, drawing from the Bible of the old-fashioned, sees that this thing called Hitlerism is merely a reversion to the past, a typical old-time anachronism. Hitler is not, as Mrs. Lindbergh has put it, the "scum" on the wave of the future; he is only scum.

You can see that this disagreement was quite a wrench to my ideological equilibrium. After all, what is this Thing?

Mrs. Lindbergh is as certain that changes are in order as she is certain that two plus two gives four. We, too, have heard that there are changes afoot. She points out that in the days of the French Revolution (world-shaking times) changes were opposed, and likewise today the world in which we live refuses (that is, is unable) to see that from the turmoil and disorder of war and chicanery a new dawn is breaking. Poor us! Not equipped with the same wisdom and capacity for insight! Here we are fighting the Thing, when all along it is for our good, something which is of the future, and hence ipso facto good. Mrs. Lindbergh is very careful to be ambiguous about the kind of world she wants to live in, yet she is very fixed concerning the basic belief, which one easily sees to be incorrect, that any motion whatsoever of itself constitutes progress. Nothing is constant but change. Change is good. Our world is being constantly improved. Oh, poor humans, who cannot see the New Order for the good that it is. Hitler, you ask? Concentration camps, wars? These are merely the scum on the wave; the birth pangs of a new era if you will. Jump on, man, before it is too late altogether!

Mr. Markham, in answer to the asinine, works with the idea in principle that change (or, motion) is not of itself progress. The entire anatomy and dialectic of progress all through human existence, he says, has been the movement toward human freedom, toward the equality of men before God, toward the democratization of human life and institutions. We recognize Hitlerism from way back. It was the kind of life which was recognized as harmful even by our grandfathers in France and Russia and the Colonies and China and India. And we are asked to see the same menace as a New Order, which we are asked to meet half-way, and not to oppose.

As I have said, Mrs. Lindbergh was quite vague on many points, and the innocent, upon reading her slim volume, might think she was driving at fixing our home fences first; at cleaning up the evils of democracy at home before bearing our sweet fruits abroad to a world that is different from the good old U. S. A. But Markham points out that although there exist varied and serious ills with democracy, we will never get a chance to correct them if we have to live the next thousand years under a fascist dictatorship. (At this point the audience applauds quite noisily.) I feel sort of glad his book appeared after hers. It will take care of some voracious book readers, anyway.

- HARRY LONDON.

. . .

Two Families

Malty Russell is the All-American choice for the ideal procrastinator. After all, tomorrow is just the right day to leave No Stone Unturned.¹ Tomorrow he will attend to all those unpaid bills bulging from the right drawer of his desk. Anyhow, his creditors will understand that his intentions are good — "what's a fellow to do with times the way they are?" When an occasional client calls in his real estate office,

¹ The Wave of the Past, by R. H. Markham. 1941. University of North Carolina Press.

² The Wave of the Future, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. 1940. Harcourt, Brace.

¹ No Stone Unturned by Josephine Lawrence, 1941.

why — he will wait until Malty finishes his lengthy telephone discussion with his wife about the disappearance of the son's shirt. No matter how important a business appointment, he will keep it after he finds a dog for his youngest daughter. To Malty life away from his family and their immediate interests is just an obstacle he must jump over as quickly as possible. Isn't raising a family a man-sized job — "all rather hard on the poor father of these modern youngsters"?

By the end of the first chapter, Malty has your interest. By the end of the second chapter, he has your understanding, and by the end of the third, your tender sympathy. Then come interchangeable periods of pity, scorn, disgust, and dislike. About this time you are turning pages fervently hoping that time just stands still and lets Malty catch up.

Malty's opinion that the most difficult business of all is to keep the family together as a harmonious and cooperative group is given a glorified "Hallelujah" by *The Venables*², a small-town New England family of the early 1900's. To Willy Venable life is just a steady increase of children, taking all the beauty and pleasure out of caring for her house and garden. To Paul Venable life is a financial conglomeration to meet the growing household of a wife, seven children, a mother-in-law, and a drunken brother-in-law. Sheer exhaustion, mentally and physically, end his troubles. His death, followed by his wife's incompetent management, result in the early division of his family through relative interference for the care of the children, financial wrangling, work, and marriages.

Guided only by their inexperienced emotions, the Venable children tread the path — with many stumbles and falls. Admirably they realize their mistakes and determinedly keep going, making the best of the circumstances.

This story of the dissolution of a family is satisfying enough while being read, but after its conclusion, and some reflection upon it, it is evident that the action of the plot has not been clear-cut in its effect. There is a heightening feeling of annoyance — "Disgusting! Why couldn't this have happened?" Then, again, my idea of cause and effect may not appease the followers of Kathleen Norris.

² The Venables by Kathleen Norris, 1941.

Key Man

The Keys to the Kingdom, by A. J. Cronin, 1941.

When Mrs. Glendenning, one of the more obese members of the flock, came to Father Francis in quest of spiritual guidance, he said to her, "Eat less. The gates of paradise are narrow." The consternation of his superiors! Again a startling statement, "Don't think heaven is in the sky. . . . It's in the hollow of your hand. . . . It's everywhere and anywhere."

Father Francis of A. J. Cronin's novel *The Keys of the Kingdom* was a "curious mixture of childish simplicity and logical directness, and he was a complete individualist." The story of Francis Chisholm's life and work begins with his youth in Tweedside where a great tragedy determines the course his life shall take. It treats more completely of his life in China where he struggles to establish and maintain a mission. There the Scots priest labors for 35 years facing and overcoming "indifference, famine, plague, bandits and civil war."

Throughout this remarkable story every characterization is vividly complete. I am still unable to forget the brusque, kind, lovable "Rusty Mac", one of Francis' superiors; Aunt Polly, the faithful; Mother Maria-Veronica, who comes to aid Father Francis with his mission; Dr. and Mrs. Fiske, Americans, whose friendship Francis forms in a village where friends are few.

From character-trying, faith-testing experiences Father Francis returns to his native Scotland with the belief that personal living testimony of great kindness, love, and understanding dwarf into insignificance the questions concerning rites and ceremonies of the church. In spite of the apprehension aroused in the hearts of his superiors as a result of his belief, Father Francis maintains that "toleration is the highest virtue . . . humanity comes next."

I am not a member of the Roman Catholic Church with which the characters and especially Father Francis are connected, but I feel without question that whoever reads this novel — no matter what his race or church affiliation — will say at the end, with one of the characters, as I do now —

"Let me learn something from this man."

- Wandell.

It's All Yours

The Story of Modern Art, by Sheldon Cheney, 1941.

To the average person, a browse through a gallery of modern art has come to mean confusion and a strengthening conviction that maybe he doesn't know anything about art, but if this is it he doesn't like it. But the distortion and the twisted perspectives and the unrealistic colors (blue horses, yet!) do not mean that the great creative painters of the last half-century have taken leave of their reason; they have been working on a new type of visual enjoyment that need depend on nothing for its appeal but its own form. In doing this, they bewildered much of the public, which was used to painting that was true to life and told a story.

Mr. Cheney's book shows how this new art expression has grown, demonstrates its excellence, describes its techniques,

and makes us like it. The criticisms are tersely phrased, and show always a sensitiveness to the relationship between art and the larger business of life. The illustrations supplement the text perfectly, and there are many of them — almost one to a page. One more thing recommends The Story of Modern Art to the average reader — a neat brilliancy that lifts the soundly explanatory text into the realms of fine conversation. It is one of our reasons for ranking Mr. Cheney among the strongest of the critics who interpret modern art.

Try to look through this book if modern trends in art have puzzled you. Today's art is made to be looked at and felt, not just by the artist who has spent his life in studying it, but by anyone who is willing to look and feel.

— J. C.

. . .

With all eyes turned today to the Far East, as the radio commentators say, comes the need to know all you can about that part of the world. The T. L. publishes, to supplement and help to interpret news reports, a list of references suggested by Dr. Foster Dowell.

Foreign Policy Reports, published by the Foreign Policy Association, Inc.:

Indo-China, Spearhead of Japan's Southward Drive, by T. A. Bisson. Oct. 1, 1940.

America's Dilemma in the Far East, by T. A. Bisson, July 1, 1940.

U. S. Defense Outposts in the Pacific, by A. R. Elliott. March 15, 1941.

Japan's New Structure, by T. A. Bisson. April 15, 1941. The Netherlands Indies at War, by T. A. Bisson, November 1, 1941.

Virginia Quarterly Review:

Perspective on Far Eastern Policy, by A. Whitney Griswold.

Foreign Policy Pamphlets:

Far Eastern Affairs, August, 1938.

Shadow Over Asia, April, 1941.

Problems of International Politics, by H. A. Steiner.

International Politics, by F. L. Schuman.

. . .

The recruit, on maneuvers for the first time, heard the sound of an approaching horse in the darkness.

"Halt! Who goes there?" he challenged.

"Commanding officer," came the reply.

"Dismount, sir, and advance to be recognized," called the recruit.

The officer did so, and the recruit saluted smartly and said, "Proceed, sir,"

As he remounted, the C. O. asked, "By the way, who posted you here?"

"No one, sir," said the recruit, "I'm just practicing."

Chatter for Co-eds

New Year Resolutions! They're just promises that are made on New Year's Eve and kept for a few days. Maybe if we all made some together, though, we could stick by them. Anyway, here we go with some strictly feminine resolutions. First of all, the complexion —

We'll use plenty of warm water and soap on our faces in 1942, especially before bedtime. Don't forget to rinse with cold water, either.

Our faces will have to be creamed regularly for that clear, lucid look.

Old make-up is always going to be removed before putting on a fresh supply. Incidentally, that shiny nose will always be repaired by a clean, fresh puff.

Our lipstick, rouge, and powder will either make or ruin the total impression we make on others, so we will choose them very carefully. (Morale, y'know.)

Then, there's our hair to think of -

Weekly or bi-weekly shampoos are going to make it sparkle and shine.

We aren't going to be bothered by dryness, oilyness or dandruff, either, because this year we'll be careful to select the proper shampoo.

From now on our hairbrush, which has been idle for months, will do double duty. And if we don't own a good stiff brush, it's first on our 1942 shopping list.

Hands are important, too -

They'll be kept "soft and lovely" even through these bitter months, with a good cream or lotion. No more talon fingernails. "Short and sweet" is the word in a busy teacher's life.

But none of these resolutions is worth a tin car token unless our clothes back them up, so —

Skirts will be clean and pressed always.

Sweaters will be in tip-top shape; remember, bags are to carry, not to wear.

Those dirty saddles of ours won't be dirty any more. In fact, they won't be at all! Shiny brogans will replace them.

We hope (and we do hope) that all these are things Father Time has marked O. K. for you. If not, there's still hope to hang up a record for 1943.

• • •

In a recent Student Council Executive Board meeting, somebody suggested that fewer formal dances be given at school, because of the tire shortage.

"But why?" one girl asked. "We don't wear tires to dances."

POEMS

ON THE BUILDING OF A GYMNASIUM AT STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

I have heard before of a Builder who shaped things with clay In some distant, ancient day. Yet something else there was instilled that made the clay-shaped men And the Molder left them, then.

These men began to build — with clay.

They built the Pyramids;

They made Europe

A castle-clustered continent;

They crossed the Atlantic

Searching for more clay —

Chopped down the trees to get at the clay of America.

They built cities on clay:

Williamsburg, Annapolis, Baltimore;

Philadelphia, New York, and Boston.

If you don't believe they are clay cities, skeptic,

Look at their brick buildings:

Faneuil Hall, Independence Hall, and Baltimore's

Shot Tower.

Yes, these clay-shapes shaped something else with clay: They shaped America, liberty, freedom. Clay is powerful.

And still they haven't finished with clay:
The Baltimore Trust Building, with its clay body and
steel frame

Went towering toward heaven. And this: this Gymnasium that shall build these men, Themselves originally clay, Aye, this Gymnasium, too, is Clay . . .

- James G. Jett.

FROM A HILLTOP

Landscape incognito Stretches far below, Windows in the valley Shed a cheerful glow On the winter world Snuggled under snow.

- VIRGINIA DORSEY.

DESTITUTION

Reluctantly and with bad grace Fealty I yielded your bright face.

But you . . . to everyone you gave A spark from that red jewel you have.

Perhaps for hoarding love's largesse, Seeking, not spending, friendliness,

The coin I'd kept was heavy, dull, Leaden, and not quite beautiful.

This one coin put I in your hand . . . Cheap pay for rubies to demand.

And, lavish-hearted, could you recall, The awfulness of giving all?

You only tossed it, tucked it away, Flashed me a glance that gilt the day,

And left me empty . . . penniless.

But gods have given their souls for less.

— I. C.

IF IT WEREN'T FOR MY DREAMS

We live amid hard times, they say; Indeed, it's true.

For what with war and strife, and all the things that go to make this life a trial,

The heartiest of our friends give way, and lose all hope. And even I this life might soon deplore, If it weren't for my dreams.

But dreams can help to soothe all pain Of love and hate.

Yes, even love and hate, and all the other cares of Man may find relief

If we allow our dreams to lead us off in peace. I know I'd find my life a heavy task, If it weren't for my dreams.

- GRAYCE GAA.

So What

Well! Well! Another year rolls around, and with it come some resolutions that the resolvers solemnly swear to abide by (I wonder!):

- 1. Library Staff promises never, never to charge any more fines for books kept overtime. In fact, it will pay you fees for using them.
- 2. The twins (both sets) resolve to wear identification tags. (What a relief!)
- 3. Alma Smith promises to knit a sweater a week for Red Cross headquarters. (Poor soldiers!)
- 4. Campusing Committee pledges never to campus another person. (Oh, happy day!)
- 5. B. J. Battenfeld resolves to lower her voice when speaking. (Impossible)
- 6. Pete Galley promises to do some superb acting in the forth-coming "Little Theatre" production.
- Air Raid Committee resolves to have lots of practice "blackouts."

Are you prone to talk freely? If so, watch out! Operator X, a mysterious member of our spy system, is watching your every move, and listening to your most intimate conversations. And what he reports to me I'll tell the world — well, at least the school.

HOT OF THE PRESS (5 Weeks Ago) -

Seen so seldom, but at the Christmas Sing-Sing: Frank Dorn and His, Dick Coleman et la, Jean Wright and the Army, Lanci, Wies, Lerner, Hoddinott and June, Jimmie O'Connor and his true love. Jack Hart hasn't lost that technique, has he? And Flash! we hear that the freshmen are susceptible to uniforms. Enlistments may be in order, boys.

Seen so often, and at the Christmas Sing-Sing: Pulse et la femme, Ronnie and Johnny, Gaver and (well, well, 'magine that!) no Audrey. . . . Guess who was waiting at the front door? Ask Black and Decker, I mean Kapp and Decker. . . . Virginia Lages knows how to talk with her fingers, and her Baker merely consents with a nod. Poor lad couldn't get a word in. . . . Christmas presents were flying thick and fast — those wrapped and unwrapped. (I'll take one of the unwrapped.—Operator X.)

Save for national defense! That means no more bobbie pins to swallow, Puss.

Wonder why the girls keep wishing for an art course?

Johnny Bareham loves classical music. So does she. Chummy, eh what? That's a record.

We hear an extra mail clerk is needed in Clearspring now to take care of all the mail. How about it, Jeanette?

Towson's own Stork Club for after-school dancing is beginning to plan a floor show.

Some of the juniors found the gathering of Christmas greens quite profitable, romantically speaking. Correct me if I'm wrong, Bremer.

It seems to us that the Casanovas and the Betty Grables of S. T. C. are missing the chance of a lifetime by not attending the Thursday assemblies. They're educational and, besides, it's dark in there. (Thanks for the tip, Operator X.)

Having troubles, Maynard? They are things that even the seniors don't have a priority on, so — well — you know what we mean.*

So long for now, and remember, Operator X is on your trail!

- Peg Gunnells.

*Ed. Note: We wish we did.

Keep 'Em Smiling

"Mabel, you really ought to wear a hat when you go out in the evening."

"But, mother, I am wearing a hat! It's on the other side!"

Little Tommy had spent his first day at school. Mother was anxious to know how he had got on.

"What did you learn, dear?" she asked.

"Didn't learn nothin'," was the reply.

"Well, then, what did you do?"

"Didn't do nothin'. A woman wanted to know how to spell 'dog' and I told her. That's all."

Diner: Two eggs, please. Don't fry them a second after the white is cooked. Don't turn them over. Not too much fat. Just a small pinch of salt on each. No pepper — Well, what are you waiting for?

Waiter: The hen's name is Betty. Is that all right, sir?

School Teacher (assisting a little boy whose coat was difficult to fasten): Did your mother hook this coat for you? Little Boy: No, she bought it.

Mistress: When you wait on the table tonight, please don't spill anything in front of all my guests.

New Maid: Don't worry, Ma'am. I don't talk much.

SPORTS

Polish-up

State Teachers College has a basketball team. It's not the biggest club Mr. Minnegan has had. It isn't the fastest. It isn't the best. But it's just about the fightin'est club the college has ever seen. This year's squad has played bigger, faster, smarter teams to standstills. The team needs experience, actual game experience. Every man but one intends to be back on the floor next year so don't be surprised to see a winning ball club in 1942-43. Meanwhile, there are plenty of thrills in any game that this year's spirited team plays.

On Friday, the 9th of January, this club played Gallaudet, a fine quintent of big men, each with a year's varsity experience. Let's go behind the scenes to see how S. T. C.'s men got ready for the game.

A small sign on the week's sports calendar reads: "Short drill — 3:45 to 4:45." This is the start. The rest of Monday's story is found in the gym. Picture ten players and a coach. For about fifteen minutes this coach puts his men through a stint of practice shooting. Four balls are in play and shots are being slung in from all angles. To the genteel shouts of "Long follow-through — lay it on the board — come down the middle — stretch that arm!" the squad runs through set shots, lay-up shots and center shots.

After work on the paying end of the game, the squad goes in for more fundamentals. Trapping a ball-handler, rebounding, cutting and passing are all drilled. During play it disclosed that "Bixler is the only man on the squad who dribbles with his chin." Hard work on getting the rebound is especially important when you're playing taller men.

The coach now has his men at scrimmage. Will Gaver, who has been politely tagged "Bull-in-the-China-Shop Gaver," is caught out of position. Tommy is wearing his guard down with his bursts of speed. Hottest man on the court is the coach himself. He's romping like a three-year-old, but good. The second string can't seem to figure out Tommy or Bill Mines. Give them an inch and they'll take a basket. Don't rate the second string wrong, though; they play a far better than average brand of ball. More scrimmage and skull practice round out the day for the squad.

On the sports calendar are listed practice games on Tuesday and Wednesday to get the club in fighting trim. After hours of work the men are ready for battle. From here on, what they've learned is theirs to use. The coach chews his cigar and worries. One thing he doesn't worry over, however, is that his men will let down on the fine performances they have been giving against crushing odds.

Full Season

The weather man seemed to favor the Towson girls this autumn — the days were ideal for our fall sports.

Every day the archery range was patronized by modern Dianas. A sure descendant of William Tell is Anne Elder, who topped all scores by shooting 167 points with 24 arrows.

If by chance any of the non-athletes passed the field in front of Newell Hall on Tuesday or Wednesday they may have noticed a crowd of huffing and puffing girls with long sticks in hand running first one way and then the other and whacking and hacking at a poor innocent wooden ball. The reason — hockey! The sophs carried off first place when the electives were played. However, the juniors are not without laurels. In a game with Lutherville Women's College, the third-year girls tallied four goals to Lutherville's two.

The "he-man" game of soccer with all its thrills and spills was again enjoyed by many of the Towson lassies. The juniors captured first place in the soccer electives.

Every Tuesday and Friday there was a tennis class for beginners. Quite a few girls displayed promising ability — after the style of our own Sue Baker.

For some of the girls the most memorable day of the season was the Intercollegiate Sports Day, held on October 18. Girls, girls, girls — girls from Notre Dame College, girls from Maryland College for Women, girls from Western Maryland, and girls of S. T. C. competed at our college in hockey, archery, and tennis. S. T. C. came through with flying colors, taking first place in hockey, archery, and tennis singles. Notre Dame placed first in tennis doubles. Notre Dame and Western Maryland girls remained for luncheon which was made possible by Miss Greer. Many-colored autumn leaves were used to decorate the dining hall and place cards made by Lee Anna Knight and Frances Larson added to the colorful scene. Already requests have been made for a similar event and it is the hope of every girl who took part in the activities on October 18 that the occasion be repeated.

And so, the girls chalk off the fall sports season with the word "success" and launch into winter activities with great eagerness. We'll let you know next month just what has happened.

How many guards are there on our basketball squad, anyway? We took in a game the other afternoon just for the novelty and distinctly heard the boy next to us mention no less than six — Bill Mines, Krieger, Mort, Archimo, Archimort and Arch. Explain, Coach Minnegan.

A NEW EDITOR Have You Heard That--

Two of the requisites of nominees for high positions are individual responsibility and initiative. Those persons who have a yen for high-sounding titles with no work attached are not even considered. To be specific, when the Tower Light needed a new editor recently, those members of our staff who, up to this time, have hung on as "dead-wood" merely to be able to say "Here I am on the staff page", were completely overlooked; they have not the slightest chance for advancement in the organization of our magazine.

We did not have to go far beyond the doors of the T. L. office, however, to find a person who fitted all of the requirements we thought necessary in an editor. Miss Jean Connor has immeasurably proved her worth during the past months. No task is too lowly for her attention; no problem is too minute for her consideration. Her versatility is boundless; she can toss off a poem, a book review, or a news item with the same unvarying skill; she is one of the main supports of the Art Department and if she hasn't made all those advertising posters, she has at least served as inspiration for them — how about it, Ralph? Jean is not above getting a necessary ad, writing a thank-you note, cleaning our files, or acting as coke-carrier. And all her activities are carried on with no desire for publicity, no attempt to be a Big Name on our staff.

Miss Connor is exactly the type of person we are continually searching for in our set-up. We are confident that there are a few more members of our student body who have at least a few of her qualities; and if we can find those people, we will no longer have qualms about the future of the TOWER LIGHT.

Merely as public recognition of her services, then, we editors have added Miss Connor to the editorial board of our magazine. We hope that her appointment — coming as a result of unending, unselfish service — will tend to be a stimulus to those of you in the student body who have a sincere desire to be an integral part of the Tower Light.

PATRONIZE THE FIRST INFORMAL DANCE OF THE YEAR

CELEBRATE THE END OF THE SEMESTER

STUDENT COUNCIL DANCE

JANUARY 30, 1942

Alma McAvoy was a genial Santa for her third graders. When she finally took the suit home in her steamer trunk the bells made such a rumpus that folks along the way began to look for a stray "Betsy."

Charlotte Schwarz takes everything out of the Pratt Libraries except the librarians.

Agnes Kernan is waiting for a little fourth grader to grow up. His name, we hear, is George.

Frances Shores is considered by some of her second graders to be totally lacking in culture. She put the word "rabbit" on the board and asked one of the boys to draw a line around the little word in it. The child drew a circle around "abbit" and when Frances asked him what that meant he gave her a disgusted look and said, "You know, 'Abbit and Costello'!"

Tarzan's mate has a close second in Alma Lee Gott who climbs bars to show the young ones how it's done.

Things must be looking better. No one has fallen by the wayside. Maybe practice teachers have turned "Good Samaritans."

All Those Interested

In The Literary Or Business Sides

Of Running The TOWER LIGHT

May Apply

With The Editors

Anytime During The Month Of

February, 1942

NEWS FROM CAMP

INTERESTING LETTERS come from our "In Service" students and alumni and I think these letters should be shared with all the college family. I am sending excerpts from recent letters that have come to various people.

Jack Owens, B.S. 1939, former president of the Student Council, is at Camp Wheeler, Georgia. Early in December he suffered a broken arm and he sends an interesting letter from the hospital:

What do you think of me winding up in the hospital after almost completing my training? I'll be in the hospital for at least three more weks and will, therefore, not be transferred with my company. Carville and the other acting sergeants and corporals of the company are being sent to Fort Knox, Kentucky, to act as corporals. I was to go with them but doubt if that's possible now.

It was certainly difficult to adjust myself to hospital routine after being so active at camp. Every day we did something interesting and entirely new to me. I've tried to find things to do to occupy my time. In the morning I write letters and do a little studying (about guns, etc.). Usually I read in the afternoons. Interspersed are the news broadcasts which are very interesting now. What a time I have trying to hear good music! Most of the fellows like hill-billy music and it all depends on whose radio plays the loudest as to what we hear. "Whitey" has been "swell." He comes over just as often as possible to visit. That means a great deal when one is in the hospital. This experience has certainly done me a world of good — and I realize how selfish I've been by not visiting others when they're ill.

I've found time to do some reading. I enjoyed "One Foot in Heaven," and am anxious to see the picture. "Keys of the Kingdom" was excellent — suppose you've read that since it's a best seller. I just finished "The Return to Religion," by Harry Link and loaned the book to another fellow. We've had some interesting and enlightening discussion about it. The author writes without any undue emotion and very practically. States that his return to religion, which came very gradually, was through the realization that psychology can be traced back to the teachings of Christ. Being a psychology professor it was bound to affect him. A good book for college students to read.

Have enjoyed the Tower Light. I read it more thoroughly

now than when I was in college. Would love to have seen the Faculty Follies which you humorously described in one of your previous letters. I am waiting for the day when I'll be able to again see you and the others of S. T. C. Best wishes for the New Year.

Gene Rush, B.S. 1936, is at Camp Lee, Virginia, and has been confined to the hospital for the past three months:

I have enjoyed very much receiving your letters. It is nice to know what goes on at the college when we are not there to see or hear of it at first hand. I have also enjoyed the copies of the Tower Light that have been sent.

I heard quite a bit about your "Faculty Follies" when I was home. From all accounts it must have been quite an affair and I am sorry I missed it... My regards to Dr. Wiedefeld, members of the office staff, and library staff and members of the faculty. Despite present conditions, may I wish you all a very enjoyable and successful New Year?

Carville Lauenstein, B.S. 1940, recently at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, has been sent to Fort Knox, Kentucky. He was at home for two days just before Christmas and spent a few of his precious hours at the college.

. . . Life in camp is pleasant, although we lack recreational activities. Words cannot express my appreciation for the interest being shown by the college for its graduates. The literature that I've received sure has brought home closer to me. As yet, I haven't finished reading the Tower Light. It is very good.

Jack Owens just came in. He has some cakes and ice cream from the Post Exchange. Jack says, "I sure would like to attend some of those Towson dances and have a little chat with Dr. Wiedefeld, you, and the rest of the faculty." Both of us have to watch ourselves or we'll be getting homesick.

Jack and I are acting sergeants in our platoons. No more pay but more responsibility and work. Very much like school teaching!

We've met some very nice fellows from Hopkins, Western Maryland and Loyola. This makes life interesting.

Lou Cox, John Wheeler, Gene Rush, Josh Wheeler and I have a letter network in the South. We keep each other from

17

becoming lonesome. We privates and officers sure have our troubles!

Please give my regards to Dr. Wiedefeld and the other members of the faculty. Also the Tower Light editors and staff.

Hope to hear from you again soon. Until I do, I'll salute, do an "about face", and keep marching on — hoping for the best. . . .

He adds this postcript:

P. S. — Please do not correct this for spelling. Why worry? It doesn't go on my record,

* * *

Luther Cox, B.S. 1940, is now at the Advanced Flying School at Turner Field, Albany, Georgia. He is having some real experiences in long distance flying, according to his most recent letter:

... I flew over Mississippi yesterday — Columbus, Mississippi. Today I flew over South Carolina — Anderson and several other places. My trip today covered about 800 miles and took five and a half hours. Our fuel supply was for five hours and thirty minutes. The trip took a little less time and I landed here at my base with five gallons of gas left. We had motor trouble over Georgia and had a time. Finally we were able to fix the motor "up in the air". Luckily I had a mechanic with me. This trouble took me way off my course and I was lost and had to follow the beam into Macon, Georgia. I then figured a new course from there.

I reached my objective in South Carolina and turned back. Five minutes later, with about three or four hundred miles to go and in a terrific head wind, the low fuel warning light flashed for my right tank. I switched to my left and about an hour later the warning flashed for that tank. By that time I was beginning to worry, for I was flying by instrument and didn't know for sure that my work was right. Fortunately it was correct and I hit my home base right on the nose.

This Air Corps is really exciting but very interesting. The tough part is that we don't get enough rest.

I see State Teachers College is doing its share in war preparation and I am naturally interested in what you do and how you do it.

I'm glad to hear the gymnasium is coming along. One of these days I'd like to have a work-out in it.

* * *

Bernard Phelps, B.S. 1941, is now at Drew Field, Tampa, Florida. The following came from him while he was still at Camp Wheeler, Georgia:

. . . Friday will end my sixth week of training for the

infantry (all on the hoof and I don't mean maybe!) Let it be said here and now that regardless of the station in life from which you come, you are just a soldier, one of the 17,000 in this camp. In my own platoon there are fellows from all walks of life — farmers, medical students, many teachers, florists, salesmen, showmen, a concert pianist and other musicians, clothing manufacturers, Salami and Pastrami tasters, several illiterates from the coal mining districts of Pennsylvania and Western Maryland, several boys who have never lifted their hands to do a stitch of work. So you see what you are thrown in with.

Our day begins at 5:45 a. m., when First Call is sounded. The soldiers tumble out of bed and feel around blindly in the glaring light that has just been snapped on. Fatigue clothes are pulled on and before you turn around twice a sharp commanding voice echoes upstairs, "Fall out!" After all are lined up outside in the dark, stars still out and moon still up, the report is given to the First Sergeant, or Top Sergeant as he is called. Announcements are made and then we fall out and go to make our beds. The "chow" call sounds and, groping through the dark toward the Mess Hall, two hundred and seventy-six soldiers string along, still half asleep, pick up a plate as they enter the door and walk past the huge, shiny, aluminum pots and pans and receive whatever "Houdini pulls out of his hat."

Give my very best regards to all the teachers and students. I would like to hear from one and all of them. A soldier lives from one mail to another. That is the only thing that keeps him going. High morale is a great thing. . . .

* * *

News comes that Charles Gross, B.S. 1941, is teaching Math to some of the men at Kessler Field, Mississippi.

* * *

Jack Koontz, ex-'42, writes Dr. Wiedefeld:

... Our present "state" is not so sad as we sometimes are inclined to feel. The new world we are building is going to be the real "glory" the negroes of the Old South are always singing about. I am hoping the volume of activity and the long hours of duty will slacken enough for me to be able to visit you some evening. Daytime visits at school are impossible. My day begins at 8:00 A. M. and ends whenever I can conscientiously feel it "right" to leave. . . .

There are twenty-five State Teachers College men on our "In-Service" mailing list now. The number is growing each week, and I'm sure that the list is still incomplete. It is interesting to hear from these boys and to know the contributions they are making to our armed forces. Many of these men have been promoted during the short time they have been in

the service and many are "teaching" and doing other supervisory work.

News comes that Joshua Wheeler, B.S. 1936, has recently been transferred from New Orleans to California; John Wheeler, 1938, is still at Fort Bragg but reports that his out-fit "expects to leave for an unknown destination at any time."

We were happy to have three of our "In-Service" students here for our Christmas program: G. Hoddinott, '43, J. O'Connor and J. Hart, '42. Jimmie O'Connor came up from Fort Knox, Kentucky, and was seen about these halls for several days. I understand he even acted as a lecturer in one of his own section classes. George Hoddinott came all the way from El Paso, Texas, and attended glee club rehearsals so he could participate in the Christmas Community Sing. Jack Hart was welcomed as a visitor, too. He still is stationed in Baltimore and we hope that he will come often.

Other recent uniformed visitors were Arthur Bennett, B.S. 1938, who is stationed at Camp Meade; Carville Lauenstein, B.S. 1940, from Camp Wheeler, Georgia, and Perry Pickering, ex-'38, also from Camp Meade.

- R. C. TANSIL.

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REGISTRAR'S OFFICE

The Organizer

DURING THE recent stress of planning the T. L. Dance, we became strongly aware of that unique character-type of the high school and college — the organizer. The organizer is made, not born. (Why be born at all if you knew you would become an organizer?) Yes, it is only under the impact of life in a fast-moving school that the mass of humanity is shuffled, sifted and graded, and the toughest, most sanguine individuals winnowed out. Some of these are consigned to the T. L. staff — some study philosophy — and some become organizers.

Of course we have known all along that the people who produce dances, bazaars, etc., must be rather a clever lot. But until we saw our own particular organizer in action, well — we just didn't know. There was more to this job than putting up posters and sending corsages. Having access to the private files of several of State Teachers' most noted organizers, we seized the opportunity to make a survey of their characteristics. The data that follows is scientifically accurate. All quotations are from the original notes of the organizer working under pressure. May it serve as a document of social life at S. T. C. in 1942 and a guide to all future organizers.

First of all, a good organizer thinks of everything. No detail escapes him. Where an ordinary citizen might trust to luck that he will remember all his duties, the organizer writes them down. We quote from a list found scribbled on the flyleaf of a Hopkins *Interaction*:

Tuesday—Send out notices to sections before 10:00 A. M.

Get furniture requisition to office before 11:15.

Fix it up with marsh. about compuls. assem. (we have no idea what this may mean).

Get 15 posters made.

Try to get to history class — may be important.

The outstanding thing about this list is its order. A place for everything and everything in its place. Notice the tentative quality of some of the items — the organizer knows he isn't superhuman; he can't have everything. Resignation to minor frustrations is a common trait with this type of individual. We found, written in the free periods of one organizer's schedule the poignant words: "Lunch—I hope."

If orderliness is important, persistence is vital. When an organizer does a job on Monday, he knows very well he will have to do it again on Tuesday, to say nothing of Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Committee members have to be reminded of their jobs. The student body has to be reminded to come to the gala affair. The faculty must be invited — this is an opportunity to get a little valuable social experience,

(Continued on page 24)

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Alumni Dates and Data

November, 1941, brought many alumni marriages. Rena Klein, of the Class of '41, wed Phillip Altfeder; Betty Tribull, of the same class, was married to Irvin H. Ropka. Others were Dorothy Simpson, to Dr. Harrison Sadler (now living at Annapolis) and Lida Lee Duncan to Leslie F. Grover.

Betty Weems and John Turner Crane announced their engagement the same month.

Still batting 'em out for the Army are Whitey Lauenstein and Lou Cox, erstwhile athletes of State Teachers. We print the latest list of alumni members who have been drafted: Sydney I. Baker, Daniel Austerlitz, Arthur Bennett, Sidney Carton, Edgar Clopper, Julius Clayman, Malcolm Davies, Charles Gross, George Hoddinott, Jack Hart, Bill Kahn, Jerome Kolker, Charles Leaf, Benjamin Novey, Bernard Phelps, Jack Owens, William Podlich, Gene Rush, James O'Connor, Isadore Sokolow, James Tear, John Wheeler, and Josh Wheeler.

SCIENCE

Sherlock Turns Scientist

Perhaps very soon, measurements and fingerprints of every individual in the United States and in other countries will be recorded; and it will be impossible to lose your identity, whether on purpose or as the result of an accident. Already exchange of fingerprints between countries has meant the capture of many fugitives traveling under aliases.

Fingerprints are determined by the papillary ridges on the bulbs of the fingers. No two people, not even Siamese twins, have the same pattern; and even the most skillful plastic surgery will not erase this individuality. One bandit is known to have paid \$5,000 to have his fingers operated upon to evade identification, but three hundred points of similarity were noted later when he was in the morgue. Courts have many times held that but twelve points of similarity is positive identification.

Fingerprinting is but a small part of modern identification. Science has given us delicate, accurate instruments and equipment for detection of criminals. Invisible writing is soon made legible by spectrographic analysis. Chemicals or light rays will bring out any type of invisible ink. Prismatic analysis allows us to see the most minute particles of dirt, glass, metal, etc. Even the molecules in a piece of steel can bring a criminal to justice. Recently a man was killed when he opened a box containing a home-made bomb. Fragments of metal from the bomb were studied at length and finally traced to the smelter. From the smelter the metal was traced through its various processes to an automobile axle, parts of which were still in the possession of the ingenious criminal when he was arrested. X-ray equipment can now see inside a package suspected of containing a bomb, and machines take the package apart automatically so that the bomb may be traced.

In the petrographic microscope, polarized light and high magnification present clues since the effect which tiny crystals have on polarized light is specific for each kind of crystal. Thus it is that criminals have been convicted because soil on their shoes was identical with soil at the scene of the crime, or because rubber on their auto tires was of the same quality as that on skid marks near the scene of a crime. Tiny scratches on implements such as clippers have led to arrest because they matched scratches on safes or bars. The slightest spot of blood may sentence a man to death or life imprisonment. In an eastern city a man, after killing his wife, was careful to wash away all blood from his clothes, and from the death weapon, but laboratory analysis found the presence of blood on them.

File cards as well as chemicals and instruments can send lawbreakers to prison. Every make of typewriter and the peculiarities of every model of every make of typewriter are catalogued, and extortion letters, ransom notes, or any typed matter are easily traced.

Certainly, modern science has greatly reduced the possibility of there ever being a "perfect crime."

— JOHN McCAULEY.

Chant of the Brave Souls

Yes, I'm old an' I've lost my youth, boys, An' I'm losin' my poundage, too. For I bellow an' preach as I Student Teach — An' my heart, like my eye, is blue.

> So it's back to the pen an' the ink, boys, It's back to the ink an' the pen; Where you're up all night, an' the dawn's faint light Finds you pluggin' away again.

Yes, I'm grim an' I've lost my grin, boys, As I wait for that three o'clock bell. I'm numb to the strife of all earthly life, For I'm nigh to the gates of . . . (censored).

So it's back to the pen an' the ink, boys, It's back to the ink an' the pen; Where you grind away ev'ry deathly day — And the next finds you workin' again.

— P. H.

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An Honor System

(Continued from page 2) of the non-cheater is to be commended; the "silent" part would undermine any attempt to establish an honor system. Undoubtedly, the student body has made no progress in developing understanding and support for this basic principle of the system.

Furthermore, there seems to be a great inconsistency in the thinking of the student body on the question. "Sure, sure," they mumble in student council, "we'll have an honor system." Yet we are willing to wager that approximately 6 out of 10 of our students have no real conception of what such a system implies. Non-education in the facts? Not exactly - those who are especially interested in the subject and are working to establish a system have made every effort to acquaint the general student body with its workings. Nonintelligence in voting or just non-interest? We are inclined to say "yes". A classic example in this vein flashes to mind. One of the worthy members of our student body wrote quite recently on the complete desirability of establishing an honor system in our college; yet when the same student was approached by a faculty member and asked if he would report a classmate if he saw him cheating, the champion (on paper) of an honor system said, "Of course not - I believe that is a person's own business." (The incident quoted is only one out of many.)

Our suggestion? We as a magazine that attempts to dig out and record the attitudes of the students on current problems believe that further consideration of an honor system would be an unaccountable waste of time and effort in a period when waste of anything is undesirable. If a complete course of education in the workings of the system would be offered to entering freshmen and instilled in each succeeding class, then, perhaps, success could be obtained. But now as things stand, any set-up would have to be a farce — supported by only those few who really believe in it.

We realize that steps will have to be taken to correct prevalent dishonesty in our college. We cannot ignore nor forget the \$360 loss in the library last year. But we sincerely feel that an honor system — as we know it — could not possibly be the solution to our difficulties. If it is imperative (and we know that it is) to try other measures, it certainly is the better part of common sense to consider those which have at least a few possibilities for success.

Enriched Curriculum

These Education courses are aptly named. The instructor suggested the other day to a junior section that vicarious experiences don't really teach. For instance, one cannot learn what a kiss is like by seeing people kiss in the movies. Queried Krieger, "You mean on the screen or in the audience?"

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Briefs

Any books today? The Victory Book Campaign is on, to collect a little good reading matter for the men of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps. The Maryland branches of the Red Cross, The American Library Association, and the U. S. O. have set themselves the goal of 133,000 books by February 6th — which gives us all time to find and donate at least one really interesting book. Where to take them? To the main Pratt Library on Cathedral Street, to any of the Pratt Branches, or to the college library.

• • •

If you are getting a little bewildered at the constant changes that appear in the Tower Light, please bear with us just a while longer. We are attempting, through a process of trial and error, to hit upon the set-up and make-up that would best contribute to a magazine worthy of our Teachers College. We have changed the print, the cover, the paper, and, in many cases, the material in it. If you are not satisfied with something, let us know. We are anxious to receive, and take advantage of, constructive criticism. And if you think the magazine has improved, that we are at least on the right track, tell us that, too. We're only human!

• • •

Now that college knitters have gone all out for national defense, we wondered how instructors would react to rows of girls placidly knitting through their lectures. Would they become drowsy and reminiscent in the homey atmosphere, and perhaps forget to give quizzes? Not so you could notice it. Would it get on their nerves? No — the faculty can take it. So get on with your knitting, girls, but it had better be destined for a service man. There was the junior who was purling a pair of pink socks in Education class. "They're going to look mighty funny on a soldier," crackled Miss Woodward.

The last word from the Young-America-Wants-To-Help Group is that they are awaiting orders as to their next move.

• • •

WANTED: A clear, concise, logical, simple, comprehensible, infallible definition of the word "fortis" (alias "fortyce", et al.) English language preferred. Address: Tower Light Editor, Box 1F, S. T. C.

The Organizer

(Continued from page 19)

and to learn to write courteously yet forcefully. The florist is the man to watch closely. Given the slightest leeway, he may concoct a corsage for a faculty member calculated to clash with any color she may be planning to wear. That is why, if you happen to be looking for an organizer at about nine o'clock on *the* night, they will tell you he has gone to the florist's.

One more of the organizer's traits deserves mention, we think. He is the soul of tact. Under situations which would have even Emily Post flustered, he keps his smiling demeanor. How he does this we were unable to discover definitely, but instances proving that he is tactful are myriad. For example, one organizer has mimeographed blanks which he uses to remind committee chairmen of duties, the text of which is a gem of delicate phrasing:

Dear ----, old pal:

Not that there is any hurry, but I just wanted to remind you to (sign up the orchestra, order the punch, or whatever he wants to remind the chairman of). Say, is there any basis to the rumor that the Student Council is collecting names of people that are inefficient in extra-curricular activities and giving them to the faculty? Well, as I said, no hurry, old pal. I only asked you to do it (2, 3, 4, 5, etc.) days ago.

Signed,

The top-flight organizer has, of course, many other distinguishing traits, but since our space is limited, we shall have to limit our report to the above remarks. If you plan to become an organizer, it will help to study them carefully.

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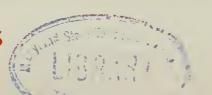
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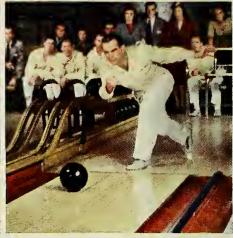
...THIS MONTH...

- Summer Course Brings Up Student Council Problems.
- Advice to Student Teachers.
- Accelerated Curriculum at State Teachers College.
- "Quality"--interlude in a London Air Raid Shelter.



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THERE'S A SWIFT FLASH of the arm. The snap of a wrist. The ball whirls down the alley. Take a good long look at the way "Low" Jackson tossed that one—that's an All-American hook. Close to the gutter. Three-quarters down, she starts to break—straight for the slot. Watch it now—it's—







C-R-A-S-H! A perfect hit! The very sound of 'em falling sets you tingling all over. Like a homer with the bases loaded...a hole in one...like the full, rich flavor of a certain cigarette, it never fails to thrill. No matter how much you smoke, there's always a fresh, welcome taste to a Camel—for Camels are milder with less nicotine in the smoke.

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TWENTY TIMES "Low" Jackson (above) has rolled the perfect score (300). Every time he lights up a Camel he smokes with the assurance of modern laboratory science that in the smoke of milder, slower-burning Camels there is less nicotine (see below, left). Get a package of slower-burning Camels today, and smoke out the facts for yourself.

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A Job Ahead

The Student Council has a big job on its hands. When America's peaceful lethargy was rudely broken on December 7, 1941, we, along with everyone else, found it necessary to change our way of living. We know that our accelerated program calls for a summer course of ten weeks to hasten the graduation of teachers with B. S. degrees. At the time of this writing we know that much and no more. Let's see how the creation of this summer course affects our Student Council.

It is time for Student Council nominations and elections. But the President must be elected from the incoming Senior Class and that class will graduate next February. Does that mean we will have to pick our officers from the lower classes? Or will we have to make the terms of office shorter? Perhaps we'll have to have alternates for each office. Whatever we do will be radically different from the present arrangement.

Should there be a Student Council during the summer term? Not all of the students in the college now will rake the summer course. We may also have additions from other colleges or teachers from surrounding areas for extra courses. Many of the orginizations that function now may find it unnecessary to continue their activities during the summer. Perhaps clubs that would function only in the summers may be started. All of these conditions will help determine exactly what the dury of the Student Council will be during the short summer terms.

By the time this is read the solutions to these problems may have been found. However, whether they have or not, we must be prepared constantly for further changes. We must have wide awake students who recognize the need for concentrated words to make our wartime Student Council function as smoothly as possible.

THE TOWER LIGHT is a monthly publication of and by the students at the State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland.

Notes On Valor

Heartbreaking to all of us was the news of Miss Elma Prickett's death on February 3. And the thing we want most to do—to publish her worth to all the people who didn't know her—we cannot. When all the words were said, they still would not know what she meant to State Teachers College.

The orchestra knows. So do the members of the Piano Club, her fellow-teachers, and the many classes who studied the music elements with her. When you mention her, they think of the quick clear sweep of her baton—the dauntless way she had of playing a hymn—her calm voice urging them on to a difficult high note. Some recall the richly delightful afternoons spent playing and discussing the new composers, when the five o'clock bell always rang too soon. A few remember the final triumph of her cheerfulness in the face of illness.

After all, these glimpses are Miss Prickett. We will not list her professional achievements and cite her years of service. For they can only poorly describe the woman who went with such brave spirit through our halls.

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Selective Subjects

WE ARE GOD'S chosen flock; we are the Gargantuan guinea pigs in question; we are the Seniors who took electives. To those of us who are hilarious over art, gym, or music the first set of subjects from which we were to choose was a blessing with chocolate sauce on it. But to those among us who had no talent along any one of those three specific lines, the opportunity came as a gloomy command. Many a person wondered whether suicide were more pleasant than competing with the prima donnas of the music course; or if slow starvation weren't heaven compared to drawing Rembrantian scenes or doing a triple flip in mid air from the parallel bars.

But all of us are grateful for the second set, for here we didn't have to be talented genius but simply interested students. The field from which we chose was broad, vital, and a natural drawing card for most all of us. We have not heard of one person who was dissatisfied at being asked to choose from the set. There was interest strong enough in each one to appeal to some of our unholy crew. We are most delighted with the chance to become students of the drabma, miniature Einsteins, or sparrow catchers.

But although some may not be entirely satisfied with the new plan, we know that it is a step from the candle to the direction of the neon light; and we are anticipating the beginning of the day when a student entering S.T.C. may choose the majority of his subjects on his schedule card as in other colleges or universities.

The Talk of the Camp the Campus

THE CHICAGO ROUND TABLE ON A RECENT Sunday afternoon discussed a matter peculiar not only to the American people as a whole but also to the inmates of S.T.C. The intellects are acutely aware of the complacency of the people of our country in this world crisis. We Towsonian intellects are acutely aware that most of the people in this college don't know where we keep the sand buckets!

WE ARE SURE THAT ONE OF THE FACULTY members has found a new use for Johnson's floor wax or some new brand of starch. The enticing cow catcher supported by Mr. Crook on his upper lip makes him a candidate for the Hays office. We wonder if it is a hindrance to osculation?

BY ALL MEANS MAKE A DETOUR FROM THE straight and narrow and wander down TOBACCO ROAD some evening this season. Eight or nine years (Mr. Millar wasn't sure which) on Broadway might be some inducement for you to trot downtown and find out how to swear in three educational hours.

IF WE WERE SUDDENLY ASKED TO NOMINATE a few men who had super speaking voices, we'd look no further than our own doors. Have you ever noticed the melodious tones that float out of room 211 when Mr. Millar is holding court? Or the booming issuing from behind closed doors when Mr. Moser is whispering to his classes? Or the oh-ing that will always tell you that Mr. Lembach's vocal chords are being appreciated by some appreciative class?

THIS SUDDEN EPIDEMIC OF DIAMOND RINGS IS more than we can take at one time. Is there some tonic that you lucky gals take, that makes a sparkler sprout over that certain knuckle? If so, don't be selfish-send full details to your fellow femmes via this magazine, and let a few more of us know what it feels like to talk about My Man and not mean the song.

THIS YEAR FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MORE THAN 70 years the convention of the American Association of

School Administrators will be held on the West Coast. The meeting will be held from February 21-26 in San Francisco. The convention theme is "Education for a Free People."

EXTRA SPECIAL!

For the first time in a good many years, we are welcoming Freshmen to our flock in February. Welcome, dear souls, and forgive us the rather cool reception we gave you at the first Tuesday assembly. We suppose someone forgot to turn on the heat, for we distinctly saw icicles forming on the lashes of many a chill-struck student.

And don't be upset at the Seniors who look rather dazed at everything, as if they had been on a strict diet of opium for the month of January. You see, they came back from Student Teaching to find their lockers on foreign territory, their friends numb from the shock of getting through Student Preaching, and underclassmen muttering mysteriously about first aid, morale, stretchers, and sand buckets. But they'll feel at home in a couple of months, or as soon as some kind soul will tell them about all the changes that have been made.

And now may we offer a few words of advice? By all means, buy a compass, learn to follow those complicated air raid signal directions, and take a couple of upper-classmen with you as you dash in the right direction, to safety. Go to bed early, never neglect your work, and always be on time to classes; you'll be loved by your instructors, wondered at by your colleagues, and gleefully pointed out to Mr. Sheppard by Mr. Pratt as a potential candidate for a course at their institution.

Calendar of Events

February 19—Basketball:

Blue Ridge Freshmen versus State Teachers J. V. at Towson, 4:00 P. M.

February 20—Sophomore Dance with Roy Matthews' Orchestra.

February 20-National Education Association Meetings begin.

February 26-National Education Association Meetings end.

March 6-Little Theatre Guild Play:

Our Town-College Auditorium,

8 P. M.

March 12-Girls' Demonstration Night.

The Art of Student Teaching

Dedicated to K. V. K.

Written Sometime in January.

In February when I return from maneuvers (student teaching to you verdant freshmen) you will see me arrayed in blue overalls and from my oral cavity the tell-tale broom straw will protrude. For, the inevitable attention of the gods of education has fallen upon me. That new volume which has sprung from the fertile minds of the intellects in Baltimore City has decreed that I must teach the farm.

For many decades have I read, seen, and heard about farms. My forefathers are reputed to have squatted on them, but I take it, unsuccessfully. Now farms are very vital to me. We social study farms, read farms, spell farms, arithmetic farms, and sing farms. They may call it a core curriculum, a broad fields curriculum, or a subject matter curriculum. I call it a farm curriculum.

They told me to teach things about the farm a child could experience. I had only one hope. The Chilcoat twins had a pig on which they offered me a brief concession, provided I could furnish transportation for the squealing critter. It didn't work. My student teaching cohort refused to let Porky ride in the back of her flivver. I'm still dreaming about the vital experience it would have afforded the children. They could have touched him, kicked him, punched him, smelled him, and sensed him. John D.* would have heralded me as a profit of a new age.

Yes, we studied the farm. If I live until February, H. C. Byrd will make me professor emeritus of agriculture and husbandry. Mr. Ehlers will resign on the pretext that I'm a better man then he. State Teachers College won't be able to hold me. And, when I go to heaven, St. Peter will introduce me to God as a "Rarified Hayseed."

A Word to the Wise

For those who come hereafter we are printing these little notes on practice teachers. We assure you that if if you can follow our suggestions for those mentioned you will receive an A plus and undaunted glory now and forever more.

Miss Kennedy—Change bulletin boards fifteen times a week—i.e. three times per diem.

Mrs. Runyon (nee Jones)—Get glasses that measure millimeters to insure accuracy in placement of pictures on bulletin boards.

* D is for Dewey.

Miss Schindele—Order some empty boxes from the OPM and add to the bureaucracy of teaching materials.

Miss Neels—Teach science like Corporal James Patrick O'Connor once did.

Miss Burgan—Work on habits, physical ones, mental ones, social ones, emotional ones, and spiritual ones.

Miss Rawlings—Learn how to fill paste jars with the mass production method.

Miss Naumann-Draw good pictures.

Miss Lerian—Discover that a laugh is worth a thousand groans in any market.

Miss Scally—Insert the dramatic element into the 45 sets of seatwork produced per week and check for the 55 basic words expounded by Alice and Jerry.

Miss Dougherty—Take a course in interior decoration.

Miss Rehberger—Don't get a baby hair cut and afford competition.

Miss Pratt—Transplant Lily Pons' vocal cords to your gullet.

Miss Owens—Make a few reams of flash cards to take along with you.

Miss Carlton—Know what Miss Birdsong eats, drinks, and thinks.

Editors' Note: We have heard that Mrs. Runyon and Miss Naumann have been made vice-principals. All statements regarding them are retracted. Good luck and God bless them!

How to Interpret Professional Readings

1. "Free the arms, the legs, the larynx of the child and you have taken the first step toward mental freedom." Rugg-Shumaker—The Child Centered School.

Put a thumb tack on every seat before class and stimulate appropriate activity.

- 2. "Experience is the raw material of thinking." McMurray. Allow the children to knock out teacher for first aid practice.
- 3. "The child is already intensely active and the question of education is the question of taking hold of his activities and giving them direction." Dewey—The Child and His Curriculum.

Train Oscar's spit ball aim.

4. "The most deep seated tendency in human life is movement, impulse and activity." Rugg-Shumaker—The Child-Centered School.

Psychoanalyze any child who sits still in class.

College Gears to Defense

Out of a possible 295, 283 students have decided to come to the 1942 summer session.

The accelerated curriculum is in, as far as State Teachers College is concerned. From now on, the majority of the students will work on a yearly schedule of 44 weeks. The former four-year course will be fitted into three years. Because of a sharp teacher shortage, some of the present Juniors and Sophomores will find themselves teaching on part-salaries while still working on their degrees.

What are the implication of these changes? Approval of them, as the best that could be worked out under the circumstances, has been given by 96% of the student body. But what will be the effect on enrollment of the Freshman classes of June and September? Will the stiffer program make us less appealing to high-school graduates? Will students whose budget demands that they earn their tuition during vacations be forced to drop out of school? How will extra-curricular activities be altered by the new program?

Students in every class are discussing these questions. . .

What about Tuition?

The returns from the questionnaires handed in on Registration Day show that most students will have no difficulty raising tuition for the summer school.

Yet a lot of the talk has centered about the finance problem. Several members from each of the three lower classes explain that they depended upon summer jobs to meet tuition. They are wondering how they will manage for the fall semester.

For the Juniors, a student loan fund is ready to help out. (This is sponsored by the College.) What will the Sophomores and Freshmen do? A hoped-for solution that may crystallize one of these days is federal subsidies for students in accelerated colleges. Until it does take form, however, the students who cannot attend the summer session will still be able to complete their work on a

four-year basis, as "specials." Entering Freshmen who find it necessary can follow this plan too.

Schedule too Heavy?

Contrary to the testimony of a few harried Juniors, this semester's schedule, for most sections, has only the normal number of credit hours. All Junior sections are carrying one more hour than usual—but although this extra work is necessary for the present Junior class, the administration says that next year it will be absorbed in the light autumn schedule of the Juniors.

County Apprentices

In the Junior sections that would be eligible to teach in September, 26 students have agreed to accept jobs if recommended, and 12 have not. Some of the 12 live so far from the college that it would be impractical for them to come back every week to attend the Saturday Workshop. A few are eligible for the draft and naturally want to take their degrees as soon as they can.

Among the 26 who said "yes," feeling shades from delight at an unusual opportunity, to firm determination to give the best possible service in the national emergency. We were a little surprised at the amount of enthusiasm the Juniors showed. It should be remembered that they all made their decisions before having any student teaching experiences. . .

Salute

In the students to whom we talked while getting this article together, we noticed an attitude that would have been surprising two months ago. The idea that they have a job to do for their country was behind everything they told us. The customary collegiate things—the vacations, the extra-curricular activities—mean much less to them than learning to do that job efficiently. No wonder they support the accelerated curriculum so heartily.

Many thanks to the eleven people who wrote this entire issue. You make us feel that there is still a Santa Claus.

Thirty Years Too Late

Many years ago, when I was young and the world was so new and all, every Clyde and Homer celebrated Valentine's day by sending Mabel or Tilly a lace-edged greeting card, full of sloppy sentiment and goo. But Clyde had the right idea; his heart was in his envelope, and his nobleness of thought beamed out steadily through his bifocals. There was indeed the true spirit of February 14; that repulsive bit of mid-Victorian art still retained within its fancy folds the dignity and grace of an age too soon to be lost in the confusion of the coming era.

For now Clyde no longer pens his lady's name delicately on an envelope, or pushes within it a frilly sentimental verse. No indeed. He now rushes to the five and ten, screams "Hiya bug, what's scratchin'?" at a clerk, and picks out the most insulting comic card he can find for a nickel. But Tilly takes it without murmur, for most of the eligible men are in the you-know-what, and the only thing really wrong with Clyde is his stuttering.

This sad state will probably go on for years; for the only people in whom hope lies are the Tillys, and they are too desperately man-less to do anything about it. So if you've received comic valentines, just grin and bear it, and secretly applaud the genius who invented the guillotine, the hangman's noose, and the charming habit of including powdered glass in the morning meal. That's all you can do.

0 0 0

ARACHNID

So silently, amid the hanging leaves
The garden spider swings and twines her strands,
And patiently, with agile feet she weaves
A lacy web of shining silver bands.
Then in the evening haze, her pattern done,
She swings upon her cradle in the breeze
While starry hosts pass stately one by one,
And moonlight bathes the flowers and the trees.
And then, as if by magic in the night
When all the world is still and glimmering,
She wakes to find her web transformed by light
And hung with pearly pendants shimmering.

MARGUERITE WILSON

Intercepted Letters

Intercepted letter to Miss Alice Louise Munn who is now a beachcomber "somewhere in Florida."

Up North Here.

DEAR MISS MUNN:

We have heard by word of mouth that you have trekked southward to spend many moons in the breezes from the Gulf Stream. By now you are probably kicking the sands of Daytona Beach. In fact, we wager you are doing more than that. The reason we say so is that you are no longer bound by the confining shackles of Towsonian society. Towson, incidentally, is still enjoying its Victorian existence.

When this reaches your sunny playground you will be about to celebrate another natal day. We'll always remember your birthday because you and Henry Wadsworth saw terra firma on the same date. That refers strictly to the day of the month, of course. And, we'll always remember your last birthday.

Perhaps you don't know it but the weeds in the animals that the staff gave you had quite a history. They were "snitched" by Herndon from her mother. They were planted in Herndon's locker by Shores who closely associates with the aforementioned in all types of subversive activities. Then there was the birthday cake. The diameter scarcely coincided with the number present but Mr. Gross dissected it very scientifically and we all had a crumb. Mr. Gross was so scientific. . .

Incidentally we are on the trail of some informal poses for our next issue. If that one of you in your new dressmaker's bathing suit turns our, send us the negative. Don't be modest about it, please.

Have a good birthday. We'll be thinking of you even if we are not there to say so.

Meanwhile, best wishes and good fishing,

THE TOWER LIGHT STAFF.

P.S. (or S.O.S.): Don't go too far out in the Gulf Stream. Casting might be dangerous.

0 0 0

Kay Emmart is pepped up over a Med student at Maryland, is carving "Ed" all over everything, and going in strong for first aid. More power to you, Katie!

Quality

by Arlene Peeples

INTIL NOW, Mrs. Setwright had steadfastly insisted upon staying in her own home at night. Since the death of her husband, she had remained secluded, home only to her sons and those few dear friends who had finally persuaded her to seek safety in the night. So here she was, at the entrance to an air-raid shelter. Someone with a wry sense of humor had shifted a store sign reading "Business as usual" so that it pointed to the shelter. The intended joke was wasted on Mrs. Setwright; she had never felt less like laughing.

As she entered she glanced about to see whether anyone she knew had admitted defeat and left his or her home to chance. The only person she recognized was Miss Tanneyhill, whose incessant chattering was not the best remedy for air-raid nerves. Mrs. Setwright quickly found a place for herself on the opposite side of the room. The shelter was almost filled; yet there was only a low murmuring. Now and then a word or phrase hung in the air a moment:

"Harvey writes that Portsmouth"

"Rather quiet tonight."

"Have you seen the show at . . . ?"

There was no hysteria; hardly any word was spoken concerning the thing uppermost in their minds—on the surface just ordinary every-day gossip and talk. One barely detected the restraint in the calm voices. In the dim light that is all they were to Mrs. Setwright—voices. She was deep in her own thoughts when one of the voices spoke.

"Be careful, Mun, if you sit on the end, it's like to go down with you."

Mrs. Setwright wondered vaguely who would go down if who sat on what. She felt a gentle tug on her arm and realized that it was the woman next to her who had spoken.

"Oh, thank you," she said, moving to sit in the center of the folding cot. She hoped, however, that her self-appointed benefactor wasn't going to insist on talking. Oh dear, what was the woman saying now? Of course one had to be polite.

"My name is Emmy," her neighbor stated cheerfully. Had she actually said "Emmy?" "Emma" was quite bad enough, but slightly more dignified.

"I'm Mrs. Setwright," and she couldn't resist adding, "Do you have a last name?"

"Oh yes indeed, Butterfield," Emmy answered innocently, "but it's not of much use to me. Everybody calls me 'Emmy.' They're happy because 'Emmy' isn't much to remember, and I'm happy because, well, because it's so friendly-like being called that all the time. There's only one other name that sounds nicer to me. The boys still call me 'Mums', and I guess I'd rather hear that than anything else right now.''

Mrs. Setwright did'nt know why she should, but she felt ashamed of herself, so she tried to appear interested.

"You have sons?" She hated to talk to anyone without addressing her by her name, but she couldn't bring herself to say "Emmy," and "Mrs. Butterfield" apparently didn't exist.

Emmy answered proudly, "Two; one is up at Oxford now. He was transferred—."

"Oxford!" Mrs. Setwright couldn't help the note of surprise in her voice. "I have a son there. What is your boy pursuing?"

"Pursuing?" Emmy seemed a little puzzled, and then brightened. "Well, as far as he's told me, there haven't been any pranksters or such to chase out of the grounds yet, and of course not being right in the buildings all the time, he doesn't have the mice and rats to bother with. I'm mighty glad Cliff doesn't have to work on the inside. He was always the delicate one, and maybe working hard fixing up the grounds will be just the thing for him."

"Oh yes, just the thing," came weakly from Mrs. Setwright.

She lay back on the cot trying to see what Emmy looked like. Funny, up 'til now she hadn't given it a thought. Her eyes had become accustomed to the dim light now. Well, Emmy looked like anybody else who had worked hard all her life. No, Mrs. Setwright checked herself, there was a difference. Emmy hadn't minded working all those years. How did Mrs. Setwright know? Emmy didn't have that bitter look when her face was in repose. Instead, she wore a look that said, "I think I've done the best I know how, but if there's anything I've overlooked, I wish you'd let me know." Peaceful, trustful-that was the expression on Emmy's face; and it seemed as though there was something else shining there. Mrs. Setwright couldn't define it exactly. Emmy's hair was dark, straight, and wound in a thick plait at the nape of her neck. Mrs. Setwright felt a twinge of envy as she thought of her own fine hair of nondescript color. She rather imagined they were about the same heighton the tall side-but Emmy was sturdily built, like a house built for protection against the elements. Mrs. Setwright found herself wondering more and more about Emmy. If she had been truthful with herself, she would have realized that she was thinking about Emmy in relation to herself. Was Emmy inspecting her in the same way? And if so, what was her reaction? Mrs. Setwright thought that no matter who the person on inspection might be, Emmy would see only the good.

Emmy was still talking about her boys, but more or less to herself as she lay on the bed. When she mentioned the little pranks of their childhood, one heard a smile in her voice. As though she was forgiving them for any anxiety they had caused her. What was that about the Navy?

"Dave says he likes the sea now. I don't think he does really. I think he's trying to conquer his feeling against it the same way he's always fought it out with other things he didn't like—the same way he conquered his school work, even though the poor lad nearly gave up in despair over his figuring."

Oh, but he didn't give up, thought Mrs. Setwright.

"He must have taken quite a bit of ribbing from the other boys on the ship. He'll be showing them all some day."

Emmy wasn't boasting; she had an unshakable confidence in her boys. As she put it, "They were good boys, they were; and they'll be good men."

Mrs. Setwright wondered whether Reggie had ever come in contact with Emmy's Dave. Even if they happended to be on the same ship, an ensign would hardly know any of the sailors very well.

When Emmy stopped talking, there was a deep silence. Mrs. Setwright had almost forgotten where she was. She realized that everyone else was asleep, or trying to sleep. She said goodnight to Emmy.

In what seemed a second later, an ominous rumbling pressed in on her ear drums. An impulse seized her to scream, but no one else seemed to have been disturbed; at least, there was no other sound.

"Emmy," she whispered, glad now to call her that.

"I'm right here," Emmy said softly. "Now don't you bother about those little noises. You'll get used to them, the way we regulars did."

"But Emmy, how can I go back to sleep? I can't get that ringing out of my head."

"Think of everything you love—your home, your boys; think of the nice things you have done, and make up nice things you'd like to do. Pretty soon you'll be dreaming about them, and it'll be morning before you want it to be."

Mrs. Setwright thought, "That's what she does. She's giving me her secret."

Like a child, she lay back and began to dream.

The next morning, when Mrs. Setwright woke, Emmy had gone. Mrs. Setwright went home, and filled in the

day reading and knitting. When evening came, she took her place again in the shelter; this time before Emmy arrived. Emmy's face lighted when she saw Mrs. Setwright.

I'm glad you're here," she said; but those few words meant a lot to lonely Mrs. Setwright.

The two women met night after night in the shelter. Mrs. Setwright felt a load fall off her shoulders when Emmy appeared. In fact, she could almost see Emmy pick it up and add it to her own burden (not that Emmy ever mentioned having such a thing). Emmy always brought a certain amount of strength and courage to Mrs. Setwright. But one evening Emmy said an astonishing thing to her friend.

"You don't know how glad I am that you were the one to find a place next to me. You have been so nice to me, and such a comfort; you don't seem to mind my talking on about myself," apologetically. "I don't play very fair, I'm afraid. I haven't given you much chance to talk, have I?" She smiled that gentle smile of hers.

Mrs. Setwright wanted to cry. Emmy had said one of the nicest things to her that she had ever heard. She felt just the way she had when four year old Reggie had whispered, "Mums, you're the most prettiest Mums I've ever had."

The next evening, Emmy walked in as usual—no, not quite as usual. There was an almost imperceptible droop to her shoulders. Everything else was there—the smile, the word of greeting, the inquiry as to how Mrs. Setwright's boys were getting along.

"It's too bad, isn't it," she mused, "the boys will never have a real home to come to again."

"Oh, no, Emmy," Mrs. Setwright gasped. "Your home isn't gone—."

"Yes, it went last night," Emmy smiled, as though to keep Mrs. Setwright from making matters worse by getting upset.

"I'm glad I thought to bring Harry's picture with me last night. Wasn't that lucky?"

Harry? Her husband, of course, thought Mrs. Setwright dully. Why did this have to happen to Emmy who had given and taken so much to make a house a home that the boys would be proud of? Mrs. Setwright knew that it was a home they'd never forget. Then she had the most completely unselfish thought that she'd ever had in her life.

"I wish it had happened to me instead."

She had a feeling that Emmy would have felt just as badly in any case.

A few more nights passed. Emmy had not changed. She had found another house, and was doing her best to make that one into a home.

One day Mrs. Setwright received a letter from her

son, Reggie. It began this way:

DEAR MUMS:

I don't feel up to writing a cheery note today. You see, my commanding officer was killed in action yesterday. There will never be another man in the Navy like him. You would have liked him, Mums. There was peace and strength in his face, and something else there that I can't quite put into words. The queer part is that Dave hated the sea. I know how hard it is to do something that one doesn't want to do, and to give up one's life for that something is near to greatness. I wonder where he got the courage"

"I know, son," his Mother whispered.

0 0 0

YIKES! IT'S DARK!

Among the ironies of life should be put the black-out drills that are taking place these days all over the United States, or more specifically, in our own dormitory.

The irony? Well, consider. After years of infinite patience, perseverance, and toil on the part of great thinkers and inventors to bring light—more and better light—into our cities and homes, we are now faced with the need of getting rid of it. And this in the homeland of Thomas Edison and Don Ameche!

Where lights one shone in all their proud brilliance along the streets of trouble-free cities, they now are extinguished, or at the most they throw only a feeble glow on darkened streets.

Where we once made a point of perfect illumination in every cranny, now the instant the alarm sounds the dorm becomes a dark Egypt and all its inmates stumbling Egyptians with dim flashlights trained on the floors.

And where we haven't put out lights, we must hide them. Beaver board, made as attractive as possible under the gruesome circumstances, adorns the inside of many of our large windows and doors.

Only now are we beginning to realize the convenience and ease of the good old days when we used the privilege of lights—lights anywhere and anytime.

When the days of blackouts are over, we'll be even more appreciative. We'll honor those who will have made possible the return of glowing windows and twinkling street lights. Till then, we have a motto to inspire us, as we stumble along clutching our blue flashlights—"Let there be light."

-Mary Jane Burdette.

0 0 0

BRANCHES

Thin, gaunt fingers stretching heavenward making a mosaic Groping

lost in the dead of winter.

-Ветту Меетн.

HEADS OR TAILS?

The Seniors have electives! Yes, those educational phenomena have been descended upon us. I say "been" for I am of that category which is neither a Lily Pons, a Raphael, or a Johnny Weismuller. Yet I have been made to choose from among the subjects of music, art, and physical education. Now, the general procedure for one so well un-versed in the above subjects, is as follows:

Ques. Which of the above best fits my accomplishments?

Ans. I can't imitate a perfectly-pitched Quiz Kid, and the ivories don't respond to my nimble touch.

Music is out.

Ques. How well can my biceps and bipeds take it?

Ans. After one attempt at walking first fare, not so well. Gym is out.

Ques. To what art level (see Course of Study) can I aspire?

Ans. Having illustrated 1st grade seatwork for 9 weeks, art is definitely out.

So I, like many another hapless victim, have called upon that loyal product of the U. S. Mint. After testing my choice with both the buffalo and Jeffersonian variety I am now toting around a shoe-box marked "art supplies."

Thanks, everyone, for electing to let us elect.

0 0 0

WHO'S WHO

The following members of the Junior and Senior classes were selected to represent the college in the publication called "Who's Who In American Colleges and Universities"

Seniors:

IONA CLAYTOR
ALICE CRANE
JOHN HORST
RUTH MALESON
FRANCES SHORES
QUENTIN THOMPSON
MARGARET ZILLMOR

Juniors:

Muriel Frames
William Jett
Dorothy Kapp
Rose Marie Middlecoff
Jean Wright

Lowdown On Dates

What do girls talk about when they get together over the cokes and potato chips? Why, dates, of course. So let's sit down and delve into this date problem and try to find the answer to the one pressing question: What makes the perfect date?

June Stephan says that absolutely he has to have a Cadillac convertible, be a combination of Cary Grant and Sterling Hayden, and have the sense of humor of Bob Hope. Tough order there, June.

Betty Letzer threatens that in her date book two topics are tabu—his past love life and law cases. If he so much as mentions either one, she's through. Past performances have proved that Betty carries out her threats.

Mary Lou Thurston thinks that a neat appearance is the first requisite.

Betty Drawbaugh woefully exclaims that he has to be a good mixer and take her places where there are friendly crowds of her own age.

"Toodles" Waters specifies, "Intelligence, by all means; also, good background. On second thought, those details don't matter if he is a blue-eyed blond."

Jean Kemp confides that she wants her date to be lots of fun, to be a good dancer, and to be sweet and gentle.

Louise Smith pleads for "fightless" dates. She knows what trouble they cause.

Jean Fisher's evening is ruined if he isn't a good conversationalist or hasn't a lively sense of humor. Wanda Carter and Billie Smith agree.

Dot Jones—"make him tall, dark, and handsome, a good dancer, and not too perfect a gentleman."

Virginia Leatherbury groans no end if her date takes her to a movie every Friday night. Shows a sad lack of imagination.

June Quinan looks for real comradeship. Being good friends is the essence of a good date.

Jule Thompson—"I especially prefer white shirts."

Kathleen Buhrman gives an order for five feet, nine inches, gray suits, and a complete absence of puniness.

Elizabeth Shoemaker's date has to be six-foot-two and in the Army. (Could she possibly have someone in mind?)

Mildred Crum bursts forth with, "He has to be in the Navy! No Army man for me."

Jeannette Jones likes boys who make her feel ar ease so that no airs are necessary. She also told me she likes long arms. Why?

Eileen Bautz likes her date to be able to mix with her friends readily.

Thelma Rosenthal likes 'em 'quick on the trigger.' (Draw your own conclusions, she says.) She also claims that she sees red if her date asks, "Where do you want to go?" Thelma just likes to be taken places with no questions asked.

Peg Gunnells cries out for a car—or maybe, on second thoughr, a tandem bike would do, right about now.

So, there you are, boys. Twenty-one different answers to one simple question. So you think it's a big order to fill? Maybe in the next issue you'll have something to say about what you like in a date.

0 0 0

"'Round About Us"



RICHMOND HALL PARLOR

JOHN BARRYMORE MOSER





E. Foster Dowell a la NYA Worker

TOWER LIGHT

TO BE TAKEN WITH A GRAIN OF SALT, MR. LEMBACH

Prologue

John was the name he had;
John was his moniker.
Soft was his voice and low,
Gentle and mellow.
Neckries he always wore
Matching his stockings—
Matching his shirt and coat—
Outfit harmonious.
Kindly of speech and deed;
Good disposition;
Friendly to man and beast,
John was his moniker.

CANTO I

There on the open street Stood and art gallery, Having within its walls Many abstractions. Pictures of blue and black: Pictures of many hues: Pictures of crazy things: Pictures repulsive. In thru the door John walked-Strode in with courage; Strode in with heart afire, Viewing the pictures. Straight thru the halls he went, Pausing and staring Now at a purple streak Titled "A Night in June;" Now at a solid brown Picture called "Street Cars." Hope in his heart leaped up, Seeing these pictures: Seeing those master works Done by a maniac; Done by a criminal Taking his vengeance; Done by a sordid soul With indigestion.

Now we are working hard, Drawing in lines and squares, Splashing on purple paint, Cursing in blue and red, Smearing with chalk and pen,

CANTO II

Back to his home John went Brimming with thoughts of art, Seeing before his eyes Visions of pictures rare, Visions of what he'd do If he had oil paints. Seized he the canvas clean, Stabbed it with dripping brush, Smeared it with green and red-Cursed it in black and tan-Filled it with many lines-Filled it with solid squares; Slaved o'er the nauseous mess, Slaved till he wearied; Slaved till his paints ran out-Then he was finished. Then did he christen it "Boy and a Precipice." Wrapped it all up with care— Offered it up for sale; Offered to part with it, Picture so ghastly.

CANTO III

Sold he his picture then, Horrible fantasy, To the museum-Glutton for punishment. Pleased with success he was— Pleased with his painting rare. Strode he into his class, With his portfolio, Faced all his students: then Said in his mellow voice, "Do an abstraction now-Do it in many ways: Do one on canvas first: Do one in colored chalk: Do one with ink and pen: Do one with water paints: Do one with spray and gun-Do some abstractions!"

CANTO IV

Slaving on paper, and
Slaving on canvas, too;
Creating on cardboard—
Potential candidates
For some asylum—
God love abstractions!

BOOKS

How Do You Like Your Future--Light or Dark?

FRESH from the presses, since the Pearl Harbor attack, comes a blizzard of literature on Japan—its people, its politics, its place in the world picture. Much of this is, of course, highly-colored for propaganda purposes, but some we cannot afford to miss. Be sure, for instance, to have a look at Baron Kanaka's outline of Japan's Manchurian policy.¹

This amazing text was first published in a Chinese newspaper in 1927, following a conference of Manchurian and Mongolian officials, where Japanese policy in regard to these territories was discussed for eleven days. Baron Kanaka, the militarist premier of Japan, wrote the results of the conference in the form of a "Memorial" which was presented to the emperor. How it came into the hands of the Chinese is not proven, but there were many Chinese clerks at the conference who might have smuggled out a copy.

It being the fashion of the day for dictatorships to justify their banditries, much of the Kanaka Memorial is an exposition of Japan's vital need of the coveted territories. Its tone is reminiscent of certain Teutonic rumblings for *lebensraum*. Japan feels she is on the spot. She has no illustions about her position in the world. If she doesn't want to be starved out by rich and technically advanced nations of the West, she must acquire more territory and raw materials. Having recognized this grim fact, she goes on to form specific plans for getting these things.

It is unfortunate, says Baron Kanaka in effect, that Japan recognized China's sovereignty over Mongolia and Manchuria by signing the Nine-Power Treaty in 1922. Unfortunate, but not fatal to future conquests. He outlines as neat a fifth column for Korea as the Nazis ever used in Europe. He cites towns which must be taken, railroads which must be built in the Chinese provinces. He reckons with the Russian giant and the formidable U. S. fleet at Manila. He explains that the Japanese must secure "rights and privileges" in China at all costs. (Hitler called it "protection.") Step by step, and with unnerving determination, he describes Japan's gradual domination of the Pacific.

1 Japan's Dream of World Empire: The Kanaka Memorial. Edited by Carl Crow, Harpers, 1942.

The publishers advertise The Kanaka Memorial as the "Japanese Mein Kampf." But with a difference, we say. Herr Hitler has made it no secret that those were his sentiments exactly; the Japanese, however, have repeatedly denied that the Memorial was ever written at all. We can take this as we are inclined—but events planned in the Memorial in 1927 began happening in 1937, and methods of carrying them out were strictly as scheduled. It would be almost impossible, if the Memorial is only the instrument of an imaginative Chinese propagandist, for the details to have been prophesied so accurately. The Japanese policy is summed up perfectly in the Kanaka text. Mr. Crow observes that nothing is said that has not been expressed before in the course of her history as an empire.

Three hundred years back, the Japanese invaded Korea and made an unsuccessful attempt to annex Manchuria. Militarists have treasured the idea of taking China ever since. You can write your own epilogue to the Memorial. Hungry for foodstuffs and raw materials, Japan has lined up with the other great have-nots, Germany and Italy. Ensued the first open defiance of the League of Nations, and the unmolested seizing of Manchuria. As Kanaka predicted, war with the United States came inevitably—and the American citizen finally noticed the firecracker that had been quitely sputtering away under his chair for five years.

But lest you get the idea that all Americans have been blind to the handwriting on the wall, there is evidence, in black and white, that a great deal of serious thought was being devoted to foreign affairs prior to the present emergency. Whose thought? Colleges took the lead with International Relations Clubs, lectures, etc. A very interesting result is the recently published cycle of lectures delivered at the University of California in 1939, on the of world Peace.²

Six professors' views are represented—men whose fields range from mathematics to geography. Their method is the researcher's and their idiom is cautiously scientific, as they chart out a plan for "desirable" world harmony.

Jan O. M. Broek opens the study with a picture of the distribution of population and resources among the nations. F. C. Palm points out the fact that this unequal distribution has resulted in the phenomena of "satiated" and "unsatiated" states. Here is the sore spot of international politics, which will never be healed over by

² World Resources and Peace. Committee on International Relations on the Berkeley Campus of the University of California. 1941.

denunciation of the have-nots and idealistic defense of the haves (who never meant anybody any harm). Palm gives the keynote for the lectures to follow when he concludes: People must become internationally-minded before they can re-organize the world.

Melvin M. Knight, Robert D. Calkins, and Herbert Priestly find menaces to peace in the present portioning of colonies among the nations, in imperialistic control of colonies, and in the lack of national cooperation in world trade. "Pugnacity, prestige and predacity" have been the fashion in these fields. It's time to begin to regulate them by a super-state League of Nations.

What might that League be? Frederic Paxson warns that any government we plan for the world must fit all the world. Peace cannot be "cut to our pattern." In divvying up the earth's resources, the U. S. may come out poorer than it is now. But the balance will have been struck, and it will not be necessary for a second Axis to strike it.

The professors take no mere academic interest in their topic. The situation is as real to them as it is to the Japanese. This is their own world they are studying, in which they must live. The solutions they have proposed are as practical as any of Baron Kanaka's. Both plans are tremendous. Both chart a new world. But while Kanaka's plan was marked "Japanese only," the men from Berkeley, thinking on an international plane, mapped out a world organization for all people.

—J. C.

Small Town

Kings Row, By Henry Bellaman, 1941

Kings Row is a small mid-western town where this story takes place. It is the story of a boy—a different boy—with high ideals and ambitions, but not much knowledge of the knocks he must encounter in the world of man. Until Drake McHugh, who "knows it all" and more, too, takes him in hand, Paris Mitchell lives a simple, innocent all-too-trustful life. Under the influence of the blasé Mr. McHugh, however, he comes out of his shell and enjoys life. Drake remains his best friend throughout his childhood and even when he goes away for his medical education.

There are a number of interesting characters in the book. The story brings surprises, disappointments, and disillusionments to the reader. Yet, at the same time, it offers no end of entertainment and laughs.

Tragedy, comedy, love, hate, adventure, and mystery all are combined in this book. It's "tops" in current fiction! Watch for it in a coming film!

MARY JANE BURDETTE.

Open Minds Only

Frederick L. Schuman, *International Politics*, Third Edition, McGraw-Hill, New York, 1941.

No teacher of future teachers and no teacher can adequately discharge his or her patriotic and professional duties without a thorough knowledge of those factors which have brought our contemporary international "system" to its present malaise. This knowledge may be obtained by a careful study of the third edition of Professor Schuman's well-known text, International Politics. Although this volume was published in May, 1941, before Hitler's attack on Soviet Russia and Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor, it is nevertheless probably the best available text in its field, and was thoroughly revised for the express purpose of explaining the origins and development of the present world conflict.

The broad scope of this book, the wealth of data contained in it, the colorful style and constructive imagination of the author, and his unusual ability to analyze and explain the trends of international politics, all defy description in a brief review.

In Book I Professor Schuman traces the historical evolution of the modern state system. In Book II he discusses the positive forces operating in favor of world order, such as international law, diplomatic practices, peaceful methods of settling international disputes and efforts toward effective "international government." In Book III the author discusses the contrary negative forces operating for world anarchy: power politics, nationalism, imperialism, poverty and war. This is followed by a brilliant analysis of the conquests and systematic aggressions of Japan, Italy and Germany and the counter-policies and measures taken by France, Great Britain, the Soviet Union and the United States. In Book IV Professor Schuman ponders the future without indulging in either shallow dogmatism or unscientific prophesy. In this section (pp. 694-695) he says:

"There is much reason to believe, however, that no real choice remains between competitive capitalism and a new 'collectivist' social order, or between international anarchy and world union. . . . In all likelihood the choice for the western peoples is not between fashioning a new social structure or not fashioning it. It is between having it in their own way, under their own control and for their own goals, or having it crammed down their throats by the new barbarians within and without. Their choice is probably not between nationalism and internationalism. It is between an internationalism developed and implemented by democrats for liberal purpose, and internationalism imposed by external force in the service of despotism."

One Woman's Family

House for Emily: ELIZABETH REEVES, Farrar and Rinehart, N. Y., 1941.

A House for Emily appeared first under the sketching fingers of John Bacon on a table cloth in a little Italian restaurant. Then the House became the symbol of Emily's marriage to John. It took long to build but it was the life in which she had her being.

At 21 Emily Graham left her home town of Clinton to accept a social service position in a New York Settlement house. That was in October. By spring, Emily, married to John Bacon, started housekeeping in an apartment in Richmond. Although financially unable to build their house in their early years of marriage, John and Emily spent many hours elaborating on the architectural plans. Their favorite walk was to the hill where the house was to be built surrounded by elms. Years passed. Four children were born and grew to adolescence. John worked hard and accumulated money, only to have his savings used for family emergencies. And still the House was not built. It was always in their minds; it was their life goal. But with the realization of this goal, the world for Emily ceased to be. Death took her two most beloved ones-her youngest child, and then her husband. Emily, who once had been so viral to her family's needs and interest, now became a problem to her children. Necessity demanded that she find a new life. New hopes and thrills were born for Emily when she freed herself and thus freed her children.

Elizabeth Reeves has wisely written Emily as an average woman engaged in the all-encompassing duty of wife and mother. The stirring story has been cleverly woven out of the usual everyday happenings. This natural day by day life that affects the personality has been told realistically with sincerity, warmth, and tenderness. A House for Emily may become a house for any and all when the world of change is met with courageous good will.

o o Ruth McCarty.

Stop-That-Rumor Dept.

On behalf of the Administration, we wish to deny absolutely the vicious report that one of the new Freshmen disappeared in the Room Eight locker-labyrinth and hasn't been heard of since. We counted the Freshmen ourselves.

But come to think of it, has anyone counted the upperclassmen?

Things We'd Like to Mail

Dear Mr. Hirohito:

Please come at once and get your cherry trees. While you are here pick up your beetles so they will have something to eat on the way home.

Sincerely,

Claude (Wickard)

To Whom It May Concern:

Please send a carrier pigeon to notify Miss Frances Robison of the exact time you intend to raid us so she may finish her lesson plans before you get here.

Sincerely,

O. C. D.

Dear Mr. Astrin:

You aren't student teaching anymore so dispense with your childish techniques and talk to us like men.

Sincerely,

The Student Body.

Dear Harold (Moser):

Are you afraid of the dark? If not, please see that all lights are out the next time we have an air raid drill. The girls aren't that wolfish. So, keep your equilibrium.

Sincerely,

A. R. P.

Dear John (Lembach):

Do not take the epic printed herein too seriously; it's art in a different form.

Sincerely,

The Miscreants.

Dear Bill Jett:

The student council is getting along fine without you. We don't know why.

Affectionately

We are afraid to say.

Dear Shores and Herndon:

We hear that your interest in the Tower Light is purely confectionery. How do you each rate a box of candy from the same man?

Wonderingly,

Aunt Ada.

Dear Jimmy O'Connor:

Please come up and build a bird house for Helen Louise. She has another science course and wants another A.

Anxiously,

Us.

Dear Miss Barkley:

We hear that you are proficient at the culinary arts.

Could you give the dormitory a few lessons on lunch?

Hungrily,

The Inmates.

TOWER LIGHT

Open Forum

Case for Men Teachers

TO OUR STUDENT BODY:

In the November issue of the Tower Light I wrote an article—signed "A Senior." The purpose of the article was to bring to you some "information" concerning men teaching in the elementary school in Baltimore City. Oddly enough, it wasn't attempted as an expose of the educational system of Baltimore City or as a report of undercover "spies" who had kept tab of the male elementary school teachers. I merely stated a few facts and several more deductions based on my acquaintance of teachers in Baltimore City. I sincerely expected to be snowed under, along with the Tower Light office, by resentful students' replies to my "bold" letter. I wasn't expecting the almost unanimous lack of response by the student body. It was, and still is, almost unbelievable. There was a short reply, however, printed in the December issue—a hasty note gotten together by the Tower LIGHT staff. It wasn't significant enough to merit a reply. But our January issue does come forth with an excellent article which seems to shatter the reliability of the information of my original letter. This should have been the answer of dozens of our students, but no-it was merely the answer of a Tower Light member who felt it his duty to reply to such a letter as mine. That, in brief, has been the story of my adventure into untouched depths imprinted on the pages of our magazine. However, I must write this last chapter as a conclusion to all that has gone before.

The original chapter contained no statistics whatsoever. I felt there was no need for them. The last reply to my letter is chuck full of interesting statistics and accurate ones, I'm certain. They "proved" that many men are promoted to secondary schools or higher positions in less than 10 years. These statistics must, however, be considered invalid as definite proof because (a) I was concerned with the attitudes of our educational leaders toward promotion from the elementary to other schools and the statistics did not indicate treatment on that angle and (b) the numbers themselves did not indicate how many men took a special course offered 10 or 15 years ago in our college which qualified them immediately for secondary school teaching or how many men dropped out of the elementary school system to study for higher courses.

Also as an "argument" against my letter, the Tower

LIGHT member included statistics showing that a larger proportion of men teachers are principals or vice-principals than the women. First of all, my article dealt with the difference in the opportunities of promotion in the counties and in Baltimore. To have given a valid pile of statistics, the writer would have had to get information concerning the promotion of men in the counties. Secondly, if we were taking up the issue as to the chances of promotion-men vs. women-those numbers would mean little. Numbers often are misleading. True, the numbers said that 14.3% of the men teachers are principals or viceprincipals and only 7.9% of the women are. Those numbers are exactly right! BUT if we're comparing men against women we must also find out how many of the women and men used in the figures are capable of the leadership required of principals. Also, how many have the qualification of "experience" to become good principals. This is extremely important because there are many people, men and women, who would never be asked to fill the principal's seat-they simply havn't the extra thing that that office requires. Those people should not be included in a survey. Also, some women enter the teaching profession only to retire very shortly due to marriage. And doubtless, some women hesitate to accept more responsible positions because of their expectancy of wedded bliss. All of these persons help to distort statistics as I have mentioned.

I brought out one other point in my first message which hasn't been referred to. I said that many men were discontent with teaching in the elementary school in Baltimore City. This is a condition that can never be proved except by personal contact. I don't wish to say anything more on this matter except to admit that this is a very serious situation existing not only in Baltimore, not only in elementary schools, but in our entire nation. The ruffled international situation planted the seeds of discontent and our nation at war has caused them to sprout. It isn't possible for our American men to continue their various peace time jobs in the face of forces that would destroy the things they were living for, without many of them volunteering to combat those forces of evil.

That is my last chapter. The book is closed.

Sincerely yours,

February 3, 1942.

HENRY ASTRIN.

Bottleneck

To whom it may concern:

For several years we have had a serious bottleneck in our magazine library that has not been improved. I refer to our picture collection. There is only one person who checks pictures in and out, even when there are as many as fifteen busy student teachers who wish to return two small illustrations or take out twenty-seven assorted pictures. The checker examines each picture, counts rhem, records everyone of them, stamps each picture individually, counts them again, stamps your card, and then discusses with you an appropriate date for returning them. Compare this old-fashioned bottleneck with Enoch Pratt's system. At Pratt you are told to count your own pictures and then the librarian counts them and stamps your envelope for two weeks. That's all! No red tape! No lost time! Can'r our library adopt a similar procedure? We student teachers may not seem to be in a hurry, but we come to the college only once a week and don't relish standing in line for half an hour just because the checker thinks rhar each picture should be given special attention and stamps. Why not try it the Pratt way and if necessary make a ruling so that all pictures be replaced or paid for at the price of 10 cents each?

February 1, 1942.

HOPEFUL ST. T.

Quizzers

To the Editors of the Tower LIGHT:

Why doesn'r State Teachers College support its basketball team? Of the games which have been played here, not one has drawn anything faintly resembling a crowd. In fact, ar the important match between S.T.C. and Catholic University recently held in our auditorium, there weren't enough home team rooters to cheer effectively. Why—the big advantage of home games is that a team can have their gang there to cheer them on!

The games are advertised well enough. The team always comes through with an exciting, colorful performance. It's the students who just are't concerned whether S.T.C lands at the head or the foor of the Conference. Far be it from me to preach "school spirit," but our team needs and deserves our support. Why not give them a break; fill up that empty auditorium for a change? February 4, 1942.

Freshman.

To the Editors of the Tower LIGHT:

What ever happened to that noble idea of giving a dance for the Service men? Many students were in favor of it—several of the faculty were enthusiastic. The arguments against it were none too convincing (i.e., "We can't ask the Administration to take the responsibility for such a dance.") In short, it was a plan which, while a little revolutionary, should have stood a good chance of materializing. Just where in the executive assembly-line was it sabotaged?

February 4, 1942.

-N. C. G.

So What?

Even after a former plea to Johnnie Horst to make himself known to the Freshmen girls, I still hear strains of "Oh, Please Be Kind."

She's blonde, she's short, she's small, she's . . . well, ask Bark Spellman. (They may be found most any afternoon in Richmond Hall parlor. Cough before you enter.)

We wonder what a Paul Jones means ro Mary Jane and Dick. Is it all that bad?

What would Mussolini and Chiang Kai Chek do if they heard that "inruistic" Sophomore, Anna Pruess, declare, politically speaking, that Italy and China were not world powers!

Wirh Marion Forbes claiming the Navy and Jean Wright, the Army, what's left for F.D.R.?

A new slant on an open letter that appeared in the Tower Light for 1937:

1. To Mr. Moser:

How about coming to the dances sometime—as a chaperon. See Dr. Foster Dowell for your "Duties." He knows!

2. To Mrs. Brouwer:

How do you keep your sense of humor in deepest anxiety? (ex.: the student teacher, who while juggling your exquisire china between her two hands, blithely asked, "Does this belong to you? I borrowed it so long ago I forgot where it came from.") Glory be!

A treasure: A moving picture of one of Dr. Walther's geography classes.

A riot: Follow the leader in Mr. Moser's math class.

A blessing: An unabridged Webster memorized—for Miss Bader's classes.

A puzzle: Mr. Crook's room at the end of the term.

"It Can't Happen Here"—the Sophomore's optimisim for February 20th. Ler's stick by them.

The Rural Club presents "Mr. Moser will talk on the Appalachian Trail." We wonder.

To be shor at sunrise—Frances Shores—for teasing us about the Date Bureau idea.

Marvel ar Johns Hopkins. That's education!

Bill Ackley invades a Harem! Evidently, he thinks he will like the talks "between us girls" as a certain English pedagogue ar S. T. C. blandly put it. But there's more to ir than that, ask Bill. Then roo, word has come that Toodles is dreaming again. But that's the life of the dorm.

So what!

All That Glitters

Tonight's the night of that play you wanted to see. You phone for reservations. You visit the box office. No luck—the house is all sold out. You decide it's your own fault for not attending to such matters in advance. Next time. . . .

Next time we hope you'll be rewarded for your efforts. This column is to be devoted to advance notices of plays, operas, operatas, concerts, and exhibitions which will be shown in Baltimore's theaters and music halls. This city is extremely fortunate. Because of custom and its strategic position, Baltimore is used as a preview center for many of the plays that are to be featured on Broadway for the season. There are many opportunities for pleasure-minded folk to taste of the fruits of the drama; of which herewith we publish a calendar.

The Lyric Theater as usual carries a full winter schedule. On February 3 there will be a concert by the National Symphony under the direction of Hans Kindler. The soloist will be Helen Traubel, American Wagnerian soprano. On Saturday morning, February 7, the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra will present a children's concert. Howard Barlow will be the conductor. The adult concert will be held Sunday evening, February 8. February 13 is an important date. Lawrence Tibbett, great American barytone, will appear here in the role of concert singer. February 17 sees a reappearance of the National Symphony Orchestra under Hans Kindler and the soloist featured will be Rudolf Serkin, pianist. Another children's concert by Howard Barlow will be given Saturday morning, February 21. Sunday evening the adult concert will be held. The Littlefield Ballet has been postponed until sometime in March. Anyone who was fortunate enough to attend the performance of the American Ballet should keep the former in mind. The Metropolitan Opera Company will be here on March 16, 17, and 18. The only opera that is definitely on schedule so far is Mozart's "The Magic Flute" which enjoyed a popular revival in New York this season.

Ford's has an entertaining schedule in sight. During the week beginning February 9 will be presented Patrick Hamilton's "Angel Street" with Sylvia Sidney, Victor Jory and Ernest Cossart. This promises to be a major dramatic event, so don't miss it if you have an opportunity to attend the performance. The very popular play, "My Sister Eileen," will be here during the week of February 23. Although Sunday is Washington's birthday the management will celebrate the date with a Monday matinee. Maurice Evans, great Shakespearian actor of our day, will be at Ford's on March 16.

At the Hopkins Playshop, located on the campus of

Where Shall We Go?

February 20-26—Play: Anna Christie, by Eugene O'Neill. Baltimore Museum of Art.

This production is to be currently shown with the unique exhibition, "Scenery for Cinema" being planned for display in the Museum Galleries in February. It will be interesting to compare the original stage version, starring Greta Garbo, which will be shown daily in the Museum at that time.

March 8—University of Maryland's Men's Glee Club and Women's Chorus. Club House Auditorium of the Maryland Casualty Building.

March 12—Lecture: "Music as an Experience" by Emma A. Sutherland.

March 12—Recital: Joseph Schuster, Violincellist, 8:30 P. M., North Hall, Peabody Conservatory of Music.

Admission free.

March 13—Lecture: "Backstage in Opera" by Dr.
Ernest Lert, 8:30 P. M., North
Hall, Peabody Conservatory of
Music.
Admission free.

the Johns Hopkins University, the theater group under the direction of Dr. N. Bryllion Fagin will present John Webster's "The Dutchess of Malfi" during the entire week of February 17. This play is an Elizabethan horror play and has not been produced before. The production of this work by Dr. Fagin's talented group should prove to be a dramatic and interesting event. (The cast experience it.)

The Vagabond Theater has two plays ready for the near future. Its February production was "George Washington Slept Here," a gay comedy that enjoyed great popularity on Broadway. Slated for March is "Lady Precious Stream," a Chinese play. The fact that it will be produced in the original Chinese sryle is an innovation in itself.

The Baltimore Art Museum has a fine program for March. Beginning March 1, an exhibit of Scenery for the Cinema will be held. From March 12 to April 12 will be held the tenth annual Maryland Artist's Exhibition.

You have the schedule—you have read the daily newspapers—what are you waiting for? This way to the Box Office. . . . curtain time. . . .

WHAT'S WRONG WITH US?

Whether because Uncle Sam has claimed so many of our eligibles escorts, or because dances are scheduled too close together for a majority of the students to attend them, all the dances at State Teachers this year have only been moderately successful. It is not that they aren't as pleasant and well-planned as any in previous years. The music and decorations at most of them have been better-than-average. For instance, some of this year's offerings have been:

The Senior Dance, given on October 10, which featured Tommy Dorsey's orchestra.

The Varsity Club Hop, October 31, a highspot for everyone who attended because of the ghostly Halloween decorations.

Charlie Gibney's tunes at the Dorm Dance in November. The Hawaiian atmosphere was complete with glittering stars and a flirtatious Hula dancer in the balcony.

The Junior Dance on December 12, where the Christmas spirit prevailed, from the candy-cane arches at the entrance to the snowy trees decorated with gay packages, The Courtiers furnished the music, and a spot-dance and a balloon contest with prizes were highlights.

The Tower Light Dance, January 16, also with the Courtiers.

The Student Council Dance in January 30, inauguarating a new policy by presenting the first informal dance of the year on January 30—a tendency toward simplicity prompted by the national emergency and the tire shortage. Decorations carried out the patriotic theme—red, white and blue V's were everywhere.

WHY?

All these dances have been well worth attending. Yet, "They didn't have the crowd." We think it would be a good idea to get to the bottom of the problem, since there is no denying that school dances are an important part of the college social life, a part that no student wants to miss.

Some students tell us that they would support the dances at school if they were informal. The trend seems to be in that direction. Maybe we can hope for more definitely successful dances this spring. Meanwhile:

JOT THESE DOWN!

Important occasions to come are the Sophomore Dance (February 20), the Men's Revue and Dance (March 20), and the Freshman Dance on April 17. Let's support them all we can!

-MARY JANE BURDETTE.

TANSIL'S CHICKS

The over-worked slogan "Something new has been added" is now appropos for S.T.C. Call them "Tansil's Chicks" or refer to them more formally as Freshman 6, there are still eleven (attractive) new (young) feminine members of the college. These new students represent Forest Park, Patterson Park, Eastern and Western High Schools, but—they haven't been graduated yet! Yes, they have still another week before commencements.

All agree that it is "different from high school," but they enjoy their freedom immensely. They think the halls "gloomy" but the people "friendly." They wish there were more fountains, and that people would give real answers to their questions instead of vague mutterings." Then, too, they wish that they were really a group apart instead of taking classes with students who have already had eighteen weeks in the college. However, they are sure that with Miss Tansil's guidance, they will be able to keep up.

The accelerated program seems unusual but not bad really. Besides, they had no choice. Most of them were coming anyway since they were vitally interested in teaching because of the Sunday School and coaching experiences.

Their college experiences have been somewhat limited. These youngsters have walked to Dunkirk, and are interested in the Glee Club and Book Shop. But they had never seen the magazine room or the Glen (this last possibly due to the weather), and they didn't know where the girls' rest rooms were. They had heard there were rooms with chairs in them but they didn't believe it! One last experience—since "forewarned is forearmed"—they bring their own lunches. They don't want to live "healthily."

Our new members follow the campus fashions when they wear anklets, saddles, and drizzly hair. But they veer off on their own when they don't wear nail polish.

0 0 0

WINTER NIGHT

Night is calm and chill. Winter wind is still. Brittle, biting air; Branches black and bare; Sky, a starry maze, Greets my upward gaze.

-VIRGINIA DORSEY.

College News

COLLEGE CIVILIAN DEFENSE UNITS BEGAN NEW activities the week of February 3rd. The recently-formed Morale, Information, Police and Rescue, and Messenger squads began training in First Aid. Wardens, Firespotters and Bomb Squad workers continue in their respective fields, however. The returning student teachers had a few bad moments finding their way to classes—some of the rest of us were bewildered by the change in schedule—but generally the defense set-up is working smoothly and efficiently.

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DELEGATE TO THE FOURTEENTH BIENNIAL convention of Kappa Delta Pi will be Dot Shinham, of the Senior Class. The Convention is held in San Francisco from February 23 to February 25. Chief business will be the revision of the association's Constitution.

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ALSO SEEING A NEW CHUNK OF THE AMERICAN scene, Jeannette Jones and Betry White will visit two colleges as representatives of State Teachers. This is part of the new Exchange Student plan of the Eastern States Association, which sponsors the New York Trip. Miss Jones and Miss White will be sent by the Student Council for a week before the Trip to study at first hand another college which is a member of the Association; that college will send one of its students to live at our school for the same week. The purpose being, of course, comparison of ideas, curricula, etc., and a clearer picture of what constitutes good education in America.

Clubs

THERE ARE SO MANY GROUNDLESS RUMORS floating around about our defense that it is very hard to pick out the sober truth. For example, what do you know about Alaska as our Arctic fortress? Even if you know quite a bit it is not very likely to be first hand information.

But first-hand information is just what Father Hubbard is going to offer you on Tuesday evening, February 17. His topic is "Alaska, Our Arctic Fortress," and the proceeds are going for the relief of British children. Here's a wonderful chance to satisfy your desire to know just what is happening and at the same time to do your part in furthering our cause.

THE LITTLE THEATRE GUILD GIVES PROMISE OF out-stripping all past performances (perhaps even the Faculty Follies!) with Our Town, Friday, March the 6th. Starring as the narrator will be Mr. Branford Millar. The rest of the cast is made up of students and faculty—Mr. Crook, Dr. Foster Dowell, Henry Astrin, Geraldine Hughes, Miriam Goldstein, Dotty Kapp, Pete Galley and Morton Weiner have leads. Every admission fee helps to swell the college Red Cross Fund.

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KAPPA DELTA PI WILL MERGE ITS USUAL monthly meeting for February with the Young America Wants to Help Group; both groups will sponsor a lecture on Alaska by Father Hubbard.

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THE NATURAL HISTORY GROUP HAD AN OLD-fashioned ice-skating party at Lake Roland on January 10th. No casualties (we hear the ice was eight inches thick!) but a certain slipperiness was reported by some members.

Assemblies

WHAT IS LIFE LIKE IN THE NAZI-CONQUERED countries? was the question Mr. Miller answered in the Faculty News Committee assembly of January 20. After a short review of the week's war developments, he discussed the physical hardships and mental oppression of the subjugated peoples, who, evidence shows, have not resigned themselves to the New Order. Their spirit is praiseworthy but a little postponed, he observed. Our nation, while it is still a nation, must turn all its efforts to fighting Hitler. The time has come to give up some of the unessentials on which we spend time and energy.

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MR. MOSER, ON JANUARY 13, SUMMARIZED THE action in the war theatres that week. We notice more and more the value of these News Committee Assemblies, which make the war graphic with maps and charts, and literally compel students to know what is going on. The faculty can be proud of their contribution to the general State Teachers intelligence—but we look forward to coming assemblies when students will take over this service.

0 0 0

DR. WALTHER WOUND UP THE SERIES OF faculty news talks on February 10 with a clearly-put, careful analysis of the war's progress in the Far East, the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. Characteristically, he ended his comments with a slogan for knitters—"Remember, Purl Harder!"

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Some of Them

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— and be sure to take it from authorities on the subject of style and value. That means, of course

HUTZLER BROTHERS @

Senior Impressions

THINGS I LIKE

Dr. Crabtree's shoes.

Margaret Carter's poems.

Mr. Millar's voice.

Elective courses.

Friday afternoon.

The girls who have gotten their E.O.M. degrees (Exold-maid).

Mr. Lembach's little black smock.

Bowling for gym.

Mrs. Stapleton's reading of Keats.

Variation of theme in Mr. Walter's courses (I knew him when . . .).

The organization of Miss Knipp's courses.

Shores' remarks in house-meetings.

THINGS I LIKE—TO DO WITHOUT

Fifty per cent of the dames in the Senior English Elective.

The Tower clock striking seven.

The "receiving line" at dances.

Candy wrappers in the "fire-fighters" sand buckets.

Grabbing seats for a new course.

Individual voice tests.

Student teachers' incessant stories of little Billy.

Four o'clock classes.

Dr. F. Dowell's history questions.

Long cotton stockings on legs that don't belong to Dietrich.

Ants in the dorm.

Stew in any form.

PLEASE
PATRONIZE
OUR
ADVERTISERS

SPORTS

Cagers in Action

The night, January 23rd. The scene, State Teachers College. The action, a "heartbreaker." No, Casey has not struck out. The basketball squad has just had a victory dusted off and put into someone else's pocket. In the last half of an action-packed thrilling game, Gallaudet has battled its way to a 42-37 decision over Towson.

We said that this Teachers club was good, and even in defeat, the statement holds good. Against a big, seasoned team, the men came through with some tough resistance. With only a few reserves, they started out under a handicap. Against a strong squad like Gallaudet's, reserve power is essential to "hold that line" for forty grueling minutes of basketball. To prove that State Teachers College was hard pressed, two men played the entire forty minutes. And that is no light assignment.

Even so, Towson led at half time. Its defense was good. Teamwork was clicking. In the second half, Gallaudet pulled ahead and carried off the ball game—but they weren't sure until the last gun sounded.

Bob Cox, former All-Maryland man, witnessed the match and said this year's S. T. C. team is one of the best he has seen. We think that the teams Towson has played and will play will back him up on that.

Looking at the schedule, we see that Towson has four more games. Strong Catholic University is the first and most formidable. Westminster, Hopkins and Blue Ridge finish the program. See these games if you're interested in hard-fought, fast, fine playing (and maybe in a Towson victory).

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23 ALLEGHENY AVE. TOWSON, MD.
IMPORTED and DOMESTIC YARNS
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Spring Program

The busy basketball players of S.T.C. are recuperating after a strenuous season. We girls worked hard this year, and it wasn't our fault that our opponents could walk off the floor without the support of a stretcher (carried by two drivers). However, the practices were really very good, and we discovered that we really have some pep left (the accelerated program had not started then).

There will soon be another chance to sign up for the next electives, so come out for a lot of fun. Anyone may come, and everyone needs the exercise. Keep fit! Everybody's doing it!

Have you forgotten that the Student Council has a lot of badminton equipment just wairing for you to try out? You may sign up for a court and have the equipment during any of your free periods or after school. Get your practice early before the spring rush begins.

All the girls of the college will show you their many abilities on Girls' Demonstration Night—Thursday, March the 12th. The feminine sex is putting its all into the preparations for this night. Competition runs high, excitement runs your blood pressure up, and noise runs all timid souls home. The girls of each class do stunts which have been told to everybody else in the urmost secrecy weeks ahead of time. Then different groups compete in games and dances. After heared discussion among the judges (each year it is harder than the last to decide), the winning class is announced. As soon as the winners have all their hair pulled out, class songs and Alma Mater are sung. Girls' Demonstration is something you don't want to miss.

Compliments of . . .

TOWSON THEATER

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PLATE INVENTORY

Best Record Buys:

Since the war there has been quite an inflation of parriotic numbers. Some are good. Sammye Kaye's "Remember Peal Harbor" is a marching inspiration and you'll remember! On the other side is a melancholy "Dear Mom"—of the brotherly-love type. "He's 1-A In The Army" is most popularly done with "Having a Lonely Time" by the 4 King Sisters. Neat except for a yodel of about two measures; Charlie Robison's "The Dirty Little Japs" is funny—need more be said? An old number "We're All Americans" is being dusted off by Dick Todd and Kate Smith. Oh yes, and while I'm thinking of this kind, there is a fairly good one—"We Did It Before And We'll Do It Again." I heard it recorded by a choir of men, but whose?

Plenty Potent

"Blues In The Night"—What is it? The song? The words? The tune? The singer? Glenn Miller's is the smoothest. Artie Shaw and Charlie Barnett try to sweeten it up with a come hither arrangement. Bea Wain's is almost a "Deep Purple."

T. D.'s "This Love of Mine" is tops—A-1, 1-A, 4.0, everything. But then could we be partial to Frank Sinatra? "Embraceable You" is worth trying with either Jimmy or Tommy.

"The White Cliffs of Dover" is smooth. Whose is the best?

"Why Don't We Do This More Often" is almost worn out. Freddy Martin's especially.

Listen for:

I Think of You
Jealous—Andrew Sisters
Moonlight Cocktails—G. M.
A String of Pearls—G. M.
Autumn Nocturn

Predictable Populars

Angels of Mercy We'll Meet Again Now and Forever

That is all for this time. Which ones do you like? Drop me a line and a record and I'll wiggle my toes, tune-up my ears and swing it out.

P. S. Just heard Bea Wain's "Kiss the Boys Goodbye." It sounded like a super suggestion, so I am off.

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REGISTRAR'S OFFICE

HOW TO KILL THE TOWER LIGHT

Lesson No. 1. If you are on the staff don't come to the meetings. If you feel you must come, come late.

Lesson No. 2. If you should happen to attend a meering, disagree and find fault with all suggestions. Offer none of your own and avoid being criticized non-belligerently.

Lesson No. 3. Never, never, never accept any responsibility as it is much easier to condemn than to do the work yourself. However, you must get sore if you aren't asked for work because people might forger you have latent possibilities. This is bad. You might develop an inferiority complex.

Lesson No. 4. If approached by a reporter and asked for your opinion on the accelerated program, year book plans, healthy living, knee length socks, etc., say, "I have none." After this has been published swear you were misquoted and tell everyone what you think.

Lesson No. 5. When the same people continually, willingly, unselfishly give of their time and talents to help make the Tower Light a success, growl that said T. L. is published by an unapproachable clique that won't accept your kind of stuff.

Lesson No. 6. If the publication does not call attention to the unpleasant habits of other students, say that nothing will ever be done because even studenr-run organizations are behind the times. If it should step on your toes, call it biased.

Lesson No. 7. If a merchant should ask you about advertising in the Tower Light try to discourage him. Tell him nobody reads the Tower Light. Tell him we don't want ads. Tell him anything. But don't take his ad!

Lesson No. 8. At this point resolve to be supernice to the Staff. Show no partiality because the event is T. L. sponsored—make the date your red-letter evening to stay at home—doing your nails, chewing bubble gum and reading illiterate literature. It's the T. L. dance!

Lesson No. 9. If you notice any improvements like nonglare paper or a new cover or something don't coment on it. This will make the staff less sure of itself and help to break down its morale. During the present situation it is especially helpful to break down morale.

Lesson No. 10. Never show an outsider a copy of the Tower Light. To do so might arouse interest in the school; and this might increase enrollment; and this would increase the graduates; and this in turn would lower your chance for social security.

What's That Again?

Then there was the man who said that children today are being spoiled by this new-fangled Digressive Education.

Alumni Dates and Data

Wedding bells are ringing for:

Ruth Benjamin and Bernard Siegal.

Virginia Clark Burgan and Ensign Douglas Frank Gutzman, U.S.N.R.

Elizabeth Anne Wells and Lieut. De Lancy Rochester Ober.

Shirley Silver and Sidney Cohen.

Shirley Flegman and Morris Carliner.

Mildred Lambert and Norman Tweed.

Magadelene Spear and Theodore Woronka.

Frances Jones and Victor Morgenroth.

Shirley Greenberg to Samuel Miller.

Mildred Snyder to William Stansbury.

Wedding bells will soon ring. The following engagements have been announced.

Cornelia Haile Galbreath to Ralph Wiley Sloan.

Mary Lula Brashears to Charles A. Howard.

Gwendolyn Sadler to Lieutenant John H. Partridge, U.S.M.C.

Patricia Callahan to William Walsch, U.S.A.

FLASH!

The Tower Light will not be affected by

PAPER SHORTAGE:

- —It will still have 24 pages
- —And student contributions will still be accepted to help fill them.

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9

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THE TOWER LIGHT





WHAT! A girl training men to fly for Uncle Sam?

THE name is Lennox—Peggy Lennox. She's blonde. She's pretty. She may not look the part of a trainer of fighting men, but— She is one of the few women pilots qualified to give instruction in the CAA flight training program. And the records at Randolph and Pensacola of the men who learned to fly from Peggy show she's doing a man-sized job of it. She's turned out pilots for the Army . . . for the Navy. Peggy is loyal to both arms of the service. Her only favorite is the favorite in every branch of the service—Camel cigarettes. She says: "It's always Camels with me—they're milder."



Don't let those eyes and that smile fool you. When this young lady starts talking airplanes—and what it takes to fly 'em—brother, you'd listen, too... just like these students above.

PEGGY LENNOX SAYS:

"THIS IS THE CIGARETTE FOR ME.

EXTRA MILD_

AND THERE'S
SOMETHING SO
CHEERING ABOUT
CAMEL'S
GRAND

FLAVOR"



She may call you by your first name now and then, but when she calls you up for that final "check flight," you'd better know your loops inside and out. It's strictly regulation with her.



Yes, and with Instructor Peggy Lennox, it's strictly Camels, too. "Mildness is a rule with me," she explains. "That means slower-burning Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke."

• "Extra mild," says Peggy Lennox.
"Less nicotine in the smoke," adds the student, as they talk it over — over Camels in the pilot room above.

Yes, there is less nicotine in the smoke of slower-burning Camels . . . extra mildness...but that alone doesn't

tell you why, with smokers in the service . . . in private life, as well . . . Camels are preferred.

No, there's something else...something *more*. Call it flavor, call it pleasure, call it what you will, you'll find it only in Camels. You'll *like* it!

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Divided We Fall

WE ARE a group of average people working together here at S. T. C., and as such, perhaps we are typical of many more such groups all over our country. If we are typical, then God help our country. Why? Because we are collectively nothing more than sniveling, apathetic, moral cowards.

Our country is at war. So what? That is the attitude of at least four-fifths of this college. What more convincing proof than the result of the Red Cross drive here? It's George's war, our attitude says. Must we wait to be wakened from our lethargy by a direct experience with the horrors of war? Do we have to see with our own eyes the body of someone close to us torn limb from limb? Is it necessary to feel with our hands and see with our own eyes, as did Thomas, to be convinced there is a war?

Start a discussion of the problems of the May Court and a heated cross-floor argument is provoked, as was evidenced at a recent student council meeting. But how much discussion was brought on by Mr. Astrin's statement of our Red Cross failure? None whatsoever!

Towson has good reason to be thoroughly ashamed of the placid blindness of its present student body.

THE TOWER LIGHT is a monthly publication of and by the students at the State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland.

Enrollment Committee

7E SEE by the proof-sheets of this issue that the faculty has formed a committee to sell the idea of a teaching career to high school seniors, and so stimulate enrollment next year. Many students cannot see the reason for this fuss about enrollment. They tell us the future is too uncertain to warrant preparation for such a long-term career as teaching. Moreover, they say, young people want to do real work in the national emergency, and it is foolish and downright unpatriotic to divert them from essential defense jobs to the far less urgent task of school teaching.

Such evaluations are to be expected today, of course. Not long ago, the teacher was considered the mainstay of our democratic way of life . . . the "hope of the future." He stood between us and our most formidable enemy, the dictators' wheedling ideologies. Now that we are dealing with a more forthright expression of the dictators' purposes, it is natural for us to think of a Bataan marine or a Bendix toolwelder as the "hope of the future." These are the boys who are turning out the goods in concrete form.

Abstract attitudes, on the other hand, are the concern of the teacher. But attitudes are important. The people who deny it should look at the educational methods of the Nazi states, where are built up the most powerful attitudes on earth today. Don't think we can defeat the Nazis with arms along. Real victory, in wat as in peace, is possible only if our purposes, our attitudes, are as clear and strong as theirs.

Teaching is not a non-essential profession that can be dropped in wattime. Teaching is a job that will always have to be done, and done well. It isn't the most exciting job—or the easiest—or the best paid. Nevertheless, if the American people are to keep their foothold on the ladder of civilized living the supply of well-trained teachers must be maintained. It is the teachers colleges' duty to see that it is.

Blackout - 1942

BLACKOUT! One by one the lights of the town blinked out, on roads, in stores, in homes—everywhere. It gave me a queer stir inside to see so many lights go out all together so early in the evening. I soon tealized, however, that somehow or other this blackout was not quite what I had imagined it would be—all deep, dismal dark everywhere. The countryside actually seemed to take on a new beauty as the lights vanished. So many things took on unexpected loveliness, loveliness which goes unnoticed when there are lights to attract the attention. The oak tree by my window made a gray outline against the sky. The rolling fields seemed to be suspended in a gray-gold mist. Near the stream a grove of trees stood gracefully, sedate and immovable. I had not thought that it would be like this; the world was not changed to a world of absolute darkness. Here was Nature's own great light, the moon, shining after the man-made lights had ceased to glow. Everywhere it was softening and blending forms in the landscape into an harmonious whole. The moon had been there all the time, but my light-dazzled eyes had failed to appreciate it. Bright lights have so long fascinated our eyes that they are often blind to the truet, more enduring beauty —(Continued on page 24) of Nature.

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TOWER LIGHT



THE TOWER LIGHT HAS DECIDED THAT ITS BEST bets on new advertisers are preachers and jewelry stores which specialize in wedding bands. The seniors are taking the initiative in the new enterprise. The latest refugees are Marjorie Linkous, Iona Claytor, and Mindelle Kann. (The two senior editors of the Tower Light are ever hopeful.)

0 0 0

A FIVE-POUND BAG OF SUGAR TO BRANDFORD P. along with one retreaded tire for his "Oscar-ish" performance in the local rendition of "Our Town."

0 0 0

IN A CENTURY OR SO FROM NOW ONE CAN expect to see the progressive educators using the "new" John Edward Koontz, Jr., Speller for Intermediate Grades. We hear that the T. L.'s former red-headed business manager and woman charmer did a Franklin P. Adams on a radio spelling bee while representing the guardians of Davy Jones' locker. We are still wondering how his team won.

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THE TOWER LIGHT WISHES TO MAKE A RETRACtion concerning Compton Crook's cow catcher. It has been noted that the dangling edges are trimmed.

0 0 0

FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES OF FUN, ASK ADA LEVINE to "do Pell" for you. And if you suddenly hear Seniors 1 and 2 lapse into a foreign language sounding like "Ee don' have no philosophy book—Ee couldn't unnerstan it if Ee saw one," don't worry; they're just tuning up on Miss Levine's dialect.

0 0 0

THE WILDEST TWO HOURS OF THE WHOLE WEEK are from 2 to 4 on Mondays when the Juniors come back

and hash over student teaching. Bilateral lingual flaps go so fast and furiously that the innocent bystander is in danger of wind burn. We wonder whose ears are blushing.

0 0 0

TRENTON CAME TO TOWSON THIS WEEK IN THE form of two fair ladies from the State Teachers College there. The names of the fair ladies are Nancy Stuart and Betty Polhemus. Both of them are seniors. Before their arrival the student body was reminded by Mr. Astrin to be on our good behavior. We hope we get an A in deportment.

0 0 0

THE OFFICE OF THIS VENERABLE PUBLICATION is becoming known as the refuge of reprobates. We have heard by word of mouth that those who gather within its walls have settled most of the world's major problems and mapped out the spring offensive on both fronts. When asked why a supper club wasn't started, they (mostly profligate seniors) said they wouldn't want to ruin any soul's appetite.

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THE FIRST FLOCK OF JUNIORS WHO WENT student teaching are about to return and we shall warmly welcome their merry mugs. May we wish those who are coming after all that is required.

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MRS. PAULINE D. SMITH HAS TAKEN OVER MR. Lembach's work. Mrs. Smith has taught here before so she took over like a veteran. Mrs. Smith is reputed to be an ace at decorations so with the not too remote senior prom she had better hibernate.

0 0 0

VOGUE IS CURRENTLY FEATURING THE PEG TOP shirt as being the latest thing in style, destined to win the old-fashioned hearts of old-fashioned soldiers. Personally, we think they look as if they were designed between shots of quinine and arsenic, by a fugitive from a strait-jacket. But, to the bolder and more courageous of our females, more power to you and happy pegging.

0 0 0

CURRENT SPECULATION AS TO THE CHOICE FOR May king is hitting a fevered pitch. We have looked over the relics and find the choice limited to Bill Ackley and somebody else. Whaddya think?

Deliberations On Compensations

According to a research bulletin¹ of the National Education Association entitled Salaries of School Employees, salaries of teachers should be in proportion to the size of the city. The median salary of elementary school classroom teachers in city groups of 100,000 persons and over is given as \$2,217 a year. Yet, in Baltimore, a city of almost a million people, and a city which requires a bachelor's degree of its teachers, the average elementary schoolteacher's salary is from \$1200 to \$1350 a year. Appalling as this comparison would be under normal conditions, it is almost unbelievable that it could exist at present with the standard of living so appreciably increased.

From the standpoint of efficiency of the school, the teachers are by far the most important single factor determining the success of the school. The salary paid them must be adequate: (1) to meet the cost of comfortable and decent living in the particular community at the particular time; (2) to insure faithful, well-prepared, poised, contented, enthusiastic teachers free from fear of economic calamity; (3) to permit them to engage in cultural and intellectual pursuits; (4) to attract to and hold in the system capable, efficient, and well-educated persons.

Men teachers, of course, face the most acute salary problem. The large majority of teachers includes unmarried women that can maintain themselves in comfort at a relatively lower salary than that required for a man and his family. "Theoretically there is no reason why workers of the two sexes who have had the same training and experience and ate doing the same work should not receive equal pay; but men, who normally assume family responsibilities, require larger salaries. If they cannot obtain adequate salaries in teaching, they are likely to choose other occupations, leaving only the least efficient men in the profession." I heartily believe in equal pay legislation, but it must certainly be accompanied by a system of family allowances.

Then again, there must be more careful regulation of the number of students entering teacher training institutions so that at all times the supply will slightly exceed the demand. When the supply of trained and qualified teachers is above the demand, vacancies should be filled by the more experienced and better-educated of the applicants. The taxpayers want the best for their children. It is not these people we have to enlighten—it is the Baltimore Public School System, that has been able to hornswoggle its faithful teachers with talk and more talk of "non-material compensation." That's all right as far as it goes; but with so many attractive and substantial positions in other fields, the little red schoolhouse cannot much longer continue to stand on little green salaries.

—John McCauley.

On Electives

At long last, my friends, our beloved alma mater emerges as a true college, functioning in all its status quo and what have you. To substantiate this statement, we wish to refer you specifically to the senior electives. Of course, there are those who may be inclined to quibble over the use of the word "elective." Some naïve people believe electives are courses students may choose to take or not to take as their whimsical fancy chooses. We seniors know this view to be archaic. To us, an elective is a course we select, with slight administrative pressure, from a wide range of three offered us. The system is comparable to offering a man condemned to die whether he prefers death by hanging, drowning, or shooting. Anyway you look at it, he's a goner. Of course, the subjects offered are all so extremely appealing that we are not dismayed by the small field of choice.

Since we have heard disparaging remarks re the triad of art, gym, and music, let us consider what each has to offer us. We have been told, on good authority, we can always find good points in everything. First, the music elective. Towson at last offers "advanced" music. Who can deny the cultural advantage such a course offers as arrayed against a course with the child as the pivot of discussion? Need more be said? Next, the art elective. Here we have "advanced" art, or, as one instructor labels it-BIG art. "Big" art, for the information of the laic element of the college, is work one does, for some reason, with the hands, on some one big project for an extended period of a term or two. Again, you needn't worry about the boresome child. You are learning to do "big" art yourself. Who knows but that our inmates may receive B.A.'s within a few years instead of the lowly B.S., with the cultural proponents we have? Ah, but then enters the subversive element of the gym elective which presumes, mind you, to use its catalogue name as the theme of the subject matter of the course. No more need to be said for this.

To any underclassmen who have reached this point in their reading, the moral of our tale is: don't be fooled

¹ Research Bulletin, Vol. 17, No. 2, March 1939. Washington, D. C. ² Mort and Reusser, *Public School Finance*, McGraw Hill Co., New York. 1941.

by the names of the elective courses offered, or should we say thrust upon, you next year. They are merely misnomers.

The Pen That Riles The World

WE MAY classify all living things as being either beast, bird, or author. The first two have something on the last, however, for they are human; while most often, an author is a cross between a misanthrope, a starving wolf-hound, and an opium dealer. Nevertheless, I am not condemning authors, but merely presenting an unabridged opinion of that class of people partial to the ink bottle, the feather pen, and the fiction farce.

Away back thar in the dim past, when a man was a man and women still sat on streetcars, a book consisted of a sweet damsel in sore straits, boned corsets and tearful eye; of a hero who possessed a heart, a watch and a conscience of Ft. Knox eagles; and of a villain who got his just deserts in the final chapter. All were definitely one type or another; if you read in the first sentence that Bettina was a sweet young filly, you were reasonably sure that when you finished the tale, there wouldn't be one tiny spot or smudge on Bettina's soul. Steady also were the heroes: they were sure to confess their passion for hard candy on page 23, defy the villain on page 57, and rescue the heroine on page 98, while the sun went down in the distance with a thud, and the American eagle screamed from every rooftop. Stability-that's what it was.

But now a book isn't a book unless a few of the leopards change spots in the midst of the tale. Just as sure as you have your heroine settled in a cozy home with the coat of arms hanging up over the hall table, the author ups and produces the fact that her cousin Timothy has two wooden legs and a counterfeiting machine, that her long lost brother clubbed a blind man to pieces on 33rd Street, and that the golden ringlets on her noggin are directly traceable to a Marchand package. Or, after slaving for 947 pages to convince you of the super-charged lowness of Jimmy the Flip's character, the unpredictable writer will suddenly flaunt before your optics the situation in which Jimmy t. F. saves an orphanage from a a bottle of castor oil at the risk of his own discomfort.

Authors nowadays are entirely unpredictable. They use every base scheme possible to confuse you about the worth of their characters, and then leave you abruptly to worry for days as to whether Maybelline was really

a leper turned stripteaser, or merely a charming hostess whose only vice was collecting Hobnail glassware. You can't depend on them for a complete ending; you can't depend on their brain kiddies to finish up with even the same names they started out wirh; rhe only thing you can count on is that somewhere, somehow the writer will confuse you horribly. The only difference I can see between some authors and the residents of Alcatraz or Devil's Island, is that the crimes of the latter group are happily recognized by the authorities.

BLACKOUT

So dark the night; the moon but palely shone; An air of hushed expectancy prevailed, While all reviewed the rules that must not fail— Don't smoke, don't light a cigarette, don't phone.

Then one by one the lights went out and dark Encompassed all the town, as streets grew bare. There was a certain mystery in the air That overshadowed realism stark.

They say that there was beauty in the night. I would not know, in truth I saw it not. A flame inside my mind was burning hot. An unkind fate obliterated sight.

You wonder why I rant and why I rave?
Or why I waste the paper I should save?
Then think upon the blow dealt ME by fate—
A BLACKOUT AND NO DATE!

College Calendar

March 20-Men's Revue and Dance.

March 26—Student Representatives leave for New York trip.

April 2—Easter Recess begins at 1:00 p. m.

End of the first half of the second semester.

April 6—Classes resumed.

April 17—Freshman Dance.

Lida Lee Tall

BY M. THERESA WIEDEFELD

A CHAPTER in Maryland's educational history ended on February 21 with the death of Dr. Lida Lee Tall. It began in 1891 when, after graduating from the Western High School in Baltimore, she started her work as teacher in the Baltimore Schools. When the Baltimore Teachers Training School was organized she became a critic-teacher and in 1904 she joined the faculty as instructor in education, literature, and history. There a small group of women, of which she was one, under the leadership of Miss Sarah C. Brooks, developed a teacher training project which had far-reaching effects and which put into operation some of the most progressive educational procedures of the time. Miss Tall often told that Miss Brooks was her great inspiration.

I heard of her first when my friend Elizabeth G. went to the Teachers Training School. She became a great admirer of Miss Tall and I had to listen often as she sang the praises of this lady. I saw her first in 1907 when Mr. Cook, Superintendent of Schools in Baltimore County, invited her to work with the grammar grade teachers at the Two Weeks Institute held in September. I was a primary teacher and not in her class, but one morning at the end of the session I stood at the door of the senior study. There I saw Harriet, a teacher I knew, with a box of candy waiting and dancing about in joyful anticipation.

After a while Miss Tall appeared. She moved with rapid stride down the center aisle of the room and into the corridor. She was tall and slender. She had a large mop of red hair which she wore high on her head. Her blue eyes had a clear keen expression and her face was unlike any I had ever seen. She never did look like anybody else. She wore a long brown skirt and a white shirtwaist. She carried an armful of books and papers. She smiled graciously at us waiting at the door and hurried on to the faculty room while Harriet with her box of candy trotted behind.

The following September, 1908, Mr. Cook appointed Miss Tall supervisor of grammar grades in the Baltimore County school system. Miss Isobel Davidson, the supervisor of primary grades, had been working in the county since her appointment in September, 1905. She had red hair too. These two red haired women made the most powerful team of supervisors which this State has known. I cannot think of them separately. Their names were spoken together for a period of eight years. Under the leadership of Mr. Cook they soon transformed a

backward county school system into the outstanding county system in the nation.

In 1911 I was appointed assistant to the primary supervisor and Miss Carrie Richardson was appointed assistant to Miss Tall. It was then that I went to work in the same office with Miss Tall, where I saw a great deal of her. We had our office in the old Y. M. C. A. Building, at the corner of Charles and Saratoga Streets, then occupied by the Baltimore Business College. They rented us one large room for an office and shared with us the use of the auditorium and the kitchen under the stairs, and loaned us their classrooms where we held teachers' meetings. Miss Richardson and I were kept busy. We kept the cupboards clean; we put up monthly exhibits of classroom work which the teachers sent us as samples of their achievement; we set the tea table and helped to serve the teachers who came for conferences or meetings; we helped to conduct these meetings; we worked with teachers in their classrooms and taught demonstration lessons, hundreds of them.

It was about this time that the work on the Baltimore County Course of Study was begun. Under the leadership of Miss Tall and Miss Davidson this course of study was developed by the teachers. It represents the first and one of the finest examples of educational supervision in which teachers were developed through active participation in curriculum construction. It was Mr. Cook's idea of supervision and I have known few people who were as capable of this type of supervision as were these two women. Teachers were given opportunities for leadership and teachers' meetings were conducted by cooperative groups of teachers interested and capable along the same or similar lines, and teachers took the lead. The growth of the teachers and the changes which were made in the schools and the course of study which resulted became known throughout the country. Visitors came from all parts of the country to visit in the schoolrooms.

Miss Tall was held in high esteem by her teachers, many of whom were inspired and helped to advance themselves to supervisory and administrative positions. She took an active part in all professional activities of the City and State. She was associate editor of the Atlantic Educational Journal, 1907-1911. She took the lead and with several other persons organized the Teachers College Club of Maryland. This club was active for several years and afforded opportunities for professional association of Teachers College alumni. She was

one of the charter members of the Educational Society of Baltimore and participated actively in its programs.

In the spring of 1913 Miss Tall had a leave of absence for study and went to Teachers College, Columbia University, for the summer semester. It grieved me greatly to have her go. She had a gift for understanding the problems involved in human relationships and had helped me through several trying episodes. She called me "Anne" and I never knew why. She promised to tell me "some day" but I am still asking.

During the summer of 1920 Mr. Cook left Baltimore County to become State Superintendent of the Maryland School System. Late in August of that same summer Dr. Henry S. West, then principal of the Towson Normal School, was appointed as Superintendent of Schools in Baltimore City. This resignation of Dr. West from the Normal School left to Mr. Cook his first important appointment.

The State Board of Education wanted a man to fill the position and directed Mr. Cook to find the best man in the country for the job. He inquired among his friends at Teachers College, Columbia University, and was told that the best "man" for the job was one of his own people, Miss Lida Lee Tall. Miss Tall had just accepted the position as Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Des Moines, Iowa, where Dr. John W. Studebaker, now United States Commissioner of Education, was superintendent, but she had not taken up her new duties there. Mr. Cook called her on the long distance telephone in New York to discuss with her the vacancy at Towson, and exchanged telegrams with Dr. Studebaker who agreed to release Miss Tall from her contract as Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Des Moines. I have heard Mr. Cook recall that telephone conversation on several occasions. I remember two things about it: first, it was a fifteen dollar call; and second, in the course of the conversation he told her that "a house was furnished." Miss Tall took it to mean that there was "a furnished house." This misunderstanding gave rise to many good jokes which have been told recently concerning her moving to Towson. She had lived in an apartment on Hamilton Terrace, Baltimore, with her sister, Miss Cora Tall, and owned enough furniture to fill that apartment. Her friends, Miss Kate Tancill and Miss Carrie Richardson, helped Miss Cora to move the furniture from Hamilton Terrace to Glen Esk, and they laughingly tell how they tried to spread the furniture through that big house. If a room had a chair they felt they could not waste another in the same room.

The story of Miss Tall's administration as principal and president of this college was written by herself for "Seventy-five Years of Teacher Education" and is a story which every student of education should read.

Those of us who survive her will long remember the dynamic force of her personality. The students whom she influenced during the eighteen years of her administration know the power of her leadership and the kindliness and graciousness with which she handled their problems.

The State of Maryland has lost one of her most vital leaders.

The Sad Case of Marion, Who Wanted Glamor

Once there was a girl named Marion and if there was one thing she knew it was this:

That of all the things in the world she wanted most to experience the bliss

Of knowing that she was seductive and glamorous and full of allure

And as charming as the next girl or perhaps a bit more, Because she knew that if she were sufficiently lovely and glamorous,

Why, sooner or later some desperate male would get amorous
And amour would sooner or later lead to a married state
And being a married lady was something that she could
appreciate.

Marion set out to get lovely and sweet,
And she put most uncomfortable shoes on her feet,
And she combed her front hair in her eyes in a bang,
And the back of her hair she just simply let hang.
And with her hair in a neat drape, Marion went out
And rolled her big eyes and attempted to pout.
And one day when she felt like a really luscious dish,
"Why," a boy said, "you look like a man named Kabibble,
whose first name is Ish!"

So Marion was sad and she worried a while
But she soon had an idea that caused her to smile.
Her plan was a-borning, was hatching already—
Our Marion set out to imitate Hedy.
So she combed back her bangs and developed an accent
And walked with a drawl and exuded a sweet scent;
And, on a day when Marion felt diviner than diviner,
"Why," a man said, "you remind me of my grocer's daughter,
Maud Gransheimer!"

Well, Marion was mad, but she didn't stop trying;
She wasn't the type who would waste time in crying.
She tried out new hair styles and walked in new ways.
She kept right on trying, and days piled on days.
And one day Marion knew that no one would ever amour her,
Because plainly no man would exert himself to adore her.
So she said, "After all—is glamor better than knowledge?"
And she gave up and enrolled at State Teachers College.

-Margaret Carter.

Glimpses of the Golden West

California Magic

Did you know six months could pass before your eyes in one afternoon? I didn't either until I started to wear the magic spectacles of a traveller. You can't travel just anywhere at all and expect to be blessed with this magic vision. You must go to the borderline between Nevada and California. Now jump on a train at noontime and start looking with both eyes.

You will see high mountain ranges rising far into the sky. These mountains are covered with the most incredibly white snow you can imagine. You will swear that the slopes are covered with a million mirrors piled fourteen feet deep.

And the trees—they are fitting subjects for these kingly mountains. They are etched sharp and tall against a cobalt sky, or silhouetted in black against a white mountain. Even the smallest seedling pines valiantly bear their burden of newly fallen snow. Some of them are almost completely hidden by the deep blanket of snow.

If you are lucky, you will see skiers skimming down the mountains like swift birds. Their bright suits make gay patches of color as they dart in and out through rhe trees. The skiers on the very top look like ants crawling on a lump of sugar.

You will live in this snowbound world for several hours, but soon the snow grows thinner and thinner. (Winter is losing its sway.) Then bare spots of ground appear. In about half an hour the snow has completely vanished and tender green grass has taken its place. Trees are budding and birds singing.

A few minutes more and the trees are blossoming, reminding you of old-fashioned ladies going to a party in gowns of pink and white. It's spring!

In another hour you will want to shour for joy. The flowers are blooming and the landscape is entirely covered with a green carpet. Palm trees lend their beauty to the already smiling land. Summer has arrived, close on the heels of spring. When you step off the train, the sun is just setting in a blaze of color. Impossible! You have lived through six months in six hours!

What I'll Remember About California

Snow-covered mountains . . . palm trees . . . incredibly green grass . . . that soft sea air . . . rhe deceptively calm Pacific . . . the hills around San Francisco . . . movie stars . . . olive trees . . . orange and lemon groves . . . Chinatown . . . redwoods . . . the Convocation of

Kappa Delta Pi . . . soldiers and sailors everywhere . . . Mexicans . . . Fisherman's Wharf . . . Alcatraz . . . the Golden Gate Bridge . . . the shelling of Santa Barbara.

-DOROTHY SHINHAM.

Editor's Note: Miss Shinham has just returned from San Francisco, where she represented the college at the Kappa Delta Pi Annual Convention.

Someone New Has Been Added

If you are wondering

Who is that very friendly looking person frequently seen on the top floor of the Administration Building (especially in Room 214);

If you are trying to figure out

Why Lucien Peters et al. are running around screaming, "But $(x + y)(x - y) = x^2 - y^2!$;"

If you are perplexed

By the appearance of the blackboards in Room 214; which, by the way, look like the above;

And, if you found yourself staring at a Senior

Who was asking why it was foolish for John to try to get his trousers on by pulling them over his head, just because his feet were too big, PERHAPS WE CAN HELP YOU.

First of all, the very friendly looking person with blue eyes (and incidentally, a liking for light blue clothes) is Miss Knipp.

Secondly, the state of Lucien Peters and the blackboards in Room 214 are merely results of the new course in College Algebra which many of the Seniors have elected and found both interesting and challenging.

Thirdly, the poor Senior about whom you must be worrying is merely discussing part of a Binet Test on "Absurdities."

You see, we have a new member of the faculty, Miss Knipp who is teaching psychology, tests and measurements, and college algebra.

Now that we have solved your perplexities we know that you would like to know more about Miss Knipp.

Miss Knipp received her bachelor's degree from Goucher College and her master's degree from Cornell

TOWER LIGHT

University. At present, she is working for her doctor's degree at Johns Hopkins University.

She has taught in the Baltimore City high schools and at the Alabama College for Women.

Starting in February 1934, Miss Knipp was the assistant-director and later, director, of the Junior College Evening Course offered to Baltimoreans at the Forest Park and Douglass High Schools.

Recently Miss Knipp has been connected with the Baltimore Public Schools through the Department of Aptitude Testing and the Department of Special Education as a psychometrist.

When asked how she liked teaching in our college, Miss Knipp remarked that she really feels quite at home because of her acquaintance with alumni and with many of the faculty including Dr. Wiedefeld, Dr. Anita Dowell, Miss Brown, Miss Van Bibber, Miss Scarborough, and Dr. Walther.

We want to say that we are glad you came, Miss Knipp!

What Is Your Success Rating?

Taking for granted that we all want to be teachers, here is a way to find out what powers you have. How well-rounded is your personality? Check your results on page 10. What kind of reacher are you going to be?

\$ 20 S
1. Is life as interesting in school as out?
2. Do you keep a budget?
3. Do you allow for "extras" in your budget?
4. Do you save a certain amount of
money regularly?
5. Is your voice well-modulated and pleasing?
6. Does your hair, regardless of style, have a well-brushed near appearance?
7. Do you carefully plan your ward-robe?
8. Is your room kept orderly and attractive?

9.	Are you always well-groomed? a. Men: Shoes polished, nails clean, tie straight, creased trousers, socks up, shirt spotless.	Always	Usually	Seldom
	b. Women: Hose seams straight, slip not showing, well-kept nails, collars spotless, make-up fresh.			
10.	If you lose at something can you be a good sport?			
11.	Do most of your acquaintances speak in a warm friendly manner when they see you?			
12.	Do you feel that you really want to teach school			
13.	Do you take advantage of cultural entertainment?			
14.	Do you want to get married and raise a family?			
15.	Do you try to compliment where and when deserved?	-		
16.	Do you get enough resr to have energy for both work and play?.			
17.	Are you a good listener as well as a good conversationalist?			
18.	Do you have friends among many types of people?			
19.	Are you open minded to new ideas?			
20.	Have you an inferesting hobby?.			
21.	Do you like to entertain?			
22.	Do you admit that you have faults?			
23.	Can you enjoy yourself when alone?			
24.	Do you read a variety of books?.			
25.	Are you sure of yourself in any social gathering?			
	Total			
A	add your checks in each column.	Alway	s cou	nt 3;

Add your checks in each column. Always count 3; usually, 2; and seldom, 1. Find your total and read your fate on page 10.

What Is Your Success Rating?

- 25-40—This is awful! What is on your mind? Don't let school get you down like this. Step out and have some fun. What if that girl who sits next to you does get a higher mark? They don't count for everything, you know. This is what makes old maids and grumpy bachelors.
- 41-60—You are a nice, average person; but, you'll never set the world on fire! Most of the world is like you. Exert some effort and make yourself sparkle. You can!
- 61-75—Congratulations! You should be a good teacher, one that STC can point to proudly and say, "We knew you had it in you." May everyone appreciate you, and good luck all the way!

DEMONSTRATION NIGHT-1942

Dances and Games

International Dance Program would have been quite an appropriate name for the S. T. C. dance performance—England, Sweden, Russia, Ireland and good old America were represented in the folk dances which the classes executed skillfully and enthusiastically. The Russian Dance devised by the Juniors and perfected in gym period time seemed to make quite a hir.

The Highland Fling, as danced by the Sophomores, gave the Juniors' Irish Lilt a run for its money. The Freshman "Olgas" performed the Swedish Klappdans and the Bleking as well as any native Swede ever could.

Noise? Mr. Crook heard nothing—but saw all. However, those unfortunate spectators who came without cotton for their ears can vouch for my statement that the cheering raised the roof. The class spirit was greater than it has been all year—and why not? The girls put all they had into those competitive games.

The Sophomores deservingly carried off the laurels of first place in both Dodge Ball and Throw-and-Stoop Relay. Both games were close and the Sophomores played hard to gain the edge. They had to play two games to earn the Dodge Ball, with about a minute's rest. If you think that that's easy, ask one of the girls who played only one game.

The Freshmen clinched the first place in the Newcomb Tournament after a few minutes play. Some of the Freshman star players put unconquerable speed on the ball and though the Juniors and Sophs tried they were snowed under. Next year should bring some close scores on the judges' cards, so don't let Demonstration Night go the way of all the college social events. It's the one event in which practically the entire school participates (even the boys in the cheering), so hang on to it!

(See page 20 for program.)

Stunts

Girls' Demonstration Night started off with a bang in the form of an air raid, put on as the Freshman stunt. The planes were spotted, all lights were put out, and the people were in safety areas when the bombers arrived. The Civilian Defense units, as well as the Red Cross, were on the job. The bombs were quickly destroyed and the people were well-cared for. It was conducted so well that Colonel Barrett and all College authorities would have given full approval.

The Sophomores showed us what goes on in some of the College classes—and what went on.

Early in the morning we saw a math class with pupils and instructor (guess who?) sitting around with flash-lights—effect of Eastern War Time. We also saw a music class and several other typical S. T. C. situations. The Sophomores did such a good job of their stunt that we recommend them to the underclassmen who might want some tips for future classroom conduct.

Combining both the war and college activities, the Juniors gave us an idea of how the war has affected college life. First we saw them as they used to be—happygo-lucky, and strolling leisurely around. With the declaration of war, they became serious and rushed, could not find all of their credits, and had three graduations in place of one. They also had a student teacher being "snoopervised," and had a fashion show of what the well-dressed college girl will wear this summer. The Junior stunt left no doubt in our minds about the effect of the war on their lives.

The Seniors took us on the New York Trip. They (an overloaded Freshman, a Sophomore, a Junior, and an almost baggageless Senior) arrived on the New York Special, and were conducted around the city by a guide. They examined the Statue of Liberty, saw some modern art in the making, went to Chinatown, saw a play and went to the Cotton Club for more entertainment. Then they went back to the train, and started for home, weary and shoeless but very happy. This preview made us all want very much to go to New York this Spring.

"... A New Song"

MARCH WIND

Rough and rude And blust'ry too, March wind makes His spring debut.

Rough and rude He tangles hair And blows away All trace of care.

-VIRGINIA DORSEY.

SPRING

She comes in verdure garbed, this maid called Spring. She brings with her those dreamy, idle hours. If she but lift a brow, the birds all sing, And Earth, enriched, awakens with bright flow'rs. At her command the trees bloom forth anew (For Spring's adept at practicing her wiles). The skies reflect clear tones of brightest blue. The world is gay, and Mother Nature smiles.

-GRAYCE GAA.

A PRAYER

I said one day
Within my mind
A simple prayer
For all mankind
God, grant that those who seek
May find.

I say each day
Within my mind
Another prayer
For those who find:
God, grant that they
Be kind.

-VIRGINIA DORSEY.

CONTENTMENT

In solitude I spent a leisure hour, On soft green bank, 'neath azure sky so fair It seemed as though a fairy host were there, For Mother Nature held me in her power.

The murm'ring stream flowed past me, on its way To distant sea from rocky mountain steep; Now gurgling gayly, now smooth and deep. No stone or rock its pathway could delay.

A soft Spring breeze caressed me with a sigh; It lingered but a moment, then was gone. It disappeared like darkness at the dawn, And left a joy my heart could not deny.

-Norma Bretall.

STRENGTH

Spring has come
Yet gloom and strife persist.
The air is warm and sweet with her exciting perfume
Yet hearts are hard and tears flow on.
Has she not the power to lure her men from thoughts of blood
and death—

She with her garbs of earthy greens and heavenly blues?
Can she not conquer the deadened spirits?
Misery has been warred before.
Is spring then effulgent enough to once again spread good will?
Yes! Men need not fear—nor need they weep,
For Spring has come.

—R. S.

Open Forum

Honor Resurrected

To the Editors of the Tower LIGHT:

Those of you who have not as yet sung the obsequies of the so far non-existent honor system should not be floored by the article which appeared in the January 1942 issue of this notable magazine. After all, the honor system committee has not surrendered. You will soon be furnished with the opportunity to understand what I mean, so do not say we did not forewarn you sufficiently prior to its enactment.

The statistics in that article should not be taken too seriously. The vital concern is whether or not you will support the honor system—if and when we get it—an honor system that will not consist merely of "the absence of an instructor during the period of the exam." If your conception of an honor system has been restricted to the above definition or a similar one—BETTER BEGIN BROADENING, BROTHER!

A Member of the Committee.

On Kappa Delta Pi

To the Editors of the Tower LIGHT:

For a long time some of us have been thinking that the field covered by Kappa Delta Pi is not broad enough to include all of the people whom we think should receive some type of recognition.

As we see it, a high scholastic average is of primary importance in determining eligibility to K. D. P. Of course there are other elements involved but since they seem rather subjective we will not enumerate them. Many of the people who are live wires in class fail to be elected to Kappa Delta Pi because the digits on their report card don't hover in heaven. What can be done about these people?

Many colleges have an honorary fraternity for people who are active in school organizations. We feel that those people are as entitled to recognition as anybody else. Perhaps, they don't need it because they are wellenough known as it is, but we feel that it is due them.

Don't you think that it is a problem for the student body to consider?

March 6, 1942

A GROUP OF SENIORS.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We do not feel intellectually adequate to comment on Kappa Delta Pi. However, we think that your idea isn't a bad one. We know that such a fraternity exists at Johns Hopkins. You might get some information from there.

Slightly Saccharine

To the Editors of the Tower LIGHT:

Due to rationing and the changing values of the world, instead of "Orchids to you" I shall offer my equivalent "Sugar to you." Sugar to you editors for the February issue of the T. L. It was the best yet. The Seniors have waited four years for a live issue, and now their patience (shown by just sitting back and waiting) has been rewarded.

"Sugar to you" too for the courage of your caustic remark, "Many thanks to the eleven people who wrote this issue." For four years I have heard dimly and from afar the cry of "Contribute to the T. L."—this time it struck home. Therefore it is with humble pen that I offer my congratulations for the past issue, and some "illiterature" for the next.

Sincerely,

March 6, 1942.

--H. L. K.

On Abstractions

To the Editors of the Tower LIGHT:

It was with great interest that I read the clever playful cantos on abstract art appearing in the February 1942 issue of the Tower Light. I hope others chuckled over it as much as I did. It was well done!

Now I wish the author would stress the positive side of abstract art in cantos V,VI,andVII. The abstract in art is nothing new; modern art has simply placed a renewed emphasis on it. The compositions of Rembrandt and El Greco and some of the drawings of da Vinci are based on the abstract. That is, on simplified shapes and forms. In life today when we plan the position of a picture at home, the color of a room, the texture of a suit, or the disposition of furniture in the parlor, we are working with elements as basically abstract as the line, shape, form and texture of a so-called "modern abstraction."

When our imagination is stirred and seeks an avenue of expression, the abstract is used: music is a well-known example; then there are the "idea-filled" sketches of contemporary city planners. And what of Disney's great "Fantasia"—primarily abstract.

A fond "hello" to the college I now miss so much.

Washington, D. C.

March 7, 1942.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Last month we printed a work of art in which Mr. Lembach was the motive. We received the above communication from him and wanted to share it with our reading public.

BOOKS

Remaking America: by JAY FRANKLIN, Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1942.

In these days when Congress is wondering whethet the CCC shouldn't pack up its shovels and go home, and when you can't pick up a Sunpaper without wondering, yourself, if the NYA isn't a waste of money, a strong opinion on these progeny of the New Deal is apt to make interesting reading. Just such is Jay Franklin's Championing of the Roosevelt Administration's national recovery measures.

"Why they did it and how they did it" is his theme. He sketches in the condition of the American land and people in the early twentieth century, when the frontier had disappeared and free land was a legend . . . when miles of forests in Michigan had been slaughtered and the prairie's grass had been broken, and a land marvelously wealthy had lost much of its riches. The people too had lost certain valuables—such as the right to make a living and to be secure in old age. The reason for these things lies in the business system which had developed in the United States, in the large corporation which was killing the free enterprise under which it had come into existence.

The New Deal, says Mr. Franklin, saw that great changes would have to take place to straighten out the kink in our plan for democratic living. The ways by which problems were met were determined by their practicability, not by theory. To argue that they were startling to the settled businessman, that they stirred resentment which even Pearl Harbor and a united war effort didn't quite suppress, that they added overwhelmingly to the national debt is beside the point, for these measures achieved just the result for which the American people had been groping all these years, according to Mr. Franklin. Many people now have a measure of individual security; conservation, water power development, education of adults and many other government services have begun to build up our partly-depleted natural riches. The book ends on a resolute note to the effect that "in remaking America, . . . we are remaking the American people into a different sort of race, a more durable and more vital civilization."

Written with slightly colloquial eloquence to appeal to rather idealistic Americans (most of us qualify), Remaking America is still reassuring. Read it before you make up your mind about the NYA.

Young Refugees

Thank You Twice: by CAROLINE and EDWARD Bell, Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York, 1941.

"Americans like to be thanked lots of times and not just once. . . You can't lay the flattery and gratitude on too thick. They love it." That's the parting word of advice given to the refugee children from England to Canada and America. Consequently, Caroline and Edward Bell, as small bundles from Britain, decide to say "Thank You Twice" so everyone will be sure they like America.

These children of a war-torn world find a new and exciting America. After listening to their experiences, American adults suggest that the children write a book. Their comments on the American treatment of refugees are quite child-like and refreshing. The commonest fault is that "Americans let their kindness run away with them and want to maul and kiss you too much." Furthermore, "they like it themselves so they think other people must." Caroline and Eddie decide that their dislike of this is because the Bells "have always been a most untouchable family, and don't even go in for affectionate pawing among ourselves."

The most interesting thing about the book is that the exact words the children had to say on the various subjects have been taken down and later edited in book form. The account of their experiences begins in the "England Before" September 3, 1939—a quiet place among old gray towers, green lawns, and pretty gardens. War comes —a queer war at first because nothing happens. Life goes on almost as usual after an energetic day or two blacking out windows. In April the children prepare to go to Canada. Then begins the "Hustle and Bustle" in "Sailing from England," and "The Voyage" to "A Very New World." The Bells find "An American Home" in Connecticut with two Jewish refugees. The hosts are Roman Catholic, and the servant is Baptist, but on Sunday, members of the household attend a nearby Methodist church. The children think this must be what they heard people calling the American Melting Pot.

Throughout the book there is a continuous comparison of life in England and life in America. The Bells are determined to remain English, and when they return to England, they will take with them what they love most and remember best about America—Christmas and the small lighted outdoor Christmas trees. "They make you feel that Americans don't want to keep their Christmas happiness just to themselves, but wish everyone to have part of it. That gives you a warm and happy feeling."

-RUTH McCARTY.

Educating Aliens

Our Constitution and Government, Federal Textbook on Citizenship, U. S. Dept. of Labor, Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization, prepared by Catheryn Seckler-Hudson, Government Printing Office, Washington, 1940.

This rext is employed in the training of aliens who are candidates for citizenship. It is therefore important from the viewpoint of both citizenship and adult education. Professor Seckler-Hudson and the Immigration and Naturalization Service have successfully performed the difficult task of producing a work which is comprehensive and accurate from the scholar's viewpoint and at the same time of practical use in training persons who have had relative little educational background and experience in the use of the English language. It is this aspect of the text in question that raises it to the rank of a successful pioneer enterprise in meeting the requirements of three diverse fields; political science, education and citizenship preparation. Valuable teaching aids utilized in this work are the remarkably clear charts and diagrams and, at the end of each chapter, the simple and direct questions and the glossary of terms used.

Education in the principles and procedures of American government and democracy of the five million aliens in our midst is a challenge to the educators and teachers of the United States. They would do their country and their profession a service by familiarizing themselves, if they have not already done so, with this text and with the Federal Citizenship Education Program in order that they may be able to direct and to participate in such activities in their local communities.

—E. Foster Dowell.

Blitzed By A Blizzard

AT 2:00 p. m. Wednesday, February 18th, a convoy of twelve vehicles consisting of peeps, half-trucks, and a lone six-by-six—the kitchen truck—were posed and ready to leave the Motor Park of the 66th Armored Field Artillery Battalion. We, the riders and members of Headquarters and C Batteries, were well aware that these vehicles were going to take us on a road march of approximately seventy-five miles and then to a bivouac area where we would spend the night. At 2:15 p. m. Lieutenant Hector, our Battery Commander, called us together to acquaint us with the nature of the march and the bivouac following. From this five minute talk we learned the route of march, what was expected of each of us, and that after our road march, we were to

bivouac under tactical conditions. More specifically, we learned that at 3:00 a. m. we would be attacked by guerrilla fighters of an infantry unit and by tanks from an armored regiment, and that after that planes from an observation unit would dive-bomb us with flour.

These attacks alone would have been enough, but Dame Nature took a hand in the proceedings, with the result that the overnight trip became memorable. For this camp is Pine Camp, and Pine Camp is located in northern New York near Lake Ontario, and is the coldest United States Army camp.

But now to what did happen! Instead of our road march lasting four hours, it stretched to a painful six. Icy and snowy roads stalled us frequently. We ate at eight o'clock instead of six that night. But in spite of a delayed supper and in spite of the five or six inches of snow which covered the ground, we were all in high spirits. The night was not too cold—about twenty degrees above zero-and our supper of ham, potatoes, string beans, bread, butter, jam, cookies, and coffee had been good. We moved into bivouac area, deployed our vehicles, and camouflaged them as best we could in the absence of leaves and other forms of vegetation. At eleven-thirty arrangements were made for sounding the alarm and meeting the attack. Reconnaissance parties were sent out and guarding technique was established. Some of us decided to sit up in the vehicles and await the impending attack, and others decided to crawl into their bedrolls and sleep until their turn to be sentinel or until the attack would actually start.

Six men rode in our half-truck during the road march. Heckel and Battaglia chose to sit up to await the attack; the driver, Deaner, put his bedroll on the hood of the car and crawled in; Broome cleared the snow from a space between two bushes, put down his bedroll and crawled in; Hagy and I removed the top from the vehicle and spread it over the snow near our half-truck, put down our bedrolls and crawled in too. At one-thirty in the morning we were awakened for instructions and were mildly alarmed to see a light snow falling. Back into our bedrolls we crawled, hoping to get a few hours of sleep. It was about five when I felt someone shaking my bedroll. I pushed my head out of the bedroll to be greeted by a howling snowstorm. Three inches of snow had drifted over Kolker, his bedroll and all his belongings. Hagy, waking at the same time, was greeted by the same conditions. Heckel and Battaglia, who had stayed awake, wanted to put the top on our half-truckthe top which we had thrown on the snow-covered ground to give us added protection against the elements. Broome, who had chosen the space between two bushes as the best spot for his bedroll, was also completely covered with snow. The two bushes and he formed a

snow fence upon which a drift had formed. Battaglia only succeeded in finding him after prodding the surrounding snow-covered terrain with a rifle butt. Deaner, the driver, continued to sleep on his perch, still totally unaware that we had been blitzed by a blizzard.

The real misery started at the rousing. The wind was blowing at about forty-five miles per hour and the snow continued to fall. Visibility was limited to about seventyfive feet. The temperature was approximately zero. The wind was polar. I searched frantically for my gloves. They weren't where I thought I had left them, and I had to start digging for them in the snow. Fingers began to numb; frantic searching replaced prodding. Still no gloves! Battaglia agreed to put his hands in his pockets while I continued my search with his gloves. The search proved successful. Morale rose! Operations continued! Bedrolls were sloppily assembled with snow forming the greater per cent of the weight; gas mask and gun belt were donned; snow was brushed from the cover. Then, with an ice-coated face, I acted as sentinel for a half-hour while Battaglia, Heckel, Broome, and Hagy put the top on the half-truck. I felt my nose. It had no feeling whatsoever.

At five forty-five, I was relieved as sentinel, and made my way into the half-truck and took my place. Two inches of snow covered the whole interior. We brushed it nonchalantly aside and sat down.

At six the driver awoke and was startled, as we had been, by the snowstorm. By this time the wind had died and the snow was only falling lightly. At six-thirty we started up the motor of the half-truck, the sun came up, and the new day began. Hot coffee at seven was welcome. Digging-out operations followed. We arrived back in camp about ten-thirty, hungry as bears, sleepy, and still coated white.

The attack by infantry, tanks and airplanes? Oh, yes, the attack! No—we weren't attacked by the enemy at all. Dame Nature's strategy of snow-camouflage completely fooled the other side!

—Jerome Kolker, '40. (Technician of the Armored Field Artillery.)

Things We'd Like to Mail

by The Pens That Rile The World

Editor's Note: There was such a negative and positive reaction to this column last month that we decided to keep it up to see who would be hanged first—you or us.

Dear Selma:

When Clif Fadiman resigns from the "New Yorker"

we'll recommend you as his successor, providing you bring along your drama book and Mr. Millar.

Dramatically yours,

Lunt and Fontanne.

Dear Charles Gross:

The Romantic Age has declined since your departure from these walls. We hope that the girls in Alabama react accordingly.

Lovingly yours,

The Gals You Left Behind.

Dear Richard (Dick, by special request) Cunningham:

When they shave your head please send us a piece of the brush so we can hang it over the door of the Tower Light office as a relic of those brave souls who have gone before us.

Towerlitically yours,

What's Left of Us.

Dear People Who Are Engaged or Hitched:

Kindly stop flashing your rings around and screaming about your male—we are sick of hearing about your beloved with every other breath you draw; please be considerate enough to realize that we do not think every little word he says is a gem of wisdom or humor. If we did, we'd have tried to trap him. From now on, make your motto "Silence is sugar and rubber" and quit torturing us!

Believe-us-we-mean-what-we-say,

Ye Olde Maydes.

Dear Dr. West:

We are very sorry to hear that you have a game leg, as a result of damp weather. May we say that we know of several young ladies who would gladly massage it for you, for the very small reimbursement of one A in any project you choose. Isn't that a great inducement?

Hopefully yours,

The First Aiders.

Dear Ellen:

Art is a wonderful thing, isn't it? It's almost as potent as Science in the way it can make two people realize that they have things in common. When we leave, we'd like to donate a plaque to be put over the door to one art room, and one to be put over the door of the science office, both of them to read, "Enter to learn, go forth to love." Wonderingly,

History Addicts.

Dearest Bernard G. Phelps:

You're red, white, and blue in our hearts. Your cheery words of greeting made us feel that our labors aren't in vain. However, we wish you would stay in the same place for a little while since you cause the circulation department many gray hairs. We'd love to see *all* of you too.

Affectionately,

The Recipients of Your Communique.

NEWS FROM CAMP

In many mailboxes here at State Teachers letters from students who have entered the army turn up regularly, reminding us that "the Sun do move," times do change, and that four years in Teachers College does not necessitate a career spent placidly within four classroom walls. And if we never before have observed that schoolteachers take well ro soldiering, we do so now, as we give you this month's crop of letters.

Private James G. Jett writes from Fort McClellan, Alabama, in crisp military idiom:

"... This fort is on a plateau in the southern foothills of the Appalachian Mountains. Consequently, it is quite cold up here—especially in the morning when we turn out at 5:45. In our tents (we have no barracks to sleep in) fires must be made in the bitter cold of early morning. Then the Company is called out to stand reveille. Next we fall out, take our jackets off, and are then called back out (in our shirts) in the still cold morning. After exercises comes the soldier's delight—'chow.' When breakfast is over, the sun is just beginning to come up over the mountains. Then the day's work really begins, and we're on the go—drilling or on special details—until the sun goes down, beyond Birmingham, beyond the Mississippi, and beyond the great Rockies, far to the West. . ."

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Creston Herold, who, like James, left only in January, writes of his newly-begun army training at Maxwell Field, also in Alabama:

". . . Life at Maxwell has been a grand lot of experiences. We young men are under the West Point system. Strict respect to one another and to military etiquette is our blueprint of life. As an underclassman, I lead a strictly according-to-code existence. I must address all superiors (including upperclassmen) as 'sir'; eat square meals; sit on only two inches of a chair; walk and march at exaggerated attention, and generally be the typical neophyte. Nevertheless, we all feel the true meaning behind all this, for as future officers we must meet the standards. Yes, this period is drawing to a quick close, for there are only four more days until I start primary training. In about five weeks we will start flying. . ."

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The next letter takes us from Alabama to Arizona, where Isidore Sokolow, B.S. '37, finds himself on permanent duty in the Guard House at Luke Field. (In the capacity of Acting Sergeant of the Military Police, we hasten to assure you.)

"... Of course, the contrast between a classroom and the Guard House is great. I find that I am able to adjust myself to the new environment, though. And one benefit I derived from being in the M. P. Department was a chance to go home. On December 28th I was assigned to escort a military prisoner back to his home station in Fort Bragg, North Carolina. After delivering the prisoner, I was given the privilege of visiting Baltimore for 24 hours. That was quite a break, since no one on our Field has been given a furlough since war was declared. You should have seen the expression on my mother's face when I walked in unannounced, wearing my .45 automatic, with a 'billy-club' in my hand and a pair of handcuffs hanging from my belt. . .

"Bill Podlich and I often get together in bull sessions and recall the good old days at Towson. We get a kick out of some of our Army experiences. Incidentally, the boys genrly chide us at times for being so 'professional' in attitude.

"Danny Austerlitz and Bernard Goldberg, two more of Towson's alumni, are out here. We could almost start a school of our own. . ."

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How did it feel to change from civilian to service man? Benjamin Novey, writing from Camp Lee, Virginia, sketches those first few weeks in the army—with a soldier's grin, we guess, for his own green bewilderment.

... On the never to be forgotten day of July 21, 1941, I reported to my induction station at 7:00 a. m., and in short order I changed from a hard-working, pedantic school teacher to a member of the armed forces of the United States. That first day was probably the most difficult one that I have experienced so far Private Benjamin Novey found himself in a uniform and regimented as he had never been before. Then it was adjust or else—so I adjusted!

"The first month I spent at Fort George G. Meade, working at the Reception Center. During this time I met Josh Wheeler, John Wheeler, Gene Rush and Jimmy Tear, all of us looking like water-soaked scarecrows escaped from a Baltimore County farm. But scarecrows soon dry out, and if you look at them long enough you get used to them. After the first few days, in spite of the ludicrous fit of our clothes, our appearance did not even occasion a humorous remark. That was the style, and we accepted it. In fact, the newer recruits in civilian clothes occasioned more comment than the uniformed men. . ."

Up at Pine Camp, N. Y., Jerry Kolker, B.S. '40, is getting acquainted with a pair of government-issue skis:

". . . Up here at Pine Camp the thermometer constantly hovers around (and below) zero. There has been

snow on the ground since November.

"We have been issued skis. Many of us had never seen them before, but after a week or two of falling and staggering, we caught on. Organized ski practices are held two afternoons a week, and we can use the skis whenever we wish—in our spare rime.

"... My job at present is at the Fire Direction Center, where I plot the path of the trajectories fired by the 105-millimeter guns of our battalion and assist in the coordination of fire. This work is mathematical in its nature, and most interesting. Algebra and Trigonometry are absolutely essential in firing..."

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From the snows of upstate New York, it's a long jump to Wichita Falls, Texas, where Solomon Cohen, B.S. '39, is stationed with the Air Corps. He describes rhe country, so different from Maryland:

"... I suppose the most striking and unusual thing about this part of Dust Bowl Texas is its weather. There is an everlasting duel between wind, sun, rain, and dust. Sometimes the sun alone reigns supreme, and a warm, clear, sunny day prevails, such as we have at home in mid-June. Sometimes the wind and dust get together and try to out-do each other, and we, who are spending much time drilling and marching, wind up the day with a neat coat of dust on outer clothing and skin. . .

"This section of Texas, near the Oklahoma border, is topographically flat or slightly rolling. Chief crops here, so far as I have been able to learn from conversations with boys living here, are winter wheat and cotton. I'm tempted to add oil, because more than once I saw oil pumps operating in the midst of pastures or wheat fields. . ."

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Jimmy O'Connor, '42, and Carville Lauenstein, '41, are stationed at Fort Knox. Whitey writes to Dr. West of his life in the Armored Infantry:

"... Silence is present everywhere around here. All that one is able to hear from my tent is the wind rattling the canvas overhead. Yes, this tent life is probably all right in the summer but it's kind of tough now. When I jump out of bed in the morning, before I regain consciousness I believe that I'm at the North Pole. After I poke the stove several times, the fire begins to throw off some heat, though.

"Since our return to the tent area, I've been handling the supplies of my company. It's a job that most fellows try to avoid. Just a few minutes ago the major called me in and told me that I'd be made a corporal and shortly a sergeant—the sergeant sent in my letter of recommendation tonight. Until then, I remain a private—with hopes for the best!

"Who is carrying on the 'Cox-Lauenstein Bird Banding Project?' Be sure you assign it to a worthwhile person. We'll drop back from time to time to check on that fortunate individual.

"How's the defense program coming along? The men here are being paid to put diapers on lightning bugs during blackouts—ten dollars per night.*

"How are the girls?..."

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Jimmy writes Dr. West from a Quartermaster outfit at Fort Knox:

". . . During the last week I have been doing clerical work—temporarily at least. My job consists of such things as writing up transfers of vehicles, tabulating results of tool checks, etc.

"I don't know where the Division is going, but I think we are going to move soon. All of the officers say that if and when we move we will not know where we will embark.

"I've kept in touch with some of our S. T. C. boys. Charles Leef is still at Fort Knox. I met him in the library one night and he told me that he had a clerical job too. He seems pretty well contented, but says he is going through a toughening-up process. He was quite sore from sitting all day. . ."

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Charles Gross, B.S., '41, is at Craig Field, Alabama, as a cadet.

"... Here on this field we're getting our basic military training prior to Primary Flight training. Next we hope to go to Maxwell Field. At present we're having swell meals and are being quartered in wonderful rooms.

"Besides the American cadets on the field there are some British fliers. As a result there are planes raking off and landing all day and all night long. At first it kept us awake at night, but we are used to it now.

"I managed to get to New Orleans while I was ar Keesler Field, and it's easy to see why it's called the most interesting city in this country. . ."

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So there you are—the latest news from the camps. We'll keep you posted on the boys every month. Incidentally, if you have any information that would make good reading in these columns, we'll welcome it. Just leave it in the T. L. office, and mark it "army news."

^{*}Not a military secret, we hope.—The Editors.

ON WHAT SHERMAN CALLED WAR

When our editors asked us to gather some human interest for the Tower Light by quizzing the man-in-the-hall hoping thereby to gleam some weighty educational opinions concerning student teaching, we were dubious of rhe assignment. We found it both difficult and dangerous, but although threatened with loss of life, limb, and the pursuit of happiness by those from whom we purloined the opinions, we have gathered some which we think are weighty and we know are interesting.

Being brimful of psychology, we decided to be thoroughly scientific in this little piece of research. We took only the first remarks or the involuntary movements of the questionees who were at loss for descriptive words.

First we take opinions nearest to the right wing.

- 1. "Swell." (This came from an abnormal subject who received an A.)
- 2. "Excellent." (Subject's fisrs were clenched in pugilistic attitude during questioning indicating conflict.)
- 3. "Grand, but hard work." (She ain't kidding, eirher.)
- 4. "I loved it—the first time." (A pleasure to interview such an honest subject.)
- 5. "Liked it-the second time."
- 6. "I'd rather be there than here."
- 7. "A much needed vacarion from S. T. C."

Now for opinions from the left wing:

- 1. "Can'r be expressed by a lady."
- 2. "It's necessary."
- 3. "An artifical situation."
- 4. "I've been through it twice and don't want to live through it again."
- 5. "Forewarned is forearmed." (Subject had been tipped off that her answer would be printed.)
- 6. "I can't think of anything to say."
- 7. "I don't have much of an opinion."
- 8. This person declined to speak freely until she could be questioned in a place devoid of spies.
- 9. "You'd really like to know?"
- 10. "I will not." (Give an opinion, he meant; after reconsidering the subject said.)"A place to unlearn what you learn here."
- 11. "I don't have any opinion." (Inactive type of
- subject.)
- 12. "I don't think it is what it is cracked up to be."
- 13. Subject answered by showing thumbs down with one hand and dramatically holding her nose with the other. And then she begged us not to "nip her career in the bud" by naming her.

"IF" for Future Stoogent Teachers

If you can see the good times all about you, And never yield and deal in good times, too; If you can bravely smile when practice teachers doubt you, And never doubt, in turn, what practice teachers do; If you can keep a sweet and gentle spirit In spite of pain, fatigue, or work or pace, And though you teach a lesson or but hear it, Can pass with poise or flunk with equal grace; If you can meet with Unbelief, believing, And hallow in your heart the Thorndike Creed, If you can meet a Conference, ever yielding, And learn to use a Study Course for all you need; If you can be a Mr. Hyde and Jekyll, A Teacher during school, a pupil all the rest; And do for others what you'd have all others Do for you-Always a little more and never less; If you can keep within your soul the power To say that acquiescent, yet unconquered "Yes"; If you can brave a present shattered hour, Rather than yield, and face a future mess; If you can view a demonstration, and not let imitation master, But keep yourself within your own self's clasp; And not let lesson planning lead you to disaster, Nor sleep's insistent fascination loose your grasp; If you can lock your heart at each day's quitting, Nor ever needlessly behind the children hide; If you can put behind you all aspiring Toward some superiority or bonest personal pride; If you can keep the simple, homely virtue Of doing all things right—and most portending on time—then you'll have no fear

That anything in student teaching is going to kill you—And—which is more—you'll be a Teacher, dear.

If you should decide to leave the teaching profession for other work, you could easily become a

nursemaid, governess, housekeeper, domesric relations counselor, furniture mover, janitress, inmate of any asylum, piano mover, window washer, laundress, saleswoman, dressmaker, carpenter, chambermaid, electrician, charwoman, stooge, gardener, cook, messenger, banker, garbage collector, policeman, vocalist, actress, acrobat, musician, librarian, and countless others.

Above all, you are prepared for the fight for life, to emerge as one of Neitzsche's "Supermen" in the survival of the fittest.

College News

NOT LONG AGO OUR ELEVEN NEW FRESHMEN stood up in Assembly and became Student Council members to the huzzahs of the crowd. They are in the lodge now—and the TL, in its role of Voice of the College, wishes them all the fun and luck that can be squeezed into three years at State Teachers.

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THE TUTORING SYSTEM, WHICH HAS TAKEN UP many an hour of fervent for-and-against discussion this year, has finally been organized, and will function under the Student Council. Lillian Schienker, Chairman of the committee, says that as yet very few students have taken advantage of the service.

Honors

KAPPA DELTA PI RECENTLY ANNOUNCED ITS new members, chosen from the Senior Class for high scholastic rating and valuable personality traits. They are Ruth Maleson, John Horst, Frederica Biedermann, Catherine Swain, and Margaret Zillmor. This fraternity endeavors to promote high educational standards throughout the United States.

Kappa Delta Pi also added to the honor roll of underclassmen who have shown promise of scholastic power. Ten Freshman names were read, and the Sophomore and Junior classes combined accounted for sixteen more. Congratulations!

Defense Activities

LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN THE COLLEGE EMERgency Program is the Faculty Enrollment Committee, composed of Mr. Minnegan, chairman, Dr. West, and Mr. Crook. The Committee is the result of the fact that many high school graduates, who would normally enter State Teachers, are going into defense jobs, and thus the needed supply of teachers is being cut off at its source.

The Committee members will visit high schools on request, and tell the students about the courses at S. T. C., the opportunities for advancement as a teacher, and the fields that they may specialize in. Alumni members who live in the neighborhood of high schools will supplement the Committee by making themselves available to answer questions, or advise students.

To arouse interest in the school, a poster has been printed which will be sent to the high schools of the State. It will stress the general value of a teachers college education as well as its specialized value.

0 0 0

THE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE HAS BEEN RECEIVING an unusual amount of correspondence from high school seniors interested in enrolling in the new accelerated course. Though the letters are not numerous enough for us to predict a large entering class next fall, they seem to show one thing—that acceleration is the answer for teachers colleges who are trying to interest youth in the profession during the present emergency.

0 0 0

ODD ACTIVITIES AT STATE TEACHERS SINCE THE emergency: Writing on both sides of the paper . . . enjoying Our Town and the Rural Club Card Party . . . practicing First Aid . . . learning the way of a sandbucket with an incendiary bomb . . . singing We've Got a Job to Do . . . walking . . . eating, dominated by vitamin consciousness . . . working twice as hard . . . getting married . . .

Gad, how far will they carry this thing?

0 0 0

OUR STUDENTS HAVE PRESENTED SOME VERY valuable information in the news interpretations in the past few weeks. The people from the senior class who have thus far participated were Mindelle Kann, Charlotte Schwarz, Betty Carroll, Ruth Maleson, and John Horst.

0 0 0

THE NATURAL HISTORY CLUB ANNOUNCES that it will plan a summer activities program, to include swimming and hiking. This should make for a pleasant summer, and similar moves from the other clubs are being anticipated.

• • •

Dollars and sense do not necessarily travel together.

Wine and women, mirth and laughter . . . Sermons and aspirin on the day after!

Women take to good hearted men. Also from.

Whiskey is about the only enemy man has succeeded in really loving.

If a husband talks in his sleep and still gives no secrets away, it's a triumph of mind over mutter.

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Alma Lee Gott	Dorothy Shinham
Dorothy Gronert	Frances Shores
Edith Horsmon	
D (M ((D 111)	
Rufty Tufty (English)	Juniors
Hinky Dinky Parlee Voo	Sophomores
	Mary Bickle Freddie Biederman Violet Davis Eleanor Dietz Vera Ensor Alma Lee Gott Dorothy Gronert Edith Horsmon Rufty Tufty (English)

- (American)

 3. Klappdans (Swedish)......Freshmen
- 4. Dodge Ball
- 5. Russian Dance......Juniors
- 6. Ribbon Dance (English).....Sophomores
- 7. Gustaf's Skoal Bleking (Swedi
- Bleking (Swedish).....Freshmen
 8. Irish Lilt.....Juniors
- 9. Highland Fling......Sophomores
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 (American)
- 11. Newcomb Tournament
- 12. Throw and Stoop Relay
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Our Town

It's a fluctuating world. When the final curtain of the Faculty Follies rang down to thunderous applause last Thanksgiving, we sat back in our chairs convinced that we had seen the utmost this college could give in the way of dramatic entertainment. The other night we saw the Little Theatre Guild's Our Town and changed our mind. It hit more deeply than we had expected. The sense of humor was delighted by the Follies—but the sense of humanity (or eternity, perhaps) had a workout on March 6.

The very choice of a play was surprising. It is usually the custom of college dramatic clubs to pick a rather easy, light vehicle for their tender young talents. Our Town is not easy. On the whole, its action is too simple to cover poor acting, and its philosophy too unusual to be conveyed to an audience without skillful acting. The Guild understood this. Undazzled by the Pulitzer label, they walked into Our Town with their eyes open; and the audience walked out with their eyes opened too.

To split the laurels may be a little irrelevant, since the play as a whole was the great success. We'll risk irrelevance, however, to mention these: Mr. Branford Millar, as the Yankee middleman with the universe, put the most of humor, ease and common sense into his lines. Geraldine Hughes and Morton Weiner were very, very good. Dotty Kapp and Henry Astrin made an appealing couple. And don't forget Mitzi Goldstein, Pete Galley, Kirty Cragg, Mr. Crook, Dr. Foster Dowell and all the others who played their parts so well.

Mrs. Brouwer and her lighting crew did a beautiful job of moodsetting, achieving some fancy effects without

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Where Shall We Go?

March 26 to April 2—Room Service. A comedy by Boretz and Murray. Baltimore Museum of Art.

March 28 to April 3—Dangerous They Live, with John Garfield and Raymond Massey. Stanley Theatre.

April 1—Philadelphia Orchestra, Efrem Zimbalist, violinist, at the Lyric.

April 4-The Male Animal, with Henry Fonda and Olivia de Havilland. Stanley Theatre.

April 5—Baltimore Symphony, at the Lyric.

April 10 and 11—Eugene Loring's Dance Players, Inc. At the Theatre of the Baltimore Museum of Art.

April 11 to 18—King's Row, with Ann Sheridan, Betty Fields, Robert Cummings, Ronald Reagan, Claude Rains. Stanley Theatre.

weakening the simple strength of the settings. Direction of the play was done understandingly.

You remember the young lady who quavered anxiously from the balcony, "But is there any cultural life in Grovers Corners?" Of course there wasn't—not in the way she meant it, anyway—although everyone in Our Town loved and was interested in the simple serviceable beauty of nature. There have been a few such small but insistent voices raised in the forum of S. T. C. student thought, asking, "But can there by any creative life here? Is there any culture in a Teachers College?" They have their answer in the Little Theatre Guild's splendid production.



PLATE INVENTORY

And still the war-toned songs are inflating our country, but this month they seem to be less bugle-blowing and more on the melancholy beam. Rudy Vallee's rendering of We've Got a Job to Do is only average. Orrin Tucker's You're a Sap, Mr. Jap is clever—and you must have heard Gene Ktupa's atrangement of Keep 'Em Flying.

The American Legion Official Band has done a very inspiring piece of work with the *United States Field Artillery March*, and *Song of the Soldiers* is on the other side—a classic, if these old ears know anything. Sliding into a sentimental mood, if you like it that way, is Sammy Kaye's very smooth *Last Night I Said a Prayer*.

Also tender and romantic is Miss You. Lorraine Benson, singing with Orrin Tucker does it up crisp and luscious. Or listen to Bea Wain's version.

Lamp of Memory is one I've heard only a few times, but if Tommy Dorsey or Glenn Miller take up with it, you'll be singing it and dancing to it soon.

Another pretty near the top is I Don't Want to Walk Without You, which is taking up where The Blues in the Night left off, as far as popularity goes. A String of Pearls carries on—Glenn Miller's is the best we've heard.

Humpty-Dumpty Heart is that fairy tale revival and we do mean a revised edition. How Humpty-Dumpty does get around. Catchy. Happy in Love is cheerful, as is We're the Couple in the Castle.

Listen For:

Scare Crow—Benny Goodman
Tickey-Tickey-Tee—Lou Prima
Lazy River—Tommy Tucker
I Wish I Had a Sweetheart—Horace Heidt
Someone's Rocking My Dreamboat—Ink Spots
Cancel the Flowers—Tony Martin.

Predictable Potents:

I Want My Mamma, Lamp of Memory, Fun to be Fooled, Last Night I Said a Prayer.

Best of all this month we liked Bing Crosby's Deep in the Heart of Texas and Count Basie's grand-slam Coming Out Party. Required listening, students!

--O'H.

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REGISTRAR'S OFFICE

The Vanishing Delicacy

After stealthily creeping to—(probably a proctor's room) after the 10:30 curfew, the dorm dwellers sit and reminisce of things that used to be—men, tin curlers and food.

This latter rarity has virtually disappeared from the once-culinary art rooms of Newell Hall. Gone are the two pieces of buttered bread with actual meat in between, the luscious chocolate eclair, and the steaming vegetable soup at five cents a swig.

Ancient are the days when a student could dash from assembly with twenty-five cents in his pocket and anticipate all the goodies he could carry from the gleaming counters of the cafeteria. It can't be done now—for there just ain't no goodies.

During current times, we would like to know (for we are healthy down-to-earth humans who get hungry every lunchtime) just who has the presumptuous crust to call that excuse for a lunchtime conference center a dining room. After all, there is nothing on which to dine.

Perhaps the Keepers of the Kitchen are starving the general student populace in order to feed the boarders at night. But if the overseers of the "dining room" are not aware of it, there is food in the country, the same kind of food found on all tables before Pearl Harbor.

In order to be perfectly cooperative and to meet the not very exorbitant prices, we would be most willing to spend five cents more per lunch and get something to eat—instead of a lettuce leaf and a spatter of ice cream.

We all must remember, in these times of stress and strain, one of the requisites of high civilian morale is food. Any digestive tract will confirm that.

I WOULDN'T KNOW

That must be a wonderful feeling
You get when your paper rates "A";
You must feel like yelling, or anyway telling
Your friends in a riotous way.

I wouldn't know.

That must be a wonderful feeling
You get when he gives you the ring;
For at last the poor chap has succumbed to your trap—
You must want to bellow and sing.
I wouldn't know.

That must be a wonderful feeling
You get when he mutters "I will";
For he's losing his rights by the tie that unites,
And that surely must give you a thrill.
I'll probably never know!

BLACKOUT

(Continued from page 2)

Thus it is with all that is everlasting and fundamental. Thus it is with those true, unchanging ideals which some men are trying to black out along with our lights in this war of primitive brutality. Ideals of democracy and human freedom, like the light of Nature, cannot be hidden or destroyed. When misguided men attempt to extinguish these ideals, they grow all the brighter in contrast to the deadly force directed against them. They have dwelled in men's minds for ages; they have been there ready to point out the way to a richer and fuller life. All too often, however, they have been forgotten by men blinded with the lights of ambition and greed. They have been neglected by people who, blinded by prosperity, were satisfied that these democratic ideals had brought them an ease of living and thought that they no longer needed any attention or care. Now that the ideals are challenged by the greedy and ambitious, who seek to destroy them, the careless and prosperous begin to regain sight. When the light of slothful prosperity is removed by the danger of blitzkrieg, their ideals, so long neglected, seem more dear than ever they have before. The defense and preservation of all that is true and good becomes a necessity and a privilege.

Blackout reveals the forgotten value and beauty of a life lighted by truth and worthy ideals. If blackouts and war, by this revelation, can bring about the preservation of these ideals and the establishment of a more vigorous democratic way of living, they cannot be in vain.

-JEAN HIDEY.

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THE TOWER LIGHT is a monthly publication of and by the students at the State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland.

My Mind Went Wandering

In common with the majority of the students at S. T. C., I find my mind wandering at the oddest times and in the queerest places. It was in the midst of these musings that I decided to set some of them down on paper. Perhaps others have had similar quirks in their mental meanderings. . . (If so, I'd like to hear your views on these subjects.)

Just a moment ago I fell to considering the merits of taking notes in class. Besides the obvious value of conserving paper, what can be gained by NOT transferring class discussions to a notebook? If one can completely disregard the mechanics of writing and free one's brain from the thoughts of how to reword points so that they can be read later with understanding, can not one then devote his whole mental capacity to the ideas being presenred by both instructors and students? These people who are so furiously writing-what permanent value are they gaining—or what present or future value do they expect to gain from their orthographic labors? The answers are various. "I need notes to study." "I need a record of the class conclusions for a test." "The 'pearls of wisdom' that fall from the instructor's lips are worth keeping." Quite interesting commentaries on the trend of student thought.

Personally, required notebooks have been the bane of my existence. It has been my experience that notes hastily written during a class discussion are often later misinterpreted (if they can be read at all). In studying for a test I have found it of infinitely more value to go to the original sources to review. As for the previously mentioned "pearls of wisdom," I prefer to string mine on a thread of memory in my brain rather than keep them in a notebook safe deposit vault.

I overheard a senior remark, "Those freshmen don't take any notes; they'll learn!" Perhaps it is the senior who should learn. I'd like to take a poll somerime to find out how often a senior makes use of the voluminous notes he has taken during his high school and college career. Assuming he does use rhem, is their worth commensurate with the time it took to preserve them? Most of those notes are static now. So many new things have taken place in science, teaching, current affairs, literature, etc., that it is as much as anyone can do to keep up to dare. Even in subjects that don't change, such as ancient history, there are always new books that give a different interpretation and a new slant. So my thought on the subject is to keep a full extensive bibliography and devote class time to gaining a deeper insight into and an understanding of the topic under discussion.

—(Continued on next page)

Another topic that my mind often strays ro is that of an "honor system" and the special need for honor in the handling of library books. Since I expressed my views on the "honor system" in the October Tower Light I won't repeat them now but I still maintain that our thinking on the subject is very superficial and indifferent. There is more to honor than is usually implied in student discussions of it and unless we get down to basic fundamentals we'll argue forever the pros and cons.

This may be heresy but I insist that no student is purposely dishonorable, any more than any human is intrinsically evil, and unless we seriously attempt to find the innate qualities of mind that lead future reachers to "snitch" books we'll never be able to solve the problem satisfactorily. But, of course, I'm willing to admit that a system is better than chaos in the absence of the principle. My hope is that the establishment of the system will not make us so self-satisfied that we never go any deeper. The ultimate aim should be: "Honor—even without rhe system."

My mind wandered again over that path the other day when a student signed for a faculty reserve book in another student's name. I shall never stop being amazed when I see such things happening but I realized that no matter how efficient our library system may be, the need as far as that student was concerned was so great that she was willing to disregard our rules and even the rights of others to meet her need. Talking to that student, or others like her, about honor would be useless unless she first understood herself and had formed the psychological bond between thinking, knowing, and acting.

My mind went wandering—this time to marks. How tragic that a letter of the alphabet should be the end-all of a student's existence! Yet, in spite of all arguments the fact remains that the scholarship committee, county and city superintendents, and academic requirements keep them prominently in the forefront of a student's mind when he prepares assignments, studies for a test, reads, and writes. Added to this is the tradition of the report card as the final word to parent and child concerning the latter's achievement.

How often in our classes do we argue a point not for the sake of the truth but for the sake of a higher grade! How often are we disappointed with a C on a theme (not trusting the teacher's judgment) because we worked those extra hours in the hope that mere time would so improve our powers of expression that we might rate a B?

The saddest statement I ever heard was that of a senior who said, "If I had known I was only going to get a C in student reaching I wouldn't have worked so hard." We may well assume that as far as she was concerned hard work is the only criteria for a mark. Evidentally she needed those extra hours of work; after all, a practice teacher marks also on ability, classroom management, teaching technique, etc., etc., and no matter how conscientious and hard-working a person may be, unless the spark is there not much is to be expected. The very fact that the student was working solely for the mark probably laid waste a good deal of her labor. Had her consuming interest been the child and not the mark her labor may have merited her more than C.

It's going to be a long, hard struggle to so subordinate marks to their proper place in the scheme of things that when report card day comes the student will say disdainfully, "Oh, another report card—pffffft!" and throw it carelessly aside. Self-evaluation and study and work for their real purpose will come to be the guideposts in a student's life.

My mind went wandering—Oh, yes, there's lots more I could tell about the interesting side paths it finds to explore. I could talk for hours expressing my views on testing, student teaching, student council meetings, teachers, college elections, current social problems, and philosophy. But no one listens or takes me seriously (except those who delight in arguing) and I doubt if even the editor has read this far. Which sends my mind wandering on the subject of editors in general and college publications in particular. . . . —Jeanette V. Ulrich.

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TOWER LIGHT



SEVERAL UPPER-CLASSMEN HAVE FOLLOWED the sparrows south, lately, but not for migration purposes. Dot Shinham trekked to the land of the Magnolias and Mint Juleps and got a ring out of the trip. Margaret Fallin also wended her merry way to the University of Alabama, and Betty Kennedy took in Florida. What does the South have? Or is Fort Meade losing its charm?

0 0 0

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE ART CLUB? WE remember its first hilarious meeting—with the then Miss Neunsinger drawing a couple of strays on a park bench and throwing in quips to match the picture. Has the club dissolved in a lather of modernism or are our Rembrandts just modest about their little organization? Great balls of fire—let us hear from you!

0 0 0

IF A REAL AIR RAID HAD TAKEN PLACE ON April 14th the returning student teachers would have either been blown to bits or maimed for life. No notice was given them about air raid instructions—no kind one told them where to go—and they were left to muddle the Campus School drill. Whose fault is it? Why were they not allowed to vote in the Student Council election? Something must be done!

0 0 0

ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15TH, THE FEMALES OF this institution nearly joined the air corps. Lieutenant Kiefer came to talk to the men of the college and brought with him two of the best pieces of male propaganda that the college has seen for many a day. The gathering nearly turned out to be coed.

0 0

WE ARE STILL HANDING OUT BOUQUETS TO THE Millars. This time to the Mrs. (alias Teresa Calamara) who gave a Chopin recital on April 13th. It was the first culture assembly we've had since the war began and needless to say it was tops.

THE ONLY FACULTY MEMBER NOW BOASTING a sun-tan is Dr. Crabtree. She gave three speeches at the Florida Teachers Convention, ate Spanish bean soup, and went sun bathing. We wish more faculty members would do likewise. We find it very enervating.

Miss Keys Remembers Us

Miss Keys took time off recently from a very busy life to write a long, newsy letter to a member of our faculty. All who know her will doubtless be interested in the following extracts—

"These strenuous days leave little time for the pleasant things we should like to do, although as I look over my activities I can't see that much is being accomplished. The most worthwhile, perhaps, is the 'refresher' course in nutrition, a series of ten lessons offered at the University here, for out-of-date home economics teachers who wish to go into defense teaching.

"I have tried to avoid the hysteria which usually accompanies wars, but it is not easy to do. I feel that the nutrition field is mine, or rather my most promising opportunity to serve.

"Someone very kindly sent me a February Tower Light, the one containing the tribute to Miss Prickett, which I consider beautifully done. It is simple, direct, and truthful as Miss Prickett would like. I wonder who wrote it?

"And Miss Tall's death—what a shock that was to all who loved her. I, personally, feel that I have lost a most dear friend and though there are many ties at Baltimore and Towson, I shall feel keenly the emptiness of her absence.

"Today I went out around the garden as the sun shone brightly, and found some snowdrops already in bloom, with daffodils and tulips coming rapidly. Sister Hazel and I built a conservarory, so called, last fall. It extends out from a cellar window to the south and leaving the window open admits heat. So we had foliages, geraniums, begonias—all the ordinary house plants—as a winter garden. We laid the brick, puttied the window-glass and generally made it our own creation. Now we hope to start seedlings for the outdoor garden.

"The Tower Light states that STC is offering a summer session. Will you stay on? Our schools here are doing the same thing—notably Illinois University which has a preponderance of men students. The Normal School here is largely made up of women.

"Please remember me to all friends. How I should love to drop in on you again, but Hitler and others won't let me!"

Victory Gardens

BY KENNETH P. MILLER

THIS YEAR a lot of us are going to plant what we optimistically call Victory Gardens. We will sally forth armed to the teeth with spades, hoes, rakes, and the latest Garden Guides, a firm and determined set to our jaws; and we may even venture, as we march along, to hum jauntily something about the good old summer time. But we may return from our battles with witchgrass and the Japanese Beetle somewhat chastened and subdued unless we know what a weary path the gardener treads. It is my intention, therefore, to point out the pitfalls and the ways to avoid them, not in any effort to discourage the would-be farmer but, rather, to give him the benefit of my own experience.

The sad and, I must confess, humiliating truth is that this spring I am planting my second Victory Garden. I date myself, I know, when I recall that I was nine or ten during the last war and that, prodded by a patriotic mother, I began to win the war and help feed the family by growing vegetables. To this day an embarrassing immortality is mine, for a photograph still exists which shows me in knickers and a silly grin, holding a prizewinning cucumber beside a yardstick. Even though the yardstick is upside down, any devout pilgrim who travels to my birthplace can still observe that the cucumber measures exactly fourteen inches. This prize example of the gardener's skill was on display in the local hardware shop until it yellowed with age. Though no hungry mouths feasted on this cucumber, many aspiring gardeners were doubtless spurred on by the sight of it; and I was given at my then tender age the assurance that I knew my vegetables and had the right to speak concerning their care and nurture.

First of all, I should like to warn the members of an entire group that gardening is not for them. I refer, naturally, to that loose coterie known as Economic Determinists. (Our own Dr. E. Donald Duck should take note.) Men are not led down the garden path by any urge for material gain, nor if they are do they find pots of gold beneath the cabbage leaves. The true gardener knows that he will be lucky if he grows enough to pay for his seeds. His urge is a primal one—the desire to feel the good earth between his socks and shoes, to commune with Nature in her various manifestations, to know the sweet joy that comes when the first coy radish peeps above the soil. Plant a garden, then, for the fun of it. If you get to eat any vegetables before the insects find them —lucky you!

And speaking of insects—the Victory Gardener needs

to be cautioned against the various pests that swarm wherever tender green things sprout. Of all winged pests the most ferocious is the Japanese Beetle. He is infamous for his blitzkrieg tactics—the surprise attack, the boring from within. Now many gardeners become greatly incensed at the beetle. On June days you may see them plunging madly about, heads lowered, faces inflamed, slashing violently this way and that at real and imagined beetles. Other more placid foes of the beetle set traps in which bees, moths, spiders, and an occasional Scotch Terrier get caught. My method is essentially simple but effective. The careful observer of Nature has probably noticed our friend-the Wasp. Now the Wasp-order Hymenoptera to you, Mr. Cook—is definitely a hazard to the gardener, but even more of a hazard to the Japanese Beetle. Scientists have it that wasps like to sting beetles, object, egg-laying. Thus we see that good old Mother Nature is at it again, balancing kind against kind in her subtle fashion. I say, "Let her." When I see a wasp in my garden—and I see them frequently—I immediately proceed slowly to the nearest shady spot and stretch out peacefully on the greensward, secure in the belief that Mother Nature's Wasp will take care of Brér Beetle.

But Dame Nature has no device to take care of the most pernicious of the gardener's enemies, his fellow human-beings who come to observe, to scoff, and generally to annoy. It is almost impossible to sit quietly on an old gray stone and watch one's seeds come up if so-called friends are about. The Victory Farmer should always remember that gardening is not a social enterprise but is a solitary task, a one-man pursuit, not to be interrupted by chitchat of any sort. One's male friends are bad enough as kibitzers, but the female of the species is far more deadly. Let me say categorically: women do not mix with gardening. Remember that God first made a garden, then placed man in it; and for a time man knew Paradise. Then woman entered the garden and Paradise was no more.

The trouble with women is—or, I should say, one of the many troubles with women is—that they simply don't know their onions and beets. All women are different—vive les differences!—and I cannot presume to condemn all on the same grounds; but I can warn against a few recurrent types of female gardeners. First, beware the woman who looks upon gardening as a chance to parade her pretty clothes. Come spring and such women consider the lily who toils not. They hie themselves to some smart shoppe and return bedecked in a lovely picture hat, a dainty flowered gardening gown,

and embroidered gardening gloves. The best thing a man can do then is to go to a ball game. Then second, beware the woman who has ideas of making a garden artistic. To her, the appearance must please no matter what grows. Remember that a garden's true beauty lies in its utility. Third, beware the woman with a little dangerous knowledge. One such was brought to my attention recently. She knew that salads are composed of vegetables grown in gardens. She, therefore, planted in one large bed a confused collection of seeds—radish, lettuce, cucumber, tomato—believing, apparently, that her salad would come up ready mixed. Her salad was mixed, all right, but not in an edible form. And finally, I must conclude in summation, Beware Women!

Of course the gardener has many satisfactions. He is a true exponent of modern educational theory: he learns by doing. No advice can grow a garden, only hard work can. So the gardener has the durable joy that comes after toil. Some warm day in June you should try to find me hard at my gardening. If you approach quietly you will discover me growing things. I shall be lying with one ear to the ground, listening to the soft sweet music of growing crops, hearing the louder noise of the devouring worms. Gardening is harder work than golf, but it is less expensive and almost as much fun. Why not try it?

Coming Events

ON THE CAMPUS

April 24—Baseball—Drew University versus Towson at Towson.

May 6—May Day.

May 8—Sophomore Dance.

May 15—Baseball—Frostburg versus Towson at Towson.

May 29-Senior Prom.

OFF CAMPUS

May 8 to May 14—Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare at the Baltimore Museum of Art.

May 13—"Afternoon with the Poets" Series: William Blake.

"Coeducation Equals Lost Time"

Survey made by D. C. Troth at the University of Illinois (coeducational).*

- "This is a study of the behavior of 100 students, 50 men and 50 women, during the first 10 minutes after they had seated themselves in the University of Illinois Library."
- 2. "They spent 40% of the time conversing, aimlessly leafing books, using vanity cases, writing or reading letters, and 'just looking around."
- 3. "None of the 100 students . . . spent the entire 10 minutes in study. Moreover, the women in the group were more given to non-academic activities in the 10 minute period than the men."

The Colgate Survey—conducted at Colgate College (men students only).

- 1. "This study was based on the observation of 75 men under conditions as similar as possible to those at Illinois."
- 2. "Colgate men wasted only 26% of the period in sleeping, talking, day dreaming, adjusting clothes, and walking around."
- 3. "11% of the students began concentrating on their studies as soon as they were seated in the library and continued to do so for the entire period."

Conclusion

Dr. Berrien: "It is highly probably that the presence of women in the Illinois group not only tended to raise the percentage of time spent in distractions because of their own propensities in that direction, but also because the women were a distracting influence on the opposite sex."

EDITOR'S NOTE: We do not feel that the presence of men in this college presents sufficient cause for too much worry.

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^{*}Excerpts from the article, "Finds Time Lost in Coeducation," New York Times, March 22, 1942.

Wake Up, America!

We have on our hands about the biggest job we have ever tackled as a nation. That job is not going to be done as it must unless all concerned do their parts.

Industry has the responsibility of putting all of its resources, facilities, and energy into meeting the nation's needs. Labor has the responsibility of keeping the wheels turning continuously at full speed. Throughout the land every community, every group, and every individual has a particular responsibility in the paramount job which we have undertaken. Then too, all of us, regardless of class or group, have certain personal obligations.

It is the duty and should be the privilege for every American to bolster morale and to do everything possible to strengthen the faith of our people in the fundamental ideas that we call the American way of life. Patriotic slogans, banners, and songs will not meet this need. Instead the American people must examine themselves. Then we must eradicate the weaknesses wherever they are found. We need to get straight our relations to our country and our responsibilities to American institutions.

Frederick L. Schuman said that nations possess a "cultural lag." The people in the nation possess that and also other types of "lags." Though it is several months since the declaration of war, many individuals have not awakened to the fact that our aggressors mean business. They have not awakened to the fact that they, along with millions of other individuals, must change their way of living. They must learn to accept more obligations, more debts, and more responsibilities. Just because we have always had various rights, privileges and opportunities their preservation is not insured. Our heretofore complacent nation must learn to sacrifice.

This "lag" can be observed every day and in every community. The very heart of the lag is within the individual himself. It still has its grip upon many, many people. Are you living any different today than you did a year ago or are you sacrificing more and more?

We, as people who are going out to teach other people, must understand what type of individual the nation needs. We must be one ourselves so that we may teach others by example. As Sergeant York put it, "We did not inherit our liberties as a right; we merely have a lease upon them, and we must pay our way as we go."

Today we stand on the threshold of a great test. Whether the decision is reached on the battlefields of the land, the sea, or the air, the terms of the final verdict is written in the hearts and minds of the American people. Are you, as an American prepared to pay the price for the preservation of the privileges you enjoy?

-JOHN CHILCOAT.

Open Forum

We Reverse the Order

Dear Student Body:

We are not airing our dirty silks. We simply want you to know that other suckers besides us write for the Tower Light. Every degrading, disillusioning, base thought which appears in print is attributed to us. We implore you—just because you don't like something that appears herein, don't bring bayonets and stick us in the back. We do not write the entire issue—only part of it. We have been accused of so much that we feel like Jesse James and Jack the Ripper. So with the hope that the rest of our stay in this institution may have some semblance of peace, we remain

Hopefully yours,

YE EDITORS.

To the Students of S. T. C.

Dear You:

The Tower Light is our school magazine. Don't stop reading, keep on. Each of us is a contributor and subscriber. The staff, which includes about fifty people of which about fifteen are active, strives to please you with each publication. Are you a member of the inactive staff? This year the magazine is being put out by students, namely four editors, with the help of Dr. Lynch.

Each month the complaints are terrific. Are you one of the mumbling mob? "Gosh, the same old articles, no wonder nobody reads them." "Why doesn't somebody else get a chance to write?" "Why don't they ever put something good in here." "My name never gets in the So-What column."

Stop to think, now—or don't you want to? Have you ever volunteered to spend a free hour to help the staff? Have you ever gotten or tried to ger an ad, just because you felt very missionary-like? Did you ever turn in a poem you wrote in an off minure? What about those tricky ideas you had? Did you let them sink back into the cobwebs of your brain (what brain) and rot? You heard a pun some kid made. Did you jot it down for So-What?

Okay, here it is straight to you. We feel the T. L. isn't touching enough people. We don't think you're entirely pleased. We want unfavorable criticism, but give it to us so we can do something about ir. We want to write you up, we want and need your works of art (?) whether in bas relief, in the round, in the rough, or still wet. You know, now, that you can write something.

You're bashful, aren't you? Get encouragement from the folks at home, they'll always give it.

There it is—straight to you. Get right down and straighten out your ideas, jot them down, and run straight to the T. L. office, so we'll be able to put out a super magazine next time.

From A. M. H.

To the Editors:

Please advise me on this potent matter. Just at 11 A. M. or thereabouts, when my system calls for stimulation in the way of food, the Book Shop bangs its doors and leaves me to starve in the dark halls of S. T. C. I realize that Mrs. Clark feels the call of hunger too, but why couldn't a student be left to preside over the cakes and copybooks until she returns? One of these days, I am going to collapse in front of the auditorium, and then perhaps this sad situation will be brought to the attention of them-what-is-higher-up.

Hopefully,

ONE WHO LOVES FOOD.

Day of Rest (?)

Sunday is the day of rest. Did you know that? It may be divided (improving Gaul) into four parts.

Sunday Morning: Serenity—according to propagandists. It consists actually (let me tell you) of figuring out the appropriate costume, getting breakfast, haggling over priorities in regard to the use of the bathroom, dashing for church envelopes, running back to get the purse that matches, almost forgetting the Sunday School book, finally dashing out with only a few minutes to go.

Sunday Afternoon: This peaceful part of the day gets under way with the removing of those terrible Sunday shoes, helping with the setting of the table, waiting

impatiently for dinner.

After Dinner Siesta: This has a good beginning. One is too full to move and so one becomes absorbed in The Spirit and D. Tracy's latest out-maneuvering of B. B. eyes. Naturally this part of the day includes doing the dishes, washing the hair, manicuring the nails, and finally doing that "assignment" for Monday. Right in the middle of sudden and long-sought inspiration, the guests (unexpected) drop in "for a minute." Politeness or good breeding requires attendance at this pow-wow. The "assignment" is thrust aside.

The Evening Hour: The guests who had come for "just a minute" leave five minutes (approximately) before one is supposed to be at a Young Peoples' Meeting at church. There is a dash for a sandwich, no time to change one's costume from this morning's "eye-thriller," then another dash—out the door. In closing the day, one rushes in from church, hurriedly finishes that report and falls exhausted into bed at some wee hour—after the "day of rest."

Music

The Glee Club Goes Visiting, or Don't Say We Didn't Warn You, Soldier!

Look out below!
Or don't you know?
The Glee Club's invited
(We're all excited)
To sing at Fort Meade!

Our program is full,
Not a moment is dull;
We've quartet and solo,
Songs Espanola.
(Miss Weyforth will lead.)

"Light, Gracious Glow"
(Which seniors know).
Then, getting bolder,
"Soldier, Soldier:"
These we shall sing.

Waltzes and tangos.
Hymns and fandangos,
"Texas," and then—
Did you say when?
Quite soon in the spring.

RUTH MALESON.

Do You Speak Spanish? or Hispanoamericano

To foster South American relations,
The Glee Club gathered folk songs from some nations
That are included in this hemisphere.
And then we sang and practiced, till we learned them:
We worked and slaved, in Miss Weyforth's mind she turned them,

Till now they are perfected—never fear.

Some day in May or April—sometime soon,

Come into the assembly hall at noon,

Hear songs in Spanish, English: with expression.

"Ay, ay, ay" (in Spanish sung) or "Carmencita"

A Mexican tune, as in "Estrellita";

Excellente solos, choruses—without excepcion.

RUTH MALESON.

NEW YORK TRIP

Things We Can't Forget:

Two-minute dashes to get the 1:00 a. m. show on time. The coffee shops at all hours.

Cabano wondering "where all the people are going." Prowlers outside 1018.

Peg's telephone conversation.

Mr. Miller's O.K. chaperoning.

Cooperative desk clerks.

Johnny's jumping from Jane to Jane. (Variety is the spice of life—you know the rest.)

Quotes: "We didn't have teachers like that when we went to school."

Quotes: "Can you put Maryland aside long enough to sell me a 2-cent stamp?"

"Friendliness" of the Service Men.

Embarrassing blasé companions by gazing upward at the skyscrapers.

Anderson's gruesome suggestion that we might get caught in the subway door.

Ten-cent gardenias.

Theft of the ticket-tape.

Welcome absence of hall books and clanging clock-towers.

Nickels stuck in the automat.

Kitty's "act" for the taxi-driver.

"Murray" and "Eddie."

Sidewalk photograph galleries (P. Allen's nomination for Terry-Tunes or Mac's cartoons).

Bus rides down 5th Ave. that didn't materialize at 3:00 a.m.

Donald's rendezvous with Smith and others in the wee

Dreary telephone operator—"It's those noisy girls in 1018 again."

Battle

The army marches on, across my path.

With frozen grins they hasten on their way—
My enemies opposing all I do,
And laughing at each feeble prayer I pray.

I fall against a wall, they onward rush And pity not my anxious, angry cries. The spoils of battle they hold proud aloft. They jeer the mute entreaty in my eyes.

I push against the fearsome, raging tide
Of mortals, stern in purpose, loud in roar.
I reach the wide outdoors and heave a sigh—
I've come alive from a self-service store.

-MARGARET CARTER.

Meet the May Court!

Instead of writing an introduction to each one of our May Court gals, we decided to give you a brief pin-point description; so that on May 6 when you see them tripping o'er the grass, you'll feel a bit better acquainted with our representatives of feminine pulchritude.

BETTY CARROLL: Has a liking for phone calls, convertibles, "mais oui," knitting, movies, and suits with white shirts. Pet peeves are no mail and confusion, and her favorite color is blue. Ambition is to gradutate from S. T. C., and she's happy if her date gives her yellow roses. First thing she notices about a man is whether he's a tall blond.

ALICE CRANE: Under "likes" Alice listed Ralph, and she particularly dislikes faculty members who don't practice what they preach. Blue is also her choice color, but her favorite flower is the red rose. Ambition is to be a practice teacher at 50, and the first thing she looks for in a man is pearly teeth.

PAT HERNDON: Has a weakness for spring, fried chicken, the smell of gasoline, rainy Sundays, southern accents, fresh air, Schubert's music, sport clothes and canoeing. Pet peeves are continued stories and talking on the telephone, while her ambition is to gain 10 pounds and live down south. Notices a man's smile first of all, and loves gardenias. Quite patriotically says her favorite color at the moment is khaki.

Doris Kehm: Has a taste for Italian spaghetti, dancing, men from the North, bad little boys, short brown hair with a tendency to curl, and nice grins. She gets riled at feminine men and people who think they can run this country better than the administration, but she gets a lift out of pink camellias. Also likes blue, and her ambition is to marry a man with a nice grin and hair like she mentioned above. Notices general looks and his smile when she looks at a man.

JEAN KEMP: Likes soft music, dancing, poetry, perfume, men-in-white, tweeds and saddles, moonlight, mine-sweepers, leis and the call of the sea. Chooses lilacs as her favorite flower, and likes lavender as a color. Hates people with an I-told-you-so attitude and nurses, and her ambition is "a smiling face, a fireplace, a cozy room." Notices a man's eyes right off the bat.

PHYLLIS KIRTLEY: Is happy about long walks on a clear sunny day (or in the moonlight), entertaining at home, colored shoes to match your dress, and cooking a good meal ("if it's possible" she adds). Pet hate is people who talk all the time and say nothing, and her favorite bloom is the orchid. Likes all shades of pink, and would like to graduate from S. T. C. and become a

school marm. Notices the whole man in her first glance.

MARJORIE PARKER: Gets a kick out of traveling, reading, dancing, shopping, ice skating, swimming, celery and kids. Despises slammed doors, people yelling at you and piled up assignments, while her pet flower is the camellia. Likes light blue, and wants to teach in a pleasant school and get married. When she looks at a man, she norices first if he has honest eyes.

Dot Shinham: Is delighted with cheese, perfume of honeysuckle, taking hikes, little children, sewing, science, celery, California, reading and badminton. Pet aversions are 4 o'clock classes and noise after 10:30, and she prefers mock orange in the matter of flowers. Likes blue, wants to teach two years and then marry, and notices a man's hair first of all.

Well, there you have the Seniors of the May Court. They seem to prefer blue as a color, don't think it old-fashioned to admit to wanting a home and husband, and don't prefer (on the whole) expensive flowers. Encouraging, isn't it, boys?

EDITOR'S NOTE: Junior members of the Court will be sketched in the next issue. Deadlines must be met—that's the reason they did not appear herein.

Marriages:

Mary Eugenia Reinhardt (class of '41) to James McGuirk.

Elizabeth L. Weems (class of '40) to John T. Crane.

My America

Land of the free and home of the brave,
Where autocracy lies dead in a grave—
A grave of deceit, hate and war;
Where liberty, freedom and justice shall rule evermore.
Land where justice is granted to all,
The young and the old, the great and the small.

My America,

Home of the red, the white and the blue,
Land of the patriot's devotion, so true.

Now, in the shadow of war—
Land of production, ships, guns and tanks,
Ready to fight for the rights she bore,
The western, the southern and the northern Yanks.

My America, your America, our America!

—J. F. M.

The War Changes the College Curriculum

Harvard—Freshmen live in Hah-vad Houses for the first time
Harvard is working on a year-round basis with a
greatly accelerated program to enable students to complete their courses and get a degree in two years and one
summer term. Physical education has been made compulsory for all undergraduates. Freshmen, for the first
time, will be allowed to live in Harvard houses.

Columbia—Take your pick from 1500 courses!

Five hundred new courses, created to meet wartime needs in education, have been included with one thousand other courses to Columbia's summer curriculum. These courses make a total of 1500 courses, the most extensive summer program ever offered by any university. University of Nebraska—Welcome "draftees-to-be"

For "draftees-to-be" the University of Nebraska is offering two year programs in the fields of Agriculture, Home Economics, Arts and Sciences, Business Administration, Engineering, Journalism, Radio Broadcasting, Commerical Arts, Health (technician), and Teaching. Much of the work offered may be applied to a four-year degree.

Army Correspondence Institute

This spring the Federal Government will establish at the University of Wisconsin an Army Correspondence Institute to help soldiers continue their educational training. The Navy and Air Corps are carrying on their own correspondence institutes.

Hamilton College

Among the eight new courses to prepare students for call to the armed services are a course in the principles of navigation and a course in typing. The latter is considered a highly desirable skill by the branches of the Army which are facing a shortage of male typists.

Engagements:

Eleanor Merkle Schnepfe (class of '36) to Dr. V. Randolph Hawkins.

Shirley W. Auld (former member of class of '44) to Midshipman Robert James Fossum.

Dorothy Shinham (class of '42) to Creston Herold (class of '42).

Evelyn Isaacs (class of '42) to Sol Oidick.

Veronica Puzycki (class of '43) to John Dawson.

Marion Heuisler (class of '43) to Nicholas Boniface.

Dorothy Kapp (class of '43) to Barry Radebaugh.

THE WORLD OF FASHION

Geographical Garb Gab

AFTER GREAT WARS cities often emerge with new names. But there are cities which may change their names after the present war and their old names still remain a part of our language, so well-worn and usual are they in our everyday speech. In fact, many of us may have forgotten, or perhaps never learned, the cities which give their names to numerous articles of clothing. Can you identify the city from which each of the following items of costume gets its name?

- 1. Baku hats
- 2. Derby hats
- 3. Leghorn hats
- 4. Paisley prints
- 5. Angora sweaters
- 6. Cardigan sweaters
- 7. Mascara make-up
- 8. Jodhpurs
- 9. Copenhagen blue
- 10. Fez hats
- 11. Inverness coats
- 12. Malacca walking sticks
- 13. Oxford shoes
- 14. Bokhara cloth
- 15. Astrakahn cloth
- 16. Damask cloth
- 17. Homburg hats

Correct answers on page 19.

Faculty Fashions

By now all the new spring outfits have been properly selected, trotted up and down Charles Street in hope of favorable comments, and maybe have been put on the clothes-to-be-cleaned list. Well, I've been clothes-conscious for awhile and from the dim, dark, depressing shadows in the Ad Building I have been observing the faculty attire. If I could select a bit from here, something else from there, and so forth, I could get myself a very glorious wardrobe.

Here's what I'd like to have:

Miss Joslin's earrings

Miss Weyforth's bracelets

Miss MacDonald's rings

Dr. Anita Dowell's question marks

Dr. Crabtree's shoes

Miss Roach's blouses

Miss Daniel's skirts

Miss Barkley's reefer coat

Miss Rawling's tan corduroy jacket

Dr. Lynch's raccoon coat

Miss Hartby's beads

Mrs. Van Horn and Mrs. Barell's dresses

Dr. Tansil's red evening dress and coat

Miss Bader's hankies

And from the men:

Dr. West's rings

Mr. Lembach's smock

Mr. Miller's color combinations

Mr. Millar's ties

Mr. Moser's sport jackets

Mr. Walther's watch

Dr. Foster Dowell's shirts

Mr. Minnegan's tennis shoes

-AGNES HICKS.

Fashion Review

The afternoon of April 8th proved to be a most pleasurable one for those clothes enthusiasts who found themselves in Richmond Hall Parlor from 4 to 4:45, for it was then that Hutzler Brothers Company brought, under the sponsorship of the A. C. E., its third annual presentation of spring fashion selections. And what a grand array of charming creations there were! To top it off, the models were members of our own student body and included (prepare yourself, dear reader) such celebrities as the Messrs. Astrin, Horst, and Culbertson.

With the exception that one or two of the sports costumes looked like three years back, and one formal dress seemed a bit reminiscent of the Shirley Temple influence, the display was one of smart new designs, subtle color combinations, and in a mood of smooth sophistication. Costumes which were particularly worthy of note are:

Shrimp pink, tailored slacks of a rayon and wool interweave. . . Cunning little playsuits, with detachable skirts, featured in gay colors "to keep up the morale." Flowers, we learned, are "extremely smart when worn with sports clothes." . . Heavy two-piece slacks outfit in menswear check with warm salmon toned jacket to carry through the color suggested in the overplaid design. . . Forward sailors in red straw are becoming increasingly popular. . . The new gold-carrot shade and

(Continued on page 20)

NEWS FROM CAMP

The letters which are always coming from the boys in camp seem to us to furnish very interesting reading material. So, here are some more of them.

Carville Lauenstein who is now at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas, always presents an amusing angle about something or other.

". . . The Tower Light came at noon. The articles indicate some of us were born a few years too soon. What a shame that so many girls are in the market for escorts to dances. Things weren't that way when John Wheeler, Luther Cox, Edward Johnson, etc., were there.

"I've been living in a tent and it's been pretty cold. Luckily, however, I have a number of blankets to put on my bed—the stronger the wind blows and the more it snows, the more blankets I use. I'm right up with the weather if not anything else.

"Mr. Moser's being called 'John Barrymore' was very amusing . . . only Dr. Dowell could think of such things . . ."

Editor's Note: Probably you were born a few years too soon. We hope it is much warmer in Arkansas. If not, we may dig up a few more blankets.

0 0 0

Bernard Phelps always sends a heart-warming message and we can't refrain from printing it.

"... I enjoyed the articles of the well edited Tower Light very much. It was good to hear about all the boys and the editorials were fine. There are two professional journalists in my tent and they said that the Tower Light is one of the best college publications that they have had the privilege of reading. Tell them to keep up the good work.

"I organized a chorus of about 20 soldiers and we practice at spare moments (which are few). We have sung at several morale shows, USO parties, and twice over WFLA. One boy has written several songs that have been sent to Glenn Miller. . ."

Editor's Note: We are expecting a telegram any day now from from the New York Times soliciting our talent. Maybe you could bring your chorus up for an assembly.

0 0 0

Jules Clayman, stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia,

"... Just the other day I received a clipping from the Sun which was sent to me by a former Baltimorean. I was shocked to learn that Miss Tall had passed away

even though I knew she was considerably up in years. She seemed so active all the time that one never associated the idea of death with her.

"May I thank you for the copy of the Tower Light. I didn't know who had sent it but surmised that Henry Astrin, who's my cousin and attending State Teachers, had sent it. It certainly brought back the days when we looked forward to reading the latest news and reading some fine articles.

"Class No. 13—Company No. 14 of which I am a member here at Officers Training School is now entering its fifth week. We certainly are covering ground. I might have mentioned it before that this course is considered a refresher course but many of us are learning things for the first time as well as methods of teaching this subject matter.

"So far—so good. I am hoping to be able to make the grade. Those of us making the grade will be commissioned on May 19th. You would be surprised how we wish our life away. We are eagerly looking forward to the day when May 19 rolls across the calendar. It can't come too soon.

"My best regards to you. Looking forward to the time when I can again visit Towson and say hello. . ."

0 0 0

Solomon Cohen, at Lowry Field in Colorado, sounds a little homesick for S. T. C. He writes:

"... Your second service letter to me arrived recently, as interesting as the first. However, its sad news concerning Miss Tall surprised me no little. The relationship of ill health to Miss Tall I could not imagine, for to me she seemed always to be sound physically, so that I thought it nothing for her to meet her daily problems.

"The newspapers and Mr. Billopp paid her fitting tribute.

"Since leaving school I have always enjoyed the idea of going back at least once during the spring time, especially for May Day. I'm afraid certain international events are attempting to overshadow some of the graduates' visits this year. However being away from it has only tended to bring the school and its spring surroundings into sharper focus for me. I recall the dogwoods at the head of the runway, the apply blossoms, the red cardinal (that returns every year) on the blossoms outside of what used to be Mrs. Brouwer's art classroom. . .

"Thanking you very much for your thoughtfulness and wishing you a Happy Easter, I am . . ."

(Continued on page 18)

BOOKS

What Is Your Literary I. Q.?

- 1. What new novel by John Steinbeck, author of Grapes of Wrath is currently being dramatized?
- 2. What author famous for her stories of the Florida back-country has just completed a new novel entitled Cross Creek?
- 3. What recent best-seller by Marguerite Steen which encompasses several generations will be filmed in the near future?
- 4. What widely discussed book concerning the problems of modern warfare was recently written by Lieutenant Colonel W. F. Kernan?
- 5. What American Nobel prize winner has written a new novel of occupied China called *Dragon Seed?*
- 6. What is the title of the book written by Wallace R. Deuel which has been called "the most important book of the hour"?
- 7. What author famous for his book Wind, Sand, and Stars has completed another classic about flying called Flight to Arras?
- 8. What New England poet published a new volume of poems entitled A Witness Free?
- 9. What book concerning Soviet Russia by former U. S. Ambassador Joseph E. Davies is taking the place of Berlin Dairy on America's reading list?
- 10. What new novel has been published by Daphne du Maurier, author of Rebecca?

—Mary Di Peppi and Katherine Swain.

(Answers on page 19)

Free Speech Is What YOU Make It

Free Speech in the United States: by Zechariah Chafee, Jr.; Cambridge; Harvard University Press; 1941; pp. xiv, 634.

In a war-torn world where the fate of democracy rests on the outcome of the present trial by battle, all lovers of freedom should be vigilant to defend their precious heritage from attacks foreign and domestic. American teachers in particular should be keenly aware of the extent to which education in this democracy rests on a liberal interpretation of the bills of rights in our federal and state constitutions. This means that the competently trained teacher should have a thorough knowledge of the history and meaning of our civil liberties and should be able to recognize instantly all assaults and dangers which threaten these essential elements of democratic government. In preparing to fulfill this civic and professional duty all American teachers should read this excellent volume by Professor Chafee of the Harvard Law School, who is probably the outstanding authority on the subject of freedom of speech in the United States. This book appeared in March, 1941, before our entry into the war, but its data and conclusions apply both in peace and war.

In this volume the author reproduces his earlier book Freedom of Speech (1920), certain chapters from The Inquiring Mind (1928), and several articles first published elsewhere. The new material is found in: (1) a discussion of the leading free speech decisions of the United States Supreme Court, 1930-1940; (2) a trenchant analysis of the Alien Registration Act of 1940 and legislation excluding Communists from the ballot; and (3) a consideration of "Free Speech Today." The entire work constitutes an accurate, penetrating, and scholarly study of the problems of legislative policy, administrative practice, and constitutional interpretation raised by federal and state restrictions on speech and press.

Particularly timely is Dr. Chafee's analysis of the objectionable features of the Alien Registration Act of 1940, which "contains the most drastic restrictions on freedom of speech ever enacted in the United States during peace." (p. 441) Two of the five titles of this act apply to citizens as well as aliens. One of these includes a loosely drawn federal sedition law which introduces into our federal jurisprudence the noxious doctrine of guilt by association.

It is an ominous portent for the future of civil liberties in the United States that "although the Supreme Court during the ten years since 1931 has been giving us more liberty, yet toward the end of the decade, Congress and state legislatures began giving us less." (p. 439) This is true despite the fact that we have three reasons for hope not available in 1917 in (1) the example of the mistakes of 1917-1920, (2) "the terrible warning against the evils of intolerance" furnished by contemporary Europe, and (3) the successive decisions of the United States Supreme Court which have steadily extended the constitutional boundaries of our civil liberties. In the last analysis the future of civil liberties in this country depends on the coolheadedness and tolerance of you and me, that is, the average American citizen, who, in our democracy, makes

the laws and chooses the officials who enforce them. Professor Chafee wrote this book "so that it will be intelligible to a man or woman without legal training" (p. vii) because he knew that "in the long run the public gets just as much freedom of speech as it really wants." (p. 564) That is why every citizen and every teacher should read what he has written.

—E. Foster Dowell.

Dawn Watch in China: by Joy Homer; 1941; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Joy Homer was sent by the Interdenominational Church Committee for China Relief to find out exactly what is happening in New China. It seems that Free China is not just a mixture of guerrillas and air raids. True, Miss Homer witnessed wholesale destruction of defenseless cities and mass death of their peoples; trainload after trainload of wounded soldiers with frozen bodies or festering wounds; pot-bellied, hungry, gangrene blackened refugees, entire villages down with typhoid, dysentery, cholera, or pneumonic plague; men and women hacked to death and tossed in heaps. But, ironically enough, through it all there is not a word of complaint, bitterness, or despair from the people of Free China. The bombings strenghten their morale and make them stand straighter and work harder. There is a certain buoyancy and devil-may-care spirit—a strange psychological peace. War fronts mean nothing to the Chinese; they continue to fertilize, harvest and transport their crops just behind the lines.

For the first time in China's long strange history, she has been shaken out of her national complacency; sacrifice has become a national craze. For the first time her armies are fighting side by side with her people. There is new life in China and perhaps it is typical of the Chinese that their vast reconstruction movement should begin just at the time they are supposed to be defeated by Japan. The 2,000 Industrial Cooperatives producing every commodity necessary for the war are using natural resources and keeping teeming throngs of refugees from starvation. Mass education for children and adults, rural credit societies, new colleges to which students walk hundreds of miles, college student propaganda groups, new young blood in officialdom, the National Health Administration, the New Life Movement for Relief and Education, enormous national orphanages-all would have taken years to be established and organized were it not for the sudden prick of war. As much mileage of roads and railroads has been built in Free China as existed in all of China before the war.

Miss Homer's fascinating route led her over mined railroads, over roads clinging precariously to cliffsides, through the rapids of the Yangtze in flimsy sampans. She shows us the appalling, heart-rending scenes of one of China's greatest floods; takes us into the communist army camps of the north and reveals the communist attitudes and influence; shows us the Chinese Christians who mold their religion from a need into a way of living. Americans as a result of their trade with Japan in bombs, munitions, scrap iron, airplane gas have been growing rich by the conquest of China; but, apparently, whether we deserve it or not we Americans are heroes to the Chinese and the reason for it lies in the dribble of funds we are sending and the spectacular work of our missionaries and mission hospitals.

Interesting is the treatment of Japanese prisoners when taken. They are given excellent food and the best beds to sleep in and are assimilated into the army or the citizenry. The Chinese know the truth—that the Japanese people are not responsible for this war, that they are scarcely aware of what is happening in China, that even the soldiers fight because they are forced to do so. The guilt lies upon the heads of the Japanese military. There is no mention of blame in the official slogan of Free China, "Fight, Resist, Rebuild Nation!"

Miss Homer takes us into conquered China also and we see the constant blunders of the Japanese there. We see that the nature of China's interior creates headaches for an invading army. But strongest of all China's weapons is the spirit and fire within her people. Japan finds herself fighting not an army but an entire population which has banded itself into one indestructible unit.

Perhaps the attitude of the Chinese can be summed up in a few words of Marshal Yen from a conversation with Miss Homer: "Their people I do not know. Probably I would like them. To their military I do but two things—I hate them and I thank them . . . Japan our enemy has forced us to educate our people. Japan has forced us at last to unite. Japan has caused us to be clean and decent in our ruling and to take pride in our justice. It is a very good joke. Our land is no longer ignorant and helpless. Our Japanese friends have waked us up!"

-JOHN McCAULEY.

Date Bait

"BIX" WHEELER

Wants them small, but not fragile; attractive without admitting it; with a well-rounded personality and a sense of humor:—in other words, Bebe-y-fied.

"Don" MERRYMAN

Looking for one who is full of life, can take a joke, attractive, and a good dancer.

APRIL - 1942 13

LUCIEN PETERS

Wants one who has to be in by 10:00 P.M. in order that he may get enough sleep; preferably a specialist in the field of nursing.

BART SPELLMAN

In search of a tip-toe dancer; a near resident of the campus so he can take meals with her frequently in order to get on the good side of you-know-whom; preferably a freshman with cheer leading ability.

BILL MINES

Wants variety—the spice of life; one who can get a Park School "Pass."

Q. D. THOMPSON

Is just an old "wolf" at heart.

JOHN LOCKE

Hopes for a girl interested in photography; one who is willing to spend nights at home developing.*

ROLAND FOWLER

Admires the extremely rare types of ladies, such as intelligent ones. Agree, Gracie?

PETE GALLEY

Is a pianist. He enjoys teaching his women the chords so they'll know their ropes. He strings them along, too.

DICK PULSE

Doesn't have to tell what kind he likes, does he? His action speaks louder than words.

JACK HACKMAN

Says "good-looking, can dance, and not too extravagant."

Narcis Mutton—er—Hutton Prefers the sheepish girls.

-QUENTIN THOMPSON.

*Editor's Note: Developing what?

0 0 0

APRIL RAIN

I like the steady chatter
Of an early April rain.
I like to see it spatter
Against the window pane.

I like the cheerful chatter Of an early April rain. I like the gentle patter That calms a weary brain.

-VIRGINIA DORSEY.

Gifts we would like to give

To Miss Holt: a new way of punishing students who bring periodicals late.

To Miss Birdsong: a Sherlock ro solve the mystery of sections' lost papers.

To Dr. West: A cure for his rheumatism so he can see Girls' Demonstrarion next year.

To Bill Achley: Another expression for cheesy.

To the "Running officers": A "How to Win Friends and Influence People" course in one easy lesson by J. E. Joslin.

To Refo: A quick knockout decision in favor of one side or the orher.

To Miss Roach: A bowling alley on the campus.

To Leslye Leibowitz: An air mail route (daily of course) between J. H. U. and S. T. C.

To Eileen Bautz and Shirley Hicks: A guide book to Washington.

To Sue Baker: The same success her room-mates have had—ask her what is meant.

To Cook, Herbsr, and Hicks: A jeep to ride back and forth to Aberdeen in.

To Kitty Arnold: A paper factory for those bi-daily letters.

To Jean Fisher: A choo-choo train for northern trips.

Do You Know

What freshman femme Mr. Lembach has promised to keep in mind? Isn't it a coincidence that her initials if reversed are the same as his?

That Ned Logan has found a new flame? She is none other than Pat Waddey, the new freshman with the beautiful red hair.

That Dr. Abercrombie has been taking lessons in slang? Yes, that venerable lady told a student that she performed her artificial respiration fairly well but that in her "snap off" she was too much of a jerk!

That many of the girls have taken a sudden interest in—well, is it photography or Burton Locke and the dark room?

Who were the originators of the lusty cheers for the freshmen that rang from the balcony on Demonstration Night? Why none other than three of our six freshmen boys! Few but loyal.

That Rowland Fowler eats wheaties? If in doubt, ask anyone who saw Fowler's athletic show on the night of the men's revue.

—The Freshman Towne Crier Sees All, knows all, tells all!

S. T. C. Thinks --

The opinions of the student body were asked on the question "Do you think General MacArthur should have continued his work on Baraan Peninsula or do you think he will be more valuable in Australia?" The following is the result of the poll:

Agnes Hicks, Soph. 1

"He's better in Australia because he can take the offensive and have charge of the Philippines, too."

CATHERINE MINES, Jr. 2

"Australia will be rhe main front of warfare, and as supreme commander of the Pacific forces, it is necessary that he be there. Besides, his replacement in the Philippines is competent."

THEODORE KATENKAMP, Soph. 3

"He's going to have a harder job in Australia, bur he's the best man they could have gotten. He's more valuable in Australia because Australia is of greater strategic importance."

MAYNARD WEBSTER, Soph. 4

"If anybody can do anything in Australia, he's the one to do it. He left competent generals in Bataan to hold that place."

Louise Davis, Fr. 3

"It was a wise move, since the fate of civilization hangs on Australia at this moment, not on the Philippines."

GERALDINE HUGHES, Sr. 3

"He should be where he can do the most good, and the authorities apparently feel that Australia is that place."

CLARA MAE SHELLEY, Fr. 5

"He is more useful in Australia. He has a foothold in the Philippines but needs to establish one in Australia."

MARGUERITE ALBERS, Fr. 5

"Australia is the last line of our defense in that hemisphere. He can use there his experience gained in fighting the Japs in the Philippines."

INEZ SCHULTZ, Jr. 1

"Wherever he goes, I feel that he is doing all in his power for the Allies. When he left the Philippines, though, I think our stronghold there collapsed."

MILDRED GARRETT, Sr. 1

"I don'r feel qualified to give an opinion. I know little of war strategy."

Most people wanted to talk about whether or not we would have air raids in Baltimore, so we ler rhem talk.

JEAN WRIGHT, Jr. 2

"I don't think we will have any, but I think we should be prepared."

HENRY ASTRIN, Sr. 4

"Because of Baltimore's many defense industries and its strategic location there is a strong probability that we will have serious air attacks."

JEAN BENSON, Soph. 1

"I ardently hope we don't have any air raids, but I strongly suspect it won't be 'so peaceful in the country' this summer."

ELEANOR SCHUTZ, Fr. 1

"If the Axis countries decide to raid the U. S., Baltimore will be one of the first places attacked since it is a strategic point."

AUDREY PRAMSCHUFER, Sr. 2

"It is very unlikely that we will have any raids, and if we do, they won't be concentrated on the population."

VIRGINIA LEE SNYDER, Soph. 4

"We will have raids in the spring; that seems obvious."

PATRICIA WADDEY, Fr. 6

"I thought so at the beginning of the war, bur now I can't really visualize it. However, I do think we should take precautions."

VIRGINIA STRAUSS, Sr. 3

"There is a distinct possibility. They have tried to raid the West Coast already, and ours is just as pregnable as theirs."

MINTA DIEFENDERFER, Jr. 1

"I'm sure we will as long as the Martin Plant is here. Also, Baltimore is an important port on the Atlantic coast."

HARRIET FINE, Jr. 2

"We probably will. We are accessible, there are many defense activities here, and we are one of the largest cities in the country."

-MINDELLE KOHNER.

Poetry

THE YORK ROAD B19 or AM I ON THE RIGHT TRACK

Blessings on thee, Towson 8, Thou faithful, noble car; Thou'rt seldom early, always late, Good servant that you are.

Yes, far and near I'll spread your fame, My own dear trolley line; I love your reeling, swaying frame; I love thy track divine.

I won't forget thy sudden stops— Thy color, flashing red; Thy comfy seats, like weathered rocks; Thy ads above my head.

In the years beyond, I'll oft recall My struggles for a place; I'll sing thy praise aloud so all May know thy boundless grace.

I love thy airy scented aisles, Thy motto, "Move to rear." I love thy plodding o'er the miles— Thy motormen, so dear.

I'll always keep the mem'ry of The hours I've spent with you; Tho snow cascaded from above, You've always staggered thru.

Yes, ancient trolley, antique line, .
For you I'm doomed to wait;
So here's a toast in iodine,
To you, my Towson 8!

SPRING

No one said the snow would go, That birds would come again, And ice-bound streams would flow Released from winter's den.

No one tells me, yet I know When she visits hill and glen With her vibrant springtime show That mocks the works of men.

No one tells me; for I see New life in the waking earth, Trees with bursting buds set free, Birds that chorus earth's rebirth. I have felt the tang of spring—So has every living thing.

-VIRGINIA DORSEY.

JENNY HAS EVERYTHING--ALMOST

Oh, Jenny is pretty, and Jenny is witty, And Jenny has bright golden hair. And Jenny is clever and never, no, never Does Jenny have ever a care.

Oh, Jenny has glamor, a lovable manner, A fresh, young attractive appeal. She sings like a glad bird. She knows just the right word To end any sorrow you feel.

Oh, I'm unattractive and not very active.

My hair is quite dank and too long.

My wits are too sluggish. My face is too muggish.

I sing, but the sound is not song.

Oh, Jenny is sweeter than I. She loves Peter, And Peter is all life to me. Oh, Jenny is charming—her smile is disarming. But I'm all that Peter can see.

-Margaret Carter.

Teachers Curtail Spring Program

Editor's Note: This article is being reprinted from the Baltimore "Sun."

Loss of man power is playing havoc with State Teachers College's spring athletic calendar.

The Schoolmasters have seen men quit the Towson campus right and left, many of them going into the armed services; tennis and softball have been dropped and the spring program curtailed until it now includes only baseball and track.

GROOM MILE RELAY

Further, the track team may compete only in the Penn Relays in Philadelphia, April 24 and 25, according to Coach Don Minnegan, who said he still is undecided whether it will be entered in the Mason-Dixon Conference meet at Homewood, May 8 and 9.

The Towsonites will send only a mile relay team to Philadelphia, so Minnegan has all his trackmen working on the 440-yard distance. John Barehan, an outfielder on the baseball team, is the only relay veteran in school, but Carlisle Refo, Paul Harris, Casper Boniface, and Warren Wendler are promising.

Six Diamond Tests

Julius Rosenbaum, veteran runner, is unable to compete this year. He is recuperating from an attack of blood poisoning. However, he is a baseball candidate for third base, a position where he is not called on for too much leg work.

Towson's diamond schedule has been pared to six games, two of them with Blue Ridge. Minnegan has 22 men working out in preparation for the April 7 opener at Hopkins.

Minnegan's only returning veterans are the second base duo, John Horst and Quentin Thompson. Both are small lads. Horst, however, is a slugger and is being touted as the Schoolmasters' power hitter.

Martin Weiner has first call on the initial hassock, and Pulse is out for third base.

BATTERYMEN SCARCE

Batterymen are not numerous. Harry London, a lefthander, who probably will get the call in the opening tussle, and Oswald Spellman, an orthodox thrower, are the leading pitchers. They are handled by Bixler Wheeler and Lucien Peters.

Outfield candidates are in abundance, what with Mickey Sharrow, Ned Logan, Barehan, Bill Mines, Charles Chilcoat, Ken Mays and Narcissus Hutton striving for berths.

The baseball schedule:

April 7, Hopkins, away; 16, Elizabethtown, away; 21, Hopkins, away; 24, Drew, home.

May 1, Blue Ridge, home; 8, Blue Ridge, home.

0 0

China Cooperates

Members of the A. C. E. had often heard it said that China could never be beaten, because when confronted with aggressors, she plods stolidly on in her own way until it is the invader who finds himself absorbing the culture of the invaded. But on March 10, a group of the A. C. E. was brought to a closer realization of this statement when Mrs. Wagner spoke to the club about a less publicized phase of present Chinese life. Mrs. Wagner lived in China for several years, and so could give the group first-hand information about the steadily growing Cooperative Plan. In brief, the Plan embraces many small groups of Chinese folk of varied trades who have been forced to flee to the interior, leaving all their possessions behind them. In a place of refuge, such a group will establish a small community, and the different craftsmen will immediately begin producing their wares. Since many enterprises will be represented, exchange of goods among the group is frequent. The surplus is shipped to a Cooperative Center and sold. Overhead is practically nil. Also, in instances of emergency where large quantities of goods are needed quickly by the army, the order is given to the Cooperatives. Since they do not function on a formal business basis they can stop whatever they are doing, rush out the required material, and then pick up their own operations where they left off.

The Cooperative Plan is being expanded as rapidly as possible, and with its expansion grows the determination and resolve of its participants to be self-reliant, industrious Chinese cirizens no matter what the opposition.

-Muriel Frames.

NEWS FROM CAMP

(Continued from Page 11)

Malcolm Davies seems to be doing all right for himself—

"... I am no longer in Americus, Georgia. I've transferred, or rather I should say that I was lucky to get one of the Navy Civilian Ground Instructor jobs in connection with the university training program of training naval pilots which no doubt you have seen mentioned in the papers. At present I am at Anacostia Naval Reserve Aviation Base teaching Theory of Flight and Physics to beginning naval aviators.

"I now have a chance to get a commission in the Naval Reserve (AV-S) (Aviation-Volunteer-Specialist). . .

"It is really a coincidence that just a year from the day I was turned down for aviation flight training at Anacostia I walked through the doors of the same building as an instructor.

"In the meantime since that 'gloomy' day last March a year ago I've learned to fly (at least well enough to keep myself from getting killed). Spent nine months in Georgia at an Army primary flying school teaching RAF cadets from England, Argentina and Australia Theory of Flight and Powerplants (airplane engines). Then two weeks at Chicago at the Navy Teacher-Training Center in the biggest vocational school in the world, honestly) and now I'm 40 miles from home at this air base. It is marvelously interesting work but under the circumstances it would not be the place to say too much about it, for it is to be remembered that places like these 'hatcheries of American eagles' are under quite strict censorship.

"One word about my present status: I was deferred for the army ground instructor work in Georgia and am under the same status at this place (Civil Service). So I am not a private nor a seaman but I hope to be an ensign if this 'Commission business' goes through. . ."

0 0 0

DAFFODILS

Swaying and dancing in the breeze
Stand the golden daffodils . . .
With heads upraised to God's munificence.
As a shining symbolism of the better world to come
Victoriously they herald the re-birth of Spring . . .
Bringing peace and hope to all on earth.

-Ветту Меетн.

Flash!!!

HOLD EVERYTHING STOP THAT PRESS WAIT FOR ME

DO YOU LIKE - - -

SOFT LIGHTS,
WISTFUL TUNES,
BLUES IN THE NIGHT??????

Sure You Do!!!

YOU CAN FIND THEM ALL AT THE

Sophomore Shindig May 15

BOYS, GET YOUR JITTERBUG JANES;
GIRLS, GET YOUR SLAPSTICK SAMS
AND DRAG THEM TO THE

Sophomore Clambake

LISTEN, GATES, DON'T HIBERNATE

COME ON OUT

FOR A GLORIOUS MOONLIGHT COCKTAIL

AND A ONE O'CLOCK JUMP.

REMEMBER MAY 15
FOR THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE

Geographical Garb Gab

(Answers to questions on page 10)

- 1. Baku, U.S.S.R.
- 2. Derby, England
- 3. Leghorn, Italy
- 4. Paisley, Scotland
- 5. Angora or Ankara, Turkey
- 6. Cardigan, Wales
- 7. Mascara, Algeria
- 8. Jodhpur, India
- 9. Copenhagen, Denmark
- 10. Fez, Morocco
- 11. Inverness, Scotland
- 12. Malacca, Malay States
- 13. Oxford, England
- 14. Bokhara, U.S.S.R.
- 15. Astrakahn, U.S.S.R.
- 16. Damascus, Syria
- 17. Hamburg, Germany

Remember Pearl Harbor and May the 6th

THE BIGGEST MAY DAY YET.

THE BIGGEST COURT.

THE MOST FRIVOLOUS FROLIC.

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE.

BE SURE TO COME AND BRING THE FAMILY.

ALSO BRING A MAN IF YOU HAVE ONE.

BRING ANYBODY.

SEE YOU THERE.

Won't You Read?

"Up! up! my friend, and quit your books
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my friend and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

"Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife: Come, hear the woodland linnet, How sweet his music! on my life, There's more than wisdom in it."

I agree with Wadsworth, don't you? You don't—well, that is because you have never really gone for a hike in "God's beautiful world!" Each month the Natural History Group sponsors a hike. This month we are going to Woodlawn; in May—the treat of the year—a hike to Scientists Cliffs. You may join us if you like.

STOP! LOOK AT THE BULLETIN BOARDS!!

Books

(Answers to questions on page 12)

10 correct-excellent

- 8 correct—good
- 6 correct-fair
- 1. The Moon Is Down
- 1. 1 he 1/100n 13 Down
- Marjorie K. Rawlings
 The Sun Is My Undoing
- 4. Defense Will Not Win the War
- 5. Pearl Buck
- 6. People Under Hitler
- 7. Anroine De Saint Exupery
- 8. Robert Frost
- 9. Mission to Moscow
- 10. Frenchman's Creek

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The World of Fashion

(Continued from page 10)

large plastic bags are current favorites. . . Tan herring bone sports coat, single breasted, three leather buttons, AND cuffless trousers. . . A simple dull blue and brown print, with benedictine brown jacket of butcher's linen and accessories of same shade. . . Plastics, wood, seeds and nuts, are taking the place of metal jewelry. . . A black grosgrain topper trimmed in white plastic. . . Gray diagonal tweed, exhibiting lapel and vest, but no cuffs. . . Glamour black with scattered cherry cluster print made a striking afternoon costume with large black straw and plastic bag. . . Turf tan full length butcher's linen coat over print dress. . . Deep midnight blue, double breasted tuxedo for formal wear. . . Navy dotted swiss formal . . . Embroidered eyelet cottons for evening wear.

The models were Ruth Werner, Kay Peltz, Doris Kehm, Betty Carroll, June Stephan, Virginia Strauss, Ann Fry, John Horst, Henry Astrin, and Warren Culbertson.

And Now That Spring Is Here

I like--

The view from Miss Birdsong's window

The concerts in the Little Theatre

Miss Tansil's desk

Agnes Kernan's lunch

The influx of regimental pins

Bill Achley's naive way of blushing

Frances Shores' wit

The informality of Mr. Miller's classes

No. 86 mailbox

The reports on the New York trip

The rise of the gym

The "box-seats" in the bookshop

The keep-off-the-grass sign in the Campus School

The Tower Light (this is not apple-polishing)

Mr. Moser's eraser-technique

But I don't like-

The half-million people at the Army Day parade and a half-section in class

The unflattering snapshots of the May Court candidates which were in the display case

The 8:30 classes that use-ta-was

Memories of the coke machine

Swarms of tests at the end of semesters

Our no-cut system

—A. H.

GOING to the GARDEN PARTY?

You'll want a lovely filmy dress to wear, of course. In these days it would be wise to select a double-duty dress, one that can be worn to informal dinners and U. S. O. dances. See the collection of smart garden frocks in

THE COLLEGIENNE SHOP

and

MISSES' DRESS SHOP

Second Floor

HUTZLER BROTHERS @

Tid-Bits

A Hand-Me-Down Book for coming generations of Students has been inaugurated at this college to record unique experiences and philosophizings of Juniors and Seniors recently or currently involved in Student Teaching. It will be accessible to all students in Miss Barkley's reference. Your contribution is welcomed, if you have "been out," and have something helpful, heartening or harrowingly frank to say on the subject.

0 0 0

If this April issue reached you sometime in May, bear with us. Crowded schedules, spring fever, and EXCES-SIVE UNCOOPERATION of the staff are responsible.

. . . You may expect the next two issues in quick succession.

—YE EDITORS.





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THE KNITTING NEEDLE

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WILL SHOP FOR YOU OR WITH YOU.

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The

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PLATE INVENTORY

With spring here and all our thoughts turning to love fancies, you know that the kind of songs you're singing are of that inspired mood. And the best one and the sure winner for a topnotcher is When the Roses Bloom Again. Vince Lopez, who is the piano-keyer, has a very slow, smooth, sweet-smelling one. Glenn Miller's version is potently G. M., and Jimmy Dorsey lets Bob Eberle go à la moody—I like it!

Did I tell you how partial I am to Miss You and I Don't Want to Walk Without You? Well, they're still quite okay by me, but a newer one is Sometimes. Tommy Dorsey lets the listeners get blue about the whole thing. Vince Lopez puts all into it, and Bea Wain's is just plain good.

How do you all like Lamp-lighter's Serenade? When you have an extra three minutes to spare, draw up a chair and concentrate on it. While I concentrated, there were a few phrases that stuck for some reason. "He lights every star in the sky," and then, "He sprinkles her heart with magic." Bing Crosby has made a recording of it and it is quite characteristic. Glenn Miller's is neat.

Here's a tip-off from one of those Dartmouth men— "to dash right down to the nearest record shop and spend your 38 cents for Harry James' *Skylark*." The excerpt was to B. J. B. and said, "You probably won't like it for the first few times, but wait until it starts to grow on you." Bing Crosby's is good, too.

In the past month Jimmy Dorsey has been wasting no time waxing these plates. Helen O'Connell's It's Somebody Else's Moon (we're writing to Aunt Ada to find out just why) is worth getting. Phil Washburn sings 'Tain't No Good, and this is a two-sided record. The hit of the month seems to be that society Tangerine. Helen O'Connell and Ray Eberly surely go to town with that one.

After listening to Charlie Spivak at the Hipp, I couldn't help telling you about his *Dear Mom*—it is by far the best. The Stardusters were plenty potent with their *I Surrender*, *Dear*. Some new one of somebody's old classic arranged by the piano player was really solid.* His *You Made Me Love You* is well a promoter for palpitations. Gosh!

The Second National Bank of Towson. Ald.

Connee Boswell's Sweethearts Are Strangers and White Cliffs of Dover were good.

I like Freddy Martin's *Johnny Doughboy*, and could this be an influence of our troops in Ireland? You all listen and see. Another is *Hey There*, *Mister*, and it is a novelty one about the fleet being in.

He also did a super job on You Can't Hold a Memory in Your Arms. This isn't too draggy, yet it is soft and the cute lyrics are very easily understood. Woody Herman's is smooth.

Lanny Ross is rapidly coming ahead, too. His I'll Pray for You is quite breath-raking and a trifle on the melancholy side, but not too much so. The Andrews Sisters don't make it reverent enough. Blue Shadows and White Gardenias is a scenic speciality for spring dates. Ah!

Listen for: Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree, My Sombrero, You Stayed Away Too Long, All Through the Night, Some-body Else Is Taking My Place, Who Wouldn't Love You, Smiling Through the Tears. I will elaborate on them next time.

Just remembered to tell you that Kay Kyser's theme, Thinking of You, is great. Think I'll reminisce for a while now. . . .

O'H.

* It's "Elegy."

"June" Week

May 21—The President's Garden Party for Seniors.

May 29-Senior Prom.

May 30-Alumni Day.

May 31-Baccalaureate, 4:00 p. m.

June 1—Class night.

June 2—Commencement, 3:00 p. m.

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I'll Probably Be An Old Maid

In my first grade class at school Was a little boy named Jim. He had black hair and eyes, So I fell in love with him.

But in the second grade I forgot about my Jim; For I met a boy named Henry, And I fell in love with him.

When at last I got to third grade, There was a boy named Sid. I decided I wouldn't fall in love, But I really think I did.

In fourth grade I resolved That I would really try To stay completely neutral; And then along came Guy!

In fifth grade, third row, first seat Sat a blond-haired boy named Ted. And I was quite enraptured By every word he said.

The sixth grade found me wond'ring . . . Was it really worth it all?

I was sure by then that boys were dopes.

And then I met him . . . Paul!

In seventh grade I knew for sure I'd never love again.
I'd met the one, the only one.
This time his name was Ken.

But when the eighth grade rolled around, I was really in a state;
For the cutest boy named Larry
Kept asking for a date.

At last I was in high school.
(Though ninth grade's pretty low.)
I found my heart's desire.
I thought the world of Joe.

In second, third, and fourth years, Romance passed me by. The answer's purely local... I went to Eastern High.

And now I am in college.
This love must really last
His name? Well, that's a secret.
But it's so different from the past.

-G. G.

The Glen

Have you been down in the Glen lately? We have! It certainly is a sorry sight. What has happened to our beautiful trees and shrubs? The Glen looks as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. The last snow storm—you say. Why hasn't something been done about it since? If you want to know what trail you're on you first have to hunt around for the sign—you can still find the posts but whete are the signs? The shelters are no better. They are littered with paper, old branches, cigarette butts and numerous other articles of trash. The paths look more like pioneer trails than the well kept trails they used to be. And are those bridges supposed to be swinging bridges? We thought the Glen was something to be enjoyed and a sort of haven but it looks like havoc!

We're not complaining for the sake of complaining. We want something done and are ready to help do it.

---IRRITATED IDAS.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Action is being taken.

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THE TOWER LIGHT





STEADY NERVES

when you're
flying Uncle Sam's
bombers across
the ocean



GERMANS OR JAPS, storms or ice... you've got to be ready for anything when you're flying the big bombers across the ocean to the battle-front. You bet you want steady nerves. These two veterans above are Camel smokers. (Names censored by Bomber Ferry Command.) The captain (nearest camera), a Tennessean, says: "I smoke a lot in this job. I stick to Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke. And Camels taste great!"

STEADY SMOKERS STICK TO

CAMELS

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WITH THESE MEN WHO FLY BOMBERS, it's Camels all the time. The co-pilot of this crew (name censored), (second from left, above) says: "I found Camels a milder, better smoke for me in every way. And that grand flavor never wears out its welcome." Yes, in times like these when there's added tension and strain for everyone, steady smokers stick to Camels—the cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

-AND THE FAVORITE AT HOME!



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THE TOWER LIGHT is a monthly publication of and by the students at the State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland.



Memorial Day: 1942

Another Memorial Day has come--a time of memory of those who have died for our country. This year, however, the Day of Tribute will have double significance. The respect and admiration we feel for the heroes of the past will be supplemented by thoughts of praise for the living heroes of the present, who are again fighting for the intangible thing known as right.

Needed: A Remedy

IN THE future better measures must be taken to "remember student teachers." These brave mortals bid a temporary fare-thee-well to our stately halls. They do not relinquish their concern with college affairs. On the contrary, they are still entitled to every duty and every privilege, to all the college life that the remain-at-college-class-sitters maintain. Most particular care should be taken that the student teachers have every opportunity to cast their vote in elections, the results of which may affect them. Recently, much dissatisfaction has resulted from negligence along this line.

Student teachers spend most of their Mondays here at college in getting materials and attending conferences but for some reason not clear, notices sent to their sections are often mislaid or forgotten. Consequently, they are frequently uninformed of elections.

Let us consider a specific case — one of the junior sections which was student teaching from February to April. In one of the Monday conferences, a notice was read to the effect that the section could vote for Student Council officers that afternoon. Weary and worn, the student teachers trudged faithfully up to the booths to make use of their "privilege." The persons in charge of voting were vague; "We weren't told that you could vote now," they said, "We don't even have your ballots here." Undaunted, the would-be citizens visited the Student Council room; no one was there to help them. When they could afford no more time, they went home without having indicated their choice of candidates. However, another opportunity opened later; a principal candidate for office dropped out and Student Council final elections were held again. But by that time, all of the student teachers were having individual teaching days; none had to report to college on Mondays; and elections went merrily along without them.

This section contains a high percentage of college-interested students, students who have spent much time in valuable contributions to the Student Council. We need the voting opinions of such people.

The same student teachers did not have a finger in the choosing of the May Court; nominations and elections were kept a Dark Secret from them. However, it is common knowledge that votes cast for the "beauties" by students right here at college were notable for their scarcity. We all realize that choosing on the basis of pulchritude is not very important; practically all our girls could serve. But Student Council officials are another matter; they have power — and as much power over the hapless student teachers who could not vote as over those who could.

That is the problem. The solution? Elections are held on Mondays to facilitate voting by student teachers; yet, as has been proved, they do not vote. A larger factor seems to be the PLACE element (except for county student teachers who can more easily get out to college). Voting by proxy might get better results; better still . . . voting by mail. The trouble and time necessary for sending and receiving ballots would be justified by an increase in student voting. And the usually ignored "bravers of the storm" would be vastly enheartened to feel that their college was interested in hearing their say on important matters.

Hope

Gripping, icy fingers tightly held us And we surrendered, for escape was futile. Alas! We are but mortal men in the tempest of life!

Winter had come again her force to spend And inflict upon us her deathly wounds. Yes—winter and war—sought us out for fierce battle.

But we see hope in future days
For the heralds of spring have come,
And in Nature we find solace and quietude.

— Ветту Меетн.

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I UNDERSTAND THAT SOME OF THE JUNIORS have been having personal conferences about their student teaching. Perhaps as they wait outside the supervisor's door, they feel as Margaret Halsey did when she said in *With Malice Toward Some*, "My knees were trembling like captured things and were just about as cooperative."

0 • •

AFTER THEIR EXPERIENCE IN TUESDAY ASSEMblies, some of our students should be qualified to fill the places of Clifton Fadiman and his team, or of the members of "Town Hall."

• • •

I WONDER WHAT IT IS THAT MAKES OUR BIG, strong, athletic, Einstein-minded men "grow pale" and "as humble as the little child"? (Music?) That's all right, fellows. Your existence is justified. At last you give the girls a chance to smile smugly.

• • •

IN THESE DAYS OF HURRY AND WHATNOT ALL members of the household are apt to be away when certain "callers" appear. So this correspondent has taken to reading the gas and electric meters herself. Preparation for the future? (It was accurate, too. We got the bill.)

• • •

CERTAIN LITERATURE CLASSES MIGHT EVEN turn to advice for the lovelorn, or such. Some "lines" have already been used to advantage. (Ex.: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever.") Come to classes. Get some ideas. Then, get your (girl or man).

• •

DURING THE INDUCTION SERVICES ON MAY Day, it was pointed out that the students of STC have awakened from apathy to energetic acceptance of new responsibilities. They may have felt what George Small expresses in these lines:

"I read
In a book
That a man called
Christ
Went about doing good.

"It is very disconcerting to me That I am so easily Satisfied With just Going about?"

• • •

MAYBE WE CAN CORRELATE SUMMER COURSES and China relief. It looks as if the girls in the dorm won't be able to do their own wash, and will have to support a Chinese laundry in Towson.

. . .

TEACHERS ARE BEING ASKED TO DO EVERYthing, lately. Just be glad it hasn't gotten around to giving out gas masks.

0 0 0

IF THINGS KEEP UP, YOUNG HUSBANDS WILL have to sit up watching their cars instead of their infants.

• 0 •

WITH JUNIORS TAKING SENIOR PHILOSOPHY IN the mix-up of accelerated programs, even they could "get" the point when Skippy (of the Sunday American) fought over a copy of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason.

• • •

IF YOU HAVEN'T READ LIN YUTANG'S LOVE AND Irony, do it (a mere suggestion). With his sense of humor and his clarifying of his own thoughts on life, he helps us maintain balance and the right perspective in our own lives.

0 0 0

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE STUDENT TEACHING to bind together the hearts of fellow-students. Each of us has a new respect for the other after coming through the "ordeal."

• •

THERE ARE SEVERAL GOOD YOUTH CONFERences being held during these spring and early summer months. Not only do they renew a faith to which each of us can hold, but they present an intelligent outlook on certain problems of the day through well-informed, dynamic people.

— D. K.

Memorial Exercises For Dr. Tall

"HOW fortunate are we who have called her 'Friend'!"
This was the sentiment prevalent among those who gathered at the college on Sunday, April 26, to pay tribute to the memory of Dr. Lida Lee Tall.

The formal exercises opened with the singing of "Abide With Me," followed by the Invocation delivered by Reverend Henry B. Lee, Rector of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, Towson. The College Glee Club then sang "The Lord's Prayer" by Malotte, a song which Dr. Tall always regarded as a source of inspiration and comfort.

Dr. Wiedefeld announced that the name of the Campus School had been changed to the Lida Lee Tall School. It is fitting that such a dedication should be made. The elementary school is a tangible evidence of Dr. Tall's devotion to her profession, for only as a result of Dr. Tall's vision and perseverance did the plans for an elementary school building on the college campus become a reality.

The children of the elementary school, paying tribute to

the memory of the woman for whom their school has been named, offered as their contribution to the memorial exercises Brahms' *Lullaby* and *Still*, *Still With Thee* from the "Consolation," by Mendelssohn.

Dr. Tall not only prescribed to the ideals of justice, integrity, fortitude and high intellectual attainment, but practiced them and won others to their adoption. Above all, she stressed the necessity of facing reality, and of completing a task no matter how difficult it seemed. It is this belief of Dr. Tall's which we must practice now if we are to meet the difficulties we are facing. This was the message delivered by Mr. John Fischer, President of the Alumni Association, in his address, "Truth Multiplied on Truth."

Light, Gracious Glow, by Grieg-Bornschein, was sung by the Glee Club, followed by Sibelius' Finlandia, a favorite of Dr. Tall. The exercises closed with the singing of For All the Saints, by Barnby, followed by the Benediction pronounced by the Reverend Mr. Lee.

- CATHERINE SWAIN.

Are College Campuses Godless?

THERE HAS been a rather widespread criticism of colleges and universities for their alleged lack of religious principles. This criticism is cast at the schools mainly by those who confuse religious faith with religious dogma. There are many movements of a spiritual nature being fostered on college campuses throughout this nation, but perhaps this is being done too quietly and by too few.

Our own Student Christian Association has been a minor organization in the eyes of some of our fellow students but those of us who have actively worked in it have derived many benefits from it. Our Chapel and Vesper Services, our aid to freshmen, the raising of funds for relief campaigns, conducting informal discussions, managing a "candy room" for hungry dorm students, and fostering certain social functions all have brought us valuable and happy experiences. Other benefits of great value for ourselves and for our college have come through our participation in S. C. A. intercollegiate activities, especially with colleges in this immediate area, with Goucher, Hood, Morgan, Johns Hopkins, and Western Maryland. Nine of our representatives attended a recent intercol-

legiate conference held at Morgan College, Not so many could attend more distant conferences this year, but Kay Emmart represented us at the National Assembly held at Miami, Ohio, during the Christmas holidays and Anna Pruess, Dorothy Tucker, Elizabeth Wineholt, Miss Yoder, and Miss Bersch represented us at the Regional Conference held in the Pocono Mountains in March. These intercollegiate activities of our S. C. A. result from our membership in the Student Christian Movement of the Middle Atlantic States, an integral part of the National Intercollegiate Christian Council. This N. I. C. C. belongs to the National Student Christian Movement, and this, with twenty-two others from twenty-two other countries, forms the World Student Christian Federation. Thus our S. C. A. maintains direct relations with a Christian movement among the students of the whole world. Thousands of students are actively engaged in this religious movement on the campuses of the world. It is striking evidence of the presence of strong religious principles and of active religious faith among students. Join us, and make the evidence still more striking.

College Events

CORONATION PLUS! MAY DAY, 1942! ALL THE usual, but never tedious, excitement: Freshmen awaiting what is for them a new event. Sophs and Juniors dashing about in final prep for their dances. Seniors identified by a note of calm (?) except for members of the royal retinue. Children a-buzz with the occasion. Colorful costumes, fragile dresses, and flowers, flowers everywhere. Flowers for the decorative, balloons for the carefree, refreshments for the wilted. In one breath we present this last glimpse of May 6, 1942.

* * *

WHEN DID YOU SEE YOURSELF LAST IN TECHnicolor? Was that also on May 6? It's quite possible, y'know, with Mr. Crook on the premises, and especially when our favorite films of other May Days are flashed in Assembly. Wonder what we'll think of them *next* year? Oh, well, STC never stops trying. Who knows, some day a talent scout may be lurking on the premises, too.

* * *

ANOTHER MAY 6 HEADLINE — INSTALLATION Day. Things always happen around Ye Old College in bunches. Here were three items in one day — think of it! This one had a touch of the solemn and hopeful about it, for STC found itself with a technically new Student Council organization. Technically, because new leaders were installed. Not-so-technically because the competent Mr. Astrin and his worthy cohorts, although bowing gracefully out, still remain to help things along (sort of a backstage technique). May the efforts of the officers who are leaving be continued and reinforced by our new "fuehrers." Just remember — our officers can only be as good as their followers, and that means US!

* * *

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! THAT FRUSTRATED GROUP of students among the pioneers battling their way through four years' work in three and one-half, have also made some final choices. In one month, the Seniors-to-be will have set their house in new order. For full details about any future activities quiz Marvel Williams, President-elect. Congratulations, and we hope you make it! (Translation for the Frosh: "Junior elections are over.")

* * *

SORRY, BUT THE LIBRARY IS THE NEAREST thing we have to a travel bureau. But if you insist on getting around (geographically) keep on tuning in on our weekly assemblies. First we got a really interesting and humanistic

"low-down" on a fighting China. Imagine moving STC several hundred miles every once in a while to avoid being "levelled off" by bombs from the Son of Heaven! The best part of the assembly was that it wasn't a fairy story or a fiction thriller, but a simple retelling of actual events by one who was there. Now we're rooting for "Terry and the Pirates" more than ever!

* * *

IF YOU WANT A NICE PEACEFUL AND UNSTRAtegic place to settle down in, don't choose the Mediterranean region. As we discovered on April 27, this area has always been one of contest and struggle, as it is today. Don't ask us to explain all this, please; it would take the whole T. L. and then some. Just keep your ears open, and your brain receptive and keep in touch with this spot, just in case things cool off, and you really do want to go there.

* * *

BUENOS NOCHES, SENORES AND SENORITAS. Never mind what all that *means*. The point is that this institution is definitely getting glamour in a South American way, tremendously helped along by the Glee Club's delightful Latin-American Program on Monday, May 4. Just to refresh your memory, here are the titles of some of the songs we heard:

Carmencita, Ay, Ay, Ay, Estrellita, Tropic Gardens, La Paloma, La Golondrina, Chiapanecao, La Cucaracha, River, River, and Que Lejos Estoy. We hereby present a dozen South American orchids to Miss Weyforth and all those who worked so hard to make the program so enjoyable. Note: Why can't all females around here be duplicate Senorita Madrigal Nieto's and will her appearance stimulate an influx in the Spanish classes? Odds are now being taken.

* * *

JUST TO KEEP YOU AWAKE UNTIL THE NEXT edition of the Tower Light, watch for developments from those questionnaires the students filled out concerning the college program, the curriculum. Let's hear what you think about it.

* * *

WHAT WELL-KNOWN GROUP OF STUDENTS have recently evolved a new type of philosophy known as "Trapism"? Can YOU uncover their motive in life? What brainy individual has the answer already?

- HELEN PROSS.

COURAGE

"It's JUST one of those things," she said — "I've learned to be brave from it." Brave! In mute admiration I turned away — and shame was in my heart.

I remember so clearly the first time I met Anne. It was last summer and I was a naive beginner in that complex business organization known as the "5 and 10." My counter was in the basement — with a jolly set of girls as workmates. It was, perhaps, the second day of my venture and I was timidly chanting that cry of "8" to get the attention of the floorwalker for change. Instead of our handsome boss accommodating me, one of the older girls came up. "Change?" she smiled briefly and extended her hand for the bill. In one quick look I saw the pale, blemished face, the tightly-pulled, unflattering hair style, the deep-set, heavily-ringed eyes. She looks tired, I thought, and asked my counter-boss her name. "Just Anne," she informed me. "Everyone calls her that. Charge of electrical fixtures." The name and the person receded into the subconscious as a domineering customer's voice demanded my attention.

Then one day as I was straightening little boys' overalls and "all-overs," a pair of large brown eyes suddenly peered above the counter edge; a shock of unruly black hair topped a freckled face. "Hello," the apparently bodiless individual said.

"Hello," I returned. "May I help you?"

"Nup — that's just what I was going to ask you."

"Are you the new floorwalker?" I asked, in an awful attempt at kidding the little fellow along.

"Nup" — all seriousness — "I just like to help. Must go back and see all my girl friends now" — and the little apparition disappeared as quickly as it had come.

"Who was that?" I asked my ever-patient co-worker.

"That's Anne's little son, Jimmy — cute little boy, isn't he? He always comes down to help all his 'girl friends' and we love to have him." I was shocked — Anne's little son! Anne — of electric bulbs and lamps; Anne — of sallow complexion and unimpressive appearance; Anne — mother of that dear little boy. It was pure incongruity — I thought.

After I had become used to viewing Anne in the light of motherhood, I began to ask unobtrusive questions about her. To my great surprise I learned that she was not living with her husband and that she had to work to support Jimmy who was, naturally, the whole of life to her. When I learned, in addition, that she had a "dear friend" who wanted to marry her, my romantic imagination ran riot. "Why does she hesitate to give Jimmy a father?" I innocently inquired. Because her religion forbids divorce — was the intimated answer. What a hapless situation, I mused. And perplexed

over the lack of a "they lived happily ever after" ending to the life story I had uncovered, I went back to the overalls.

It was about four days before Easter when I saw Anne again for the first time since I had stopped work at the "5 and I0" at Christmas time. My family and I were coming home from evening church; just as we passed the gasoline station which marks the extreme entrance to our avenue, I recognized a familiar figure walking slowly and, apparently, aimlessly in our direction. "Wait," I asked my uncle, "I see someone I know and we could give her a lift to her home." I climbed out of the car and waited for Anne as she came walking up. "Remember me?" — I was almost sure that she would have forgotten by this time. In the dim light of a distant lamppost I saw the tired eyes lift to my face. Then — "Yes," came the quiet answer, "you're Norma."

She seemed pleased at the offer of the ride to her home, and I proceeded to introduce her to my family. We talked — during the few blocks' ride — of things pertaining to the store and the various people we knew in common. Then, just as we reached Bertram Avenue, I remembered an important topic on which we had not touched. As Anne started to climb out of the car, I asked — glowing with my thoughtfulness — "And how is your little boy, Anne?" She straightened slowly as she stepped to the pavement and when she turned her pale, grief-stricken face to me, I had a premonition of the dreadful thing she would say. "I buried him last week," came the reply in a clear, unemotional voice.

It is just like a story — ran through my mind in those first few seconds of unlimited amazement and incredulity. "I'm so sorry." I inadequately stammered — "How did it happen?"

"He had rheumatic fever — and didn't get better," she said quietly. I had no answer; my condolences stayed closed in my heart through sheer inability to voice them. A quick picture of the little, brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked fellow — and "he is the light of her life" — flashed before me.

Anne was speaking again. "It happened suddenly; I went back to work immediately" — then, as I could manage nothing except a sympathetic murmur, she added, "It's just one of those things. I've learned to be brave from it."

Brave! The sheer courage and magnanimity of spirit shining through the eyes of the bereaved mother made me ashamed. The petty and trivial matters which so often we make important in daily living amount to hypocrisy in the light of such extreme tribulation. Yet Anne had survived — had buried the brightest part of her life — and had gone back to sell lamp shades. There are so few of us who could say, "I lost something precious last week," and continue to wear the smile of courage before our fellowmen.

My Mind Is Still Wandering

by JEANETTE V. ULRICH

YES, IN spite of several term papers, lengthy reading assignments, and all the extra-curricular activities associated with being a senior, my undisciplined mind still insists on considering subjects foreign to the academic sphere of thought. For the past several weeks I have quite frequently wandered off on the subject of LOVE. Considering the number of seniors who have taken the fatal step into matrimony and the overwhelming number of students flashing diamonds in envious eyes, it seems about time someone said something on the subject.

Many thoughts come to mind as the magical word is contemplated: the greatest of these is love . . . in the spring a young man's fancy . . . purely a glandular phenomenon . . . a psychological bond between individuals . . . everyone loves a lover . . . all other pleasures are not worth its pains . . . gives to every power a double power . . . a deception practiced upon the individual by the race . . . the most interesting of all forms of human experience . . . love springs eternal in the human breast (or is that hope?). Each person could probably think of a dozen relevant phrases that express what other people have thought and said of love.

It is my opinion, however, that few people seriously consider its origin, symptoms, results, or meaning. Ask the next person you meet his definition of love. Perhaps you'll get the quaint answer, "If you have a pain around the heart that isn't indigestion, a light head that isn't the result of alcoholic intoxication, and a spring in your step that isn't the result of 'Air-Flow' shoes - Boy! You've got it!" Then again you may receive the answer I did from a faculty member who exclaimed, "Oh, you're always asking me the hardest questions!" and skillfully evaded the issue. It's quite possible you may strike a few people who give sensible, though perhaps inadequate, answers such as the one from E. V.: "Finding in someone else that which you admire better than yourself." Or as E. B. expressed it, "A mutual understanding and respect." Says E. E., "It's based on strong mental and physical attraction. Interests and aims of both parties should be

Because a dear friend has insisted that I draw conclusions in my writings if they are to be effective, I herewith present my ideas on the subject. (Such ideas are purely the result of rather haphazard thinking on the subject and do not necessarily constitute an endorsement on my part of the love running rampant in our college.) I believe (1) that there "ain't

no sech animal" as "love at first sight." Quote me isolated examples if you like but I insist that if I knew the persons concerned intimately I could find reasons for the sudden attraction that would prove it was not "love at first sight." I shudder to think of the tragedy that would ensue if everyone followed this unreliable method of finding and choosing a mate. I believe (2) that such sentimentality and daydreaming as we find in Maud Muller (Whittier's famous poem of the judge and the farmer girl who wished they might have married each other) is also truly tragic and destroys the highest appreciation of this deep emotion. I sincerely believe that both Maud and the judge were as happy in their respective places in society as they could hope to be and the idea that they could have made each other happy in marriage is ridiculous. Let's leave the fantasy of the rich king marrying the poor peasant girl in the fairy tales where it belongs. In human relations happiness in marriage is based on common background, sympathies, and understandings. I believe (3) that outward signs of love are over-rated by young people (including myself, of course). I hasten to explain. Love is a deep and true emotion and should be the guiding inspiration of our lives. I like Bertrand Russell's idea that "the good life is one inspired by love and guided by knowledge." I like Jesus' idea of "loving one another." But I do NOT like the wailing and weeping and gnashing of teeth or the cynicism shown by young people because some one person does not enter their lives and help them to consume the whole of their time, energy and personality with a fierce, passionate romance. They envy their contemporaries who receive daily letters from the army camps. It is not enough for Jack to take them to the movies Saturday nights . . . he must phone three times a week, write sonnets, compose songs, prove his muscular superiority and perform countless other feats of endurance to prove that "Jacksie loves his tootsums." All of which is rather silly and adolescent. Love is respect. It should pervade a person's life so that his actions show its presence without constantly reminding himself and others, "I'm in love."

Love may be glandular or only physical or even simply understanding between kindred minds but above all I think it is spiritual and shows itself in quiet friendliness. "In true love it is the soul that embraces the body."

With that thought I force my mind to wander back to an assignment that makes me wonder if college professors have any love for senior students.

NEWS FROM CAMP

NE COMFORTING thing about the war is that it gives us some interesting material to print. Richard Cunningham, Class of '40, is at Camp Croft, South Carolina. In days of yore he was one of the intellectual editors of this venerable (and vulnerable) publication.

"I am sorry that I am unable to send you that bedraggled lock of hair. At the time I read the issue I have very little reserve upon which to draw.

"Army life is tough but interesting. Of course, you know that the Infantry is the best branch of the service. *Everyone* is agreed on that.

"During this last week we have had an especially good time. We went out each day to actually fire our rifles on the rifle range. Previously we had spent several weeks in preliminary marksmanship exercises.

"Each day we arose at 4:15 A. M. and ate breakfast. Then with light pack and rifles we walked four miles to the rifle range. The entire day was spent shooting and then, about 6 P. M., we began our march home. After our arrival we just had time to eat supper, clean our rifles, and wash up before lights went out.

"On Monday we practiced firing the much-publicized Garand rifle, an excellent semi-automatic weapon just recently developed. It surely was accurate.

"Tuesday and Wednesday were spent in firing our 1903 Springfield rifles. Before the advent of the Garand, these were judged to be the most accurate rifles in the world. We spent these two days in learning how our rifles handled. Each man must learn how to set his sights and windage adjustments for various ranges by actually firing his rifle.

"Thursday and Friday were devoted to firing our rifles for record. We had learned how they handled and were to be given a chance to see what we could do with them at various ranges and speeds and positions. We fired from 200 yards and 300 yards both slowly and rapidly — standing, sitting, kneeling, and prone.

"I have seven weeks of basic training left here. During that time we will fire the Browning Automatic Rifle, the machine gun and possibly the mortar.

"Where we will go from here I do not know. Possibly to a newly formed combat unit. It doesn't matter. We'll all make out.

"I'll stop in if I ever get a furlough. Keep the T. L.'s coming, please."

Solomon Cohen is stationed at Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado. His trip there from Texas sounds like something a school teacher might save his pennies for.

"During the trip to Lowry Field I saw quite a few things I had read about and heard of. No book, I think now, or picture for that matter, can ever give a true appreciation of these things. My first sight of a prairie dog, the Rockies, a real western sunrise, Pike's Peak from a distance and later from a close-up, made an impression I shall never forget. The only time I turned my head from the American scene I witnessed was when my eyes became too strained and tired—this was caused by an unbroken sun, beating down a light snow-covered terrain. The only thing nearly equalling the wonder of what I saw was the wonder of the other eastern boys on the train who had never before seen it for themselves.

"An interesting incident happened to us at Amarillo, Texas. As we pulled into the station it was raining but this didn't prevent a group of the ladies of the town from welcoming us — personally, and with gifts. Since we could not leave the train, there they stood in the rain, showering us with cigarettes, matches, magazines (the Reader's Digest, Saturday Evening Post, etc.), chewing gum, home-made cookies, candies, and, last but not least — ice-cream for everyone of us. Such women and with such a spirit!

"I questioned one of the ladies, asking her who sponsored such an idea. 'This isn't a U. S. O. project, young man,' she answered. 'The ladies of Amarillo are sponsoring it.' On further questioning I learned that the ladies had divided into groups, each group standing guard on the train platform a certain amount of time during the day. This is done because the women never know when a troop train is passing (since this is a military secret). Incidentally, the money for all gifts comes from the women's pockets.

"There are many things one sees as he travels through the United States to make him feel proud to be an American."

William Podlich is in the Air Corps Officer Candidate School at Miami Beach, Florida. He writes:

"May I express to you my appreciation of the subscription to the Tower Light? For the last nine years it has been one of my favorites and it has been most valued this year. One reason for this is that it is a means of contact with 'home' at a time when such ties are very important indeed; but another reason (and this one is probably more interest-

ing to you) is that the magazine seems to have taken another step towards becoming the medium of expression of a group of more or less mature individuals. The fact that the pages of your magazine reflect an interest in current world events and college policy is a credit to the staff and to the student body.

"It is gratifying to note that the dunning type of exhortations to contribute and to support the Tower Light, so much in evidence several months ago, have ceased. Whether this cessation indicates the solving of the problem or simply an astute change to a positive psychology it is certainly sound. Naturally, the Tower Light will continue and any retrenchments necessary are without a doubt due to national defense."

upright as if a crackled twig has recently put him on guard. From the hollow in the graceful curve of his back, an ivy plant grows, looking like a miniature tree, put there solely to protect the stiff little animal from the sun. The leaves of the ivy tickle his ears but he cannot escape their touch. His head is inclined just enough so that he can see his sauciness reflected in the mirror-lake in which he is wading. He sniffs inquiringly at a small friendly-looking cluster of violets nearby, and his appetite suddenly increases, but the posies are beyond his reach. How charming his world seems, but how futile.

Now, Now, Mr. Miller!

FIRST, A word of thanks for a most comprehensive and enlightening article on the "care and growth of the Victory Garden." Your reminiscences made quite delightful reading and your experiences inspired me with no end of confidence and courage. But, really, Mr. Miller, your caustic remarks aimed at the female of the species homo sapiens detract somewhat from an otherwise scientifically accurate dissertation.

Until further definite proof is presented to the contrary, shall we say that your observations on women are rather biased and slightly incorrect? May I say, also categorically, that men do not understand women? (And probably never will.) And, finally, may I take issue with your two statements (1) "Then woman entered the garden and Paradise was no more;" and (2) "Beware Women!"

It is truly lamentable that your experiences with female gardeners have evidently been unfortunate but is that any reason to relegate all women to the back seat as far as agricultural interests are concerned? I have no intention of unearthing the age-old strife between the sexes but I do wish to go on record as saying (1) that men are not authorities on women and consequently their peculiar ideas on the subject should be viewed skeptically, and (2) that writers of both literary and scientific articles should refrain from introducing women into the discussion.

- JEANETTE V. ULRICH.

Editor's Note - Whose leg is being pulled by whom?

Study In Unreality

FROZEN in action by cool, smooth, shiny white china, the little faun stands cockily eyeing his dominion — the table. His four cylindrical legs are set unflinchingly and his ears are

Smile A Little, Please

HAVE YOU ever watched a completely happy boy or girl, man or woman? Have you ever noticed how pure pleasure glints from their eyes, how a shy smile sits on their lips, and how happiness tints their faces with joy that all may see? Can you remember their bouncing, buoyant step; their swinging stride; the unconscious, vigorous wriggle of shoulders that unmistakably says, "All of this is much too good to keep inside"?

Then surely you remember the heads that turned to look again at that expression of pleasure and happiness, and recall the smiles that trampled the toes of gloom and lit up faces in tokens of appreciation.

Smiles that carry sincerity are invaluable. The good that they do isn't measured in terms of millions, or thousands, or hundreds of dollars, but in terms of peace, contentment, and gladness. As a species, genuine smiles seem to be nearing extinction — leaving only the posed display of teeth of the model, the hypocritical grin of the politician, and the coquettish smirk of the debutante. Bills, taxes, wars, floods, the cold, and no date for Friday night are effective enemies against the production of smiles, to be sure.

But genuine smiles, however small, need only tiny seeds of enjoyment or happiness in order to become large, healthy, and beautiful specimens. Smiles are infectious and grow best when shared with others. They should not be hoarded, for constant circulation pays huge dividends to the one who smiles and gives a wealth of pleasure to the one smiled upon. Bills, taxes, wars, floods, the cold, and no date for Friday night may all take on mammoth proportions, but a germ of happiness planted in someone else's garden will make our own seem bright and desirable. We are all unconditionally in a position to help master misfortune — so, smile a little, please!

- KATHERINE DECKER.

OPEN FORUM

A Champion For A Worthy Cause

To the Editors of the Tower Light:

On our campus is one of the most beautiful spots in our State. Our glen is the result of years of appeals, solicitations, and hard work on the part of our administration and faculty, very spiritedly and capably led by Miss Stella Brown. Our glen was a result of desires (1) to form an "outdoor laboratory" for college students and campus children in geography, botany, ornithology, and other sciences through student planting, transplanting, prevention of erosion, birdbanding and various other activities; (2) to provide an opportunity for people to work cooperatively outdoors; (3) to provide a habitat for many kinds of plant and animal life; (4) to provide a beautiful natural environment for storytelling circles, singing groups, luncheons, parties, outdoor dramatics or musicals; (5) to give college students, especially those from urban areas, an opportunity to examine first-hand a store-room of Nature.

During the past several years there has been evidence not only of carelessness but of deliberate defacement of the glen. The Council Ring has been neglected. Bottles, broken glass, newspapers and other refuse have been found in the glen. Plants have been pulled up. Water-lilies have been stolen and saplings have been broken. Trail signs have disappeared; incinerators have been stuffed with rocks. I am sure that the college students are not responsible for most of the damage. However, it is up to us to remedy what has been done and to try to prevent its recurrence.

Although our glen has been used for many activities its possibilities have been far from exhausted. This summer our college will be open because of the accelerated program. This summer, more than ever before, perhaps, we can see our glen as it was meant to be used. Classes, instead of being held in stuffy classrooms, could be held in the glen on the wide expanses of lawn, in the shelter, in the Council Ring or on the semi-circular stone platforms. Lunches could be eaten on the large tables in the glen. Outdoor dramatics on the large natural amphitheater in the center of the glen is a distinct possibility. A musical or dancing program could be held in this section of the glen also. Geography classes could actually build walls or plant grass to prevent erosion in the glen. Of course, science classes could, and probably will, continue to observe birds, insects and plants. Art classes could be conducted almost anywhere amidst the beautiful scenery of our glen and could re-letter and re-paint old or damaged trail signs as part of an art project. Our glen could be used in innumerable other situations if we would only wake up to its possibilities.

Why don't we use our "outdoor laboratory" and make it a vital part of our college life?

May 11, 1942.

Henry Astrin.

Is This The Answer?

To the Editors of the Tower Light:

There is hardly a day that someone does not mention to me the lack of school spirit at our college. The observation is certainly correct — one need only consider the turnout at our games, our intercollegiate games. Our boys are playing against terrific odds, but where are the cheers, the singing, the yells, the banners? Where also is the keen competition and general excitement that should characterize school and class elections in college? Where is the prestige once connected with "making" the school paper or making the honor society? Where is the classic, friendly rivalry between clubs on the campus? We may not be lacking school spirit, but we most certainly do not exhibit any external evidences of it.

What is the reason for this general decline in school spirit? Well, some might attribute it to the difference in the individual of yesterday and today. They might claim that each successive generation of college students is softer brained, less ambitious, more lethargic, striving for one goal only—that of complete stupor! But youth today is as vital and throbbing as it ever was. Perhaps sheer laziness keeps many potential athletes from our field. Undoubtedly sheer laziness keeps many potential TOWER LIGHT articles chained within the confines of the imagination forever. However, this is not one umpteenth of the whole story!

Some may casually assent that since this is a small college anybody can make a team with a little effort and there are offices and honors enough to go around. Thus, they would say, the lack of cheering and the lack of prestige. Were State Teachers College the only college with a dying school spirit, this would certainly be weighty. However, the complaint is becoming increasingly more general among the American colleges.

The "rah rah" aspect of college that we have been

considering is, in my opinion, the cast-off silks, satins, and general flamboyance of another period of the American college - the golden age from, we might say, the end of World War I to the depression years. America had won the war. There was to be eternal world peace. Business and industry were at peak and ready to throw fat pay envelopes to college grads provided only that they be from the "right college." Thus youth, when it escaped from its cramped environment in the small town or conventional city to go to college, went with the naive certainty that nothing in the world could limit its new-found freedom and that big business would be waiting with the pot of gold at the end of the college rainbow. College was all the world to this confident, restless youth. Why? — because the rosy, prosperous, peaceful world outside was far removed from them and made no demands of them.

The youth of today has necessarily grown from such gawkish immaturity into a sophisticated, realistic bloc of mankind. No longer is the undergraduate's sole concern the protection of his alma mater's honor on the playing field. He is faced today with threats to his nation's honor and to his cultural heritage. He can be certain of nothing save being plunged into war and into depression — perhaps into defeat — after the war. Is it any wonder that a college can no longer hold the undivided loyalty of its students? Is it any wonder that serious thought is replacing cheers and songs?

May 8, 1942.

JOHN McCAULEY.

Thank You!

To the Editors of the Tower LIGHT:

The April Tower Light contained part of a letter from my cousin, Jules Clayman, who gave me credit for his receiving our magazine. I hereby willingly relinquish all claims to having done so and acknowledge with pride the swell work of the Tower Light staff in sending editions of the Tower Light to all of our boys in the service.

May 13, 1942.

HENRY ASTRIN.

Good Intentions

DO YOU get all enthused at receipt of a letter and decide all the bits of news you'll write right away?

Do you have good intentions? I have, too.

Have you an assignment which inspires you to go to Pratt and bring home eight books which you are going to read all the way through? Do you have good intentions? I have, too.

Have you set aside three straight hours when the family is away in which to really study?

Have you thought of all the calls you're going to make and cards you will send?

Do you have good intentions? I have, too.

Have you ever decided on a bright sunny day to take a long walk instead of staying in to read.

Have you decided to keep a notebook clean and neat all the way through?

Have you decided to keep everything in place in your

You had good intentions? I had, too.

Senior Sonneteer

DR. CRABTREE'S literature classes have been yielding gems of writing activity from inspired seniors and juniors. Interpretations, imitations, and elucidations have flowed from the pens of these students of "British Prose and Poetry." The one printed below was written by an inspired senior who, as is obvious, must have suddenly developed a beautiful familiarity with the sonnet form.

Her note preceding the poem read, "Believe me, this try at sonnet-writing was not meant to offend any poetic souls. It was merely the musing of an overdeveloped sense of humor. By the time the 'poet' reached the end of the sonnet, there seemed nothing left for her but to follow the advice of her extremely sad pun . . . Read on!"

ON THE DEATH OF A SONNETEER

The sun was bright; so fair the day and clear
There was no hint of ominous portent
To meet us as into the room we went,
Not dreaming there was anything to fear.

The news was giv'n; it was so sad to hear,
But manfully we all to work soon bent
To give our prose or poet's spirit bent,
Dismay not at the "finds" that may appear.

Compare me not to Bacon in his prime
Our paths are far apart — nay, very fare,
Compare me not to him at any time
Lest it the beauty of this verse might mar.

Be lenient on this striving sonneteer Who thinks that she'll go out and get a bier.

- H. Klauenberg.

Six Moral Victories

TTAKES a little heat to make the kettle boil. Towson's ball clubs are practically earmarked by the amount of time they take to warm up to a warm season. If you've watched the men of the diamond these last few years, you have seen that what is at the outset an ill-working team turns out in course of time to be a smooth-running machine, which, given the proper circumstances, may even become a winning combination. So it has been; so is it now, I am a man. (Apologies, Mr. Wordsworth.)

The current edition of tossers started out like a house afire. The only trouble was that Fireman Spellman couldn't put the fires out when Lefthander Harry London permitted them to start, and vice-versa. But at this point we should like to remove some of the vagueness which may surround the position of these two flingers.

THERE WAS once a pitcher — "Iron Man" McGinnity, I believe - who, when the wind was blowing properly, and his brain felt in shape, would work up a hot mess for himself on first, second, third and at the plate, then dramatically call in all his support (meaning, the other seven men) and with several sweeps of his large muscles, proceed to fan the side. Quite the character! But Oz and Herschel were never that type hurler, especially Herschel! Nor was Luther Cox, nor Howard Stottlemyer, nor Sad Sam Clopper, nor Long Lee McCarriar. Not even Earnest Ernie Talbot, whom some of us may remember as having more on the ball than Carter has liver pills - not even Ernie could work it that way. The alternate strategy of pitching is, then, to fool the batter, to extract the effect of power from his connections. The sinker ball, let us say, that Brother Oswald throws is designed to make the hitter top the ball, and thereby to ground out. Spellman's hopper is aimed at blinding the poor guy, or to make him swing late, with obvious effects. And brethren, when you ain't got the men on the field to stop the hits, you ain't got a ball club. From here the rest follows quite clearly.

WHEN THE fellows started out, there was hardly a ball hit that didn't do some good for the opposition. Pop flies went for two and three bases apiece; ground balls (hard-hit ones, we'll grant) got as little attention as a crying baby. Arms were quite adept at slinging balls where men weren't. In short, the ball club made a mess of errors. Under such trying

circumstances, Hopkins ran over the nine (twice) like a steamroller, and the E-town comedians had an easy time of it. (Sharrow matched them leg for leg, however.)

AT THIS point, it was, that somebody induced the new group of freshman girls to come out and look the boys over. Now we are not going to be historical and claim inspirational powers for these gals, as one might. We shall only say that when these girls made their debut in Towson athletics, the tossers almost slaughtered Drew University. Well, we mean that half-heartedly. Spellman tightened up with basehits like a clam. The infield, sparked by Captain Johnson Horst, covered the ground like the pictures on the Men's Room wall, but good! Colonel Harold Katz plugged up the third-base hole with due spark and honor, while Horst was eating up everything that whispered at him around second base, left and right. Spellman lifted a low pitch out onto the road for a home run (and our only hit). Michael Sharrow, of the County Cork Sharrows, pulled a shoe-string nifty that prevented at least two runs. To top it off, Dr. Lucien Peters, in mask and pads, threw out a guy who attempted a voyage to second. In short, everybody was brilliant; and we shall once again mention the fact that Freshman 6, in all its glory, made its presence felt. The final score was 5-1, favor of the opposition. The feeling became general at this time that, given some timely clouting to couple with its now satisfactory defense and elegant fan support, the Teachers might go for bigger game. (P. S.—The next day Drew smeared Hopkins!) Amen.

SO IT WAS that the very next week, the boys went after Blue Ridge, in the latter's hideout. Blue Ridge, like Drew, plays baseball by the book and the spirit and the letter, so playing Blue Ridge is in itself a test. By this time Herschel, whose arm was now only a hindrance to good penmanship, found himself on first; Q. D. Thompson, who once irritated the writer (years back) by dropping a high fly, was playing a game more consistent, probably, than anybody around. Horst was by now simply radiant at short, and Katz, now free from politics, could devote all his attention to stopping hot ones. Dead-arm Sharrow was practically in the big leagues (on personality!) and Naughty Ned Logan had center field memorized blade by blade. Silent Harry Fishpaugh, still inarticulate, was whispering to the daisies in right.

AT NEW WINDSOR, the gentlemen gave another good account of themselves, fighting the Killers all the way for 7 to 1. (Still no shutout!) Ned Logan found his batting eye, and hit twice, for a total of four bases. Spellman continued his steady hurling, as Peters, developing into quite a receiver, proceeded to throw out another criminal in the act of stealing. The inner woiks pulled off another double play this go, but the umps (a Blue Ridge man to the marrow!) canceled the second out. This would have made three; the home team went on to score four runs, and sew the ball game up. Hitting was more free for the Heroes this time, and gave definite promise of being bright for Blue Ridge tilt number 2.

AND PROMISES were lived up to. Towson had Blue Ridge on a vague sort of run for three full innings, leading the visitors by 6-2. Then, for reasons unexplained, save the wonderful effect of headiness arising out of holding a lead, the local lads split open around the seams, finally dropping an 11-6 decision. Imagine when Towson started with the slugging; whereas there had been a total of six runs scored by the tossers in five previous games, they started off with an equal number in the first two innings. Ned Logan continued to explode the ball with ferocious ambition, poking out three more good hits which meant runs. Spellman went the distance for the third consecutive time, allowing a small number of hits once more, and doing a whale of a job with men on the sacks. Still, it may be said again that the ball club was becoming more of a ball club, giving promise of well-knit and colorful play. Lucien Peters was a receiving point for added insult to the injury, when he "stepped into" a slow hook dished up by Prof. Skomorucha, of the Mountaineers. He was rushed off to the specialists, and recovered shortly after.

NORMALLY, THERE ARE SWEET words for everyone as a team closes out for the year, but the teams which Coach Minnegan has turned out this year mark, as far as we can see at this point, Towson's farewell to intercollegiate competition for the duration. Men will be scarce as tires, to pardon a vulgarism, next year, and the only profitable athletics for the few that will be here are intramurals, which though they provide exercise, and a measure of competition, lack the fire and the heave-ho of intercollegiates. The leave of absence Coach is taking for us from the young Mason-Dixon Conference marks for us a passing of an era. It is rather rare for graduating men, anywhere, to be taking with them the sports in which they indulged. But there they are - Horst, Thompson, Peters (June), Astrin, Sharrow, London (February). And these are only the baseball veterans. Another bone to pick with the Axis, blast their hides!

- HERSCHEL LONDON.

PLATE INVENTORY

AFTER OVER thirty days of listening to every musical program, hooking anyone I could hook to take me out to dance, gnawing nails, pulling hair and so forth, I finally was converted to the belief in the Bible saying, "Seek and you shall find." Yes. Because of the most super, the smoothest, the neatest tune all jumbled superbly into a song called It's Raining Memories. You all remember September in the Rain, Where or When and Once in a While, don't you? This is a combination of all. The only sad part about it is, I don't know who, where, or when concerning arrangements. I do hope Tommy Dorsey will try. Listen for it.

I thought for this column I'd consider the recordings of each orchestra. Freddy Martin has the best band this month. Have you heard his Sleepy Lagoon or When There's a Breeze on Lake Louise (balmy, drifty, white-cappy, moody) or The Penny Arcade, which reminds me of that one-time favorite, The Merry-Go-Round Broke Down? An artistic classic turned into modern tempo is The Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy. Best of all is Sometimes. That is my s. p. as far as songs go.

Tommy Dorsey is not to be neglected. How do you like his Somebody Loves Me? That is one that is really consoling. Another along the same uplifting, non-depressing-feeling line is How Do You Do Without Me. The Pied Pipers and Frank Sinatra have never been better than when singing I Remember You.

The little brother, Jimmy, is plenty smooth, too. Neck and neck with Maestro Martin is his Sleepy Lagoon as sung by Bob Eberly. He catches the mood and tempo expertly. Me and My Melinda is tricky. I like You Made Me Love You, too.

Probably Glenn Miller's best recording is Sssh, It's a Military Secret. Marian Hutton and the Modernaires do a very clever job with it. Not quite so good is Nickel Serenade. I like the idea that We'll Meet Again.

Tommy Tucker was made famous-er because of *I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire* and it is still a quickener-of-the-heartbeats for me. *I'll Pray for You* is the best disk of this song yet. *How Do I Know It's Real* is better than fair. I prefer *I Need You*, which is smoother and softer than cream.

Jersey Bounce — ah, yes, you all yell Benny Goodman. No wonder. A trifle out of season now, but a good suggestion is Winter Weather. For a clearer meaning of what is implied, let me refer you to the lyrics. I'm Here is on the jivey side. Peggy Lee does a good job singing We'll Meet Again.

Kay Kyser's Zoot Suit is his redeeming tune this time. It is on every juke box I've seen. Have you heard Frances Shores' (no, this is not a typographical error) interpreta-

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tion? If Mr. Kyser decided to arrange I Doed It, he would have a hit. It is definitely his type, with that novelty appeal. Who Wouldn't Love You is average plus.

At random here are some must-dance-to-for-several-reasons: Connie Boswell's Send Me One Dozen Roses—and she really puts her heart into it; Gene Krupa's snarky Skylark; Vaughan Munroe's handling of a very delicate situation concerning a sailor, a soldier, a marine, and Three Little Sisters; Count Basie's loss of memory for names in An Old Flame; As I Walk into the Sunset — best done by the McFarland Broth-

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AT YOUR NEAREST DELVALE DEALER OR CALL UN iversity 1151 ers; Woody Herman's never-to-be-forgotten Somebody Else is Taking My Place. For the old-timers there is a revival of a one-time popular song, It's the Talk of the Town, by Fred Waring. For those who want a song to cast a mood, create an atmosphere-of-you-know-what-kind, John Kirby's Temptation is more than appropriate. I promise results.

Listen for: Claude Thornhill, Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree, If I Love Again, Bless 'Em All, It's Heavenly, She'll Always Remember and Here Comes the Milkman.

- O'H.

Eda Quette

Dear Miss Quette,

Will you please tell us what to do when going through the receiving line at a college dance?

Two Freshies.*

This is what Emily Post says in her book, *Etiquette*, on page 348:

"... You probably shake hands and introduce your partner: 'Mrs. Chaperon, Mr. Gray.' 'Mrs. Patron, Mr. Gray,' etc. Or if you don't know the names of the ladies in the receiving line you shake hands and say to the lady at the head of the line, 'I'm Mildred Senior,' and then, turning to him slightly, 'This is Mr. Gray.' Then shake hands with the others and merely say 'How do you do!'"

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FUN TO GET

AND

FUN TO GIVE

COME FROM

HUTZLER BROTHERS @

^{*}Ed. Note: Bless your hearts, anonymous freshmen. You have broached a subject that has given all of us goosepimples at LEAST once a year!

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TOWSON, MD.

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SHOULD YOU DOED IT?

SHE WALKS a little ahead. She's the girl from down the street. You hardly know her. Should you catch up with her? What would you talk about? Better wait and exchange a hurried "Hello, how are you?" as you both dash the last 25 yards to the car. Oh, dear! No car in sight, You mumble a greeting. Slight pause. A fleeting smile. Just as you clear your throat to make an attempt to comment on the weather, the car slides to a stop. At last! She precedes you down the aisle and sits next to the window in a double seat. (They say that just before your death, you review your entire life. I can tell you while walking down the aisle of a street car, you can think of plenty things, too.) If I sit next to her (you mentally review the situation) what will I say during that long ride? Then, again, I have to finish reading my psychology. After quickly reviewing the pros and cons you suddenly slip sheepishly into an empty seat about three places

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15

in front of her. You try to settle down to studying the "organism" but you keep wondering embarrassedly whether she is hurt, relieved, unconcerned, or thinking you a snob. You finally get off. Imagine, she does the same! Now, what? Oh, good, a crowd's on the corner. Suddenly, heartily, and with more enthusiasm than you've registered for ages, you greet your friends. She does the same.

What will happen the next time? Should you doed it?

THE EXPRESSIONIST PAINTER

He lives for naught but his untiring force
Which leads him on with ever-burning might.
And when he does old schools of Paris fight,
He soars within himself to find his course.
For he who delves the depths of his einfelter*
Loves not the sorrowful subject; less the mode,
As did Courbet, Manet, and hundreds more untold,
But seeks within himself his sombre shelter.
He 'plies the plastic paint that is his mood
Of strange mad melodies that in him lie.
It is his soul he serves to be Art's food;
The dish of rotten realists he defies.
Not in dark mold will his works spend their days,
But in the glow of new observers' hearts and gaze.

* A German word, literally means to "feel into," used by expressionists because its exact meaning cannot be accurately put into English.

- ELLEN ANNE ELSTE.

The Second National Bank of Towson. Ald.

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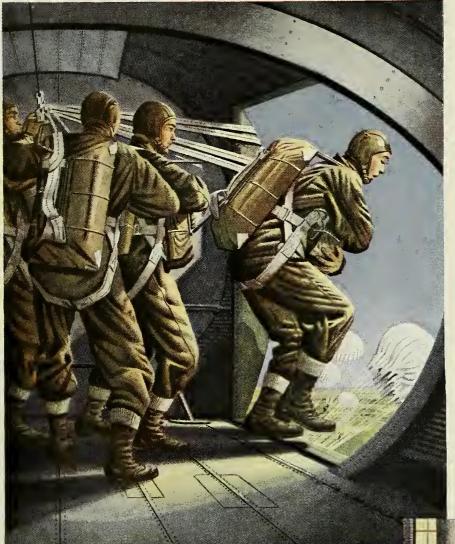
THE TOWER LIGHT

SENIOR ISSUE





YOU WANT STEADY NERVES to "hit the silk" in a paratroop attack



"JUMP" is the command that starts you on that headlong earthward plunge through space, but the real order of the honr is steady nerves! For these soldiers of the sky—for every one of us! So take a tip from the men in the front line. Their favorite is Camel—the slow-burning, mild cigarette. Make Camel your cigarette, too.



With men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

now, is your choice of cigarettes. Smoke Camels.

Important to Steady Smokers: The <u>smoke</u> of slow-burning

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Cut on Page 1 — RALPH BARRETT

THE TOWER LIGHT is a monthly publication of and by the students at the State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland.



THE GRADUATES SAY:

Thanks for the Memories

THIS BEING THE time of leavetakings it is fitting that we, the Senior Class, should pause to thank our Alma Mater for:

The freedom and adult privileges extended to us.

A campus equalled by few for its beauty.

A feeling for a gracious and dignified, yet enjoyable, way of life.

The many opportunities for learning under the guidance of able instructors.

The help in building a varied and rich background of experiences so necessary in the teaching profession.

The provision of means whereby many lasting friendships were made.

An administration, faculty, and office force with a sense of humor.

It is also fitting that we note here the impressions made upon us by members of the faculty and publicly say thanks to:

Dr. Wiedefeld—for her willingness to try new methods in the interest of the college and the student body.

Dr. A. Dowell—for her sense of humor and for presenting a science course understandable to a student without a degree in science.

Dr. Tansil—for her ability to take everything from financial troubles to elopements in her stride.

Miss Barkley—for her quiet, calm efficiency.

Miss Holt—for her thorough searches to help students answer any questions.

Miss Stitzel—for her tolerance of our long tongues.

Miss Yoder—for knowing the call number of any book you can name.

Mr. Crook—for his enthusiastic enjoyment of his work and for preserving memories of old S. T. C. in his camera tins.

Dr. Lynch—for proving that the Honor System works.

Mrs. Stapleton—for the graciousness of her way of living.

Dr. Abercrombie—for her ability to get at the fundamentals of life and ignore the non-essentials.

Miss Birdsong—for her ability to understand and sympathize with the troubles of her students.

Dr. West—for his "learning by doing" courses and meeting students more than halfway in out-of-class conversations.

Mrs. Smith—for her eager willingness to roll up her sleeves and get to work.

Mrs. Brouwer—for her abundance of interesting experiences and her inimitable knack for telling them.

Miss MacDonald—for the rare privilege of watching such excellent work with little children.

Miss Joslin—for her generosity in sharing the many fine things she has accumulated through her many experiences.

Mr. Miller—for his staunch advocacy of the advantages of a liberal education.

Miss Weyforth—for her excellent and untiring work with the Glee Club.

Miss Schroeder—for taking on a big task with little notice so capably.

Miss Bersch—for exemplifying the "American Scholar" and giving so much more through herself than the subject matter of any course could hope to attain.

Dr. F. Dowell—for his liberal guidance of the Student Council and his rare asides in and out of classes.

Miss Bader—for her exemplary search for historical truth, the lack of impressionableness M.A.'s and Ph.D.'s have for her, and for overlooking the idiosyncrasies of a class with a bad case of "senioritis."

Mr. Millar—for his candid opinions of the value of his own course and for his beautiful voice.

Miss Knipp—for her friendliness and her choice of content in the Psychology and Education courses which was a boon in Professionals.

Miss Woodward—for her wide collection of materials always at the disposal of desperate student teachers.

Dr. Crabtree—for her evident enjoyment of life, liberty, and the loves of Seniors 1 and 2.

Mr. Moser—for his independent ideas and his varied ward-

Dr. Walther—for his wide and varied knowledge and his practice of flexibility in the curriculum.

Miss Blood—for her subtle sense of humor and for bringing geography into our own backyards in an interesting manner.

Miss Scott—for understanding the frailties and faults of the species Student Teacher.

Miss Brown—for her frank and impartial criticism and for the marvelous work done to beautify the Glen.

Miss Daniels—for not being over-critical of poor gymnasts. Miss Roach—for her ability to mix in with the girls and have fun.

Mr. Minnegan—for working like a Trojan in spite of the lack of athletic material and equipment.

THE STAFF

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Winning The Peace

M. THERESA WIEDEFELD

OUR COLLEGE is proud of the part it is performing in the total war effort because of the contributions which are being made by our young men students and our young men graduates. They are part of the youth who are providing the fervor, the faith, the energy, and self-sacrifice necessary to winning the peace.

A review of the work which these men are doing affords us encouragement and satisfaction and at the same time presents a challenge to those of us who remain in the schools. It is encouraging to know that young men educated to be teachers of little children are equipped to make so many types of contributions to the nation's wartime problems. The teachers' colleges and the teaching profession are challenged to continue to prepare more of these same fine young men of courage, loyalty, discipline, and efficiency, so that the ranks may be unbroken and undaunted.

The following reports from visits and letters received from our boys in the armed forces give concrete evidence of the successful operation of the selective service in its attempt to make the wisest use of human resources. These letters were selected because they represent types of service. There are many more like them but space does not permit quoting from all. Some of the letters have appeared in previous issues of the Tower Light.

- 1. Benjamin Novey ('36) wrote, "It is not easy to change one's pattern of living and acting. But it was adjust or else. There was a day and there was a night, and I adjusted. I spent the first month at the Reception Center testing, interviewing, and classifying incoming soldiers." A good use to which to put a teacher.
- 2. Lou Cox ('41) came several times to visit while in training. He gives much credit to the physical education and sports program which he had in college for his success as an aviation pilot. His last letter reported him as flying eight hundred miles a day and described the thrill of his experiences in flying by radio beam.
- 3. Isadore Sokolow ('37) is a sergeant in the Military Police. His description of himself after bringing a military prisoner from Arizona to South Carolina portrays him as carrying a .45 automatic, a billy club in hand, with handcuffs hangings from his belt. This picture is hard to fit to the young man of the classroom.
- 4. Malcolm Davies ('36) is now stationed at the Anacostia Naval Reserve Aviation Base, where he is teaching theory of flight and physics to beginning naval cadets. Previously he spent nine months in Georgia at army primary flying school teaching theory of flight and power plants to R. A. F. cadets from England, Argentine, and Australia.
- 5. Creston Herold ('42) is most enthusiastic about what the army is doing for him. In a letter he wrote, "Strict respect for one another is our blueprint of life." When he visited the college he talked to groups of students on the value of regularity of activity and of rest. "In bed every night at ten o'clock," helps make one physically fit, and how wonderful is the feeling of physical fitness.
- 6. Edgar Clopper ('42) described the short periods of recreation during which the soldiers are allowed freedom. It brings great satisfaction to have him explain that he with a group of his buddies could entertain themselves at camp without going off to nearby cities. On one occasion when his commanding officer asked for a man who could lead games, Edgar, fresh from student teaching and success in playground supervision, stepped forward. He taught games and conducted the recreation for his group. The next day he was made corporal.
- 7. Jimmic O'Connor ('42) is now most likely with the army in Ireland. He wrote from Fort Knox that he was doing clerical work, tabulating transfer vehicles and tool checks.
 - 8. Charles Gross ('41) was for a time at Craig Field, Alabama, where he was teaching mathematics.
 - 9. Bernard Phelps ('41) wrote, "I organized a chorus of twenty soldiers and we practice at free time."
 - 10. Jack Koontz ('42) is a first-class yeoman working with the Intelligence Division of the Naval Reserve.
 - 11. Donald Gorsuch ('41) is taking the master mechanics course on aircraft at Curtis Wright Technical Institute in California.
 - 12. Sydney Baker ('41) is an army aviation pilot. Imagine an artist violinist piloting a bomber plane.
- 13. Bernard Dvoskin ('41) is a student weather observer. He expresses deep appreciation and gratitude for his college course in meteorology which he says has been of considerable value to him.
- 14. Jerry Kolker ('40) wrote in a recent letter, "My job is at the Fire Director Center where I plot the path of the trajectories fired by the 105 millimeter guns of our battalion and assist in the coordination of fire. This work is mathematical; algebra and trigonometry are essential in firing.
- 15. William Podlich ('36) writes in a philosophic vein. He wonders what students at home are thinking. He asks, "What institutions do they feel will stand this trial by fire and steel? What will be the relation of nation to nation after the struggle is over?"
 - 16. Jack Hart ('42) is a sergeant doing clerical work at the Army Recruiting Station in Baltimore.
- 17. Wheeler, Rush, Bennett, Lauenstein and many others have been and are teaching. They teach military maneuvers, mathematics, and science.

The above seventeen illustrations are all different. They are given as symbols of the contributions which the teaching profession is making to the war effort. They are stories of physical fitness, individual differences in skills and abilities, self-control and self-discipline, respect for the individual, equality of opportunity, respect of the individual for his fellowman, leadership, and intelligent fellowship which is participation in leadership. These young men teachers are defending democracy. Democratic liberties and democratic institutions must be defended by those who believe in them sufficiently to be willing to make sacrifices for them.

Some of these young men will return to their teaching positions when the war is over. What kinds of teachers will they be? What will they find when they return? Will they find that while they were winning the peace the schools at home were fighting for the same principle? Or will they find that the schools did nothing? Will they feel justified in the thought that they did not fight alone? They will surely feel that all was wasted if they return to a school system administered by a dictator, and there are such school systems. They will feel that their sacrifice was in vain if they are assigned to a school presided over by a principal who is a dictator, perhaps even a tyrant. Today there are schools where teachers have little or no freedom to express their own ideas, no right to self-realization, no opportunity (Continued on page 22)

WE BEQUEATH \

WE, THE SENIOR CLASS of the Towson State Teachers College, being of questionable mind but sound body, do bequeath the following:

and TO THE FACULTY and

Another lovesick group of Seniors to amuse Dr. Crabtree. A Senior Class of equal height to Miss Roach; also to Miss Roach one full ton of her favorite black chewing gum.

Automatic gags for Miss Stitzel and Miss Yoder to apply on vital spots to certain library visitors.

Piano in the Girls' Locker Room to Mrs. Brouwer.

Appreciative diners to Miss Greer.

Mild prescriptions of arsenic for Dr. Crabtree to administer to the Healthy Living Committee.

Time to Miss Weyforth.

An offer from Warner Bros. camera department to Mr. Crook.

Museum to Miss Joslin for her treasures.

One pair ball-bearing roller skates to Miss MacDonald.

Thanks to Miss Knipp for including in her courses practically half the material in our professional examinations.

A class of Lin Yutangs to Miss Bersch.

Frankenstein mask to Mr. Millar so that female students may concentrate on work.

Full attendance and interested people at all assemblies to Dr. Wiedefeld.

One megaphone for Dr. Walther.

Also to Mrs. Brouwer an exterminator to use at her own discretion in the locker room.

Gratefulness to Mrs. Clark for mothering all our worries. Gratitude, warm affection, and every good thing in life to Miss Bader, Miss Birdsong, and Dr. Abercrombie.

A class of Lucien Peterses for Miss Daniels.

as TO THE SCHOOL as

Cab Calloway to play in the foyer every noon.

Self-help in the library.

Soap with real lather for all needed districts of the school. A radio in every classroom.

One corkscrew to open the bottleneck in the magazine room on Monday afternoons.

More articles and less criticism to the Tower Light.

Furniture to room 13.

One gross of clothes pins for use on the trip to Sewage Disposal Plant.

More dances like the Senior Prom.

People who attend social functions.

Swimming pool in the Glen for summer sessions.

Bugs to the Biology Department.

Deep and abiding love for other peoples' "little angels."

An audition with Benny Goodman to the orchestra.

Displays for the display cases.

Air in the T. L. office.

Our superior I. Q.'s to all those in need.

Patience and tolerance to student teachers.

A little more worldly sense of intelligence to a few of the county students.

A course with Emily Post to the student body.

Paper from Ada's accumulation of late slips to be forwarded to the Government for national defense.

Men to all interested in life, liberty, and pursuit.

More girls in the dark room for B. Lock.

ON MISCELLANEOUS ON

Nine-tenths of the practice teachers to out-lying districts in the African wilds.

Dave Hess to successive college classes.

Orson Morton Weiner's booming voice to Bishop.

Mitzi and Selma for nine weeks, please take good care

Henry's surrealist shoes to the costume department.

Houdini exits of Stonesifer and Robb to busy Freshmen laden with extra-curricular activities.

Shores' sense of humor to B. I. Battenfeld.

Iona's poise and tact to Marvel Williams.

Swain's brain to the least of those among us.

M. Alma's amiability and infectious smile to J. Kennard.

Sobriety to Stottlemeyer.

Being fully aware of the nature of the gifts we have made, we do put our seal upon this document, this second day of June, in the year nineteen forty-two, with much trembling and trepidation.

THE CLASS OF 1942.

Witnesses:

Anonymous.

SENIOR PERSONALITIES

Senior 1

Esther Blumstein—Wonderful friend—good humored—history student—always good for a laugh.

900 Warner Street.

MILDRED GARRETT—Petite—likes long dates, Cadillacs, and Air Corps wings — consistently in arrears of the 9:00 A. M. bell.

4014 Kathland Avenue.

Doris Glanzman—Diligent—good sport—a whiz at math—voluminous note-taker—voluble.

3900 Eastern Avenue.

ALMA LEE GOTT—Always there and always on time!—likes summer camp, Mr. Miller's classes, and men—dislikes lunches.

201 South Wickham Road,

Patricia Herndon—Sweater-'n-skirt gal—long sighs—bubbling laugh and bouncy hair—confirmed apple eater in drama class.

4302 Ridgewood Avenue.

Evelyn Kandel—Lots of fun—violin virtuoso—likes to knit and eat—gets 15-page letters—loves red.

3305 West Garrison Avenue.

Agnes Kernan—No eating between meals—sleuth for a figure—loves the profession—detail worrier.

3600 Callaway Avenue.

Helen Louise Klauenberg—Grecian profile—mind with a Bob Hope wit — enjoys a good story — has miraculous lunches.

5801 Clear Spring Road.

MINDELLE KOHNER—One of our "hitchees"—prefers shades of red—brunette—dreams of Arizona — "my husband, Ferdy."

1928 West North Avenue.

IRENE KRIEGER—Always at the telephone—likes food and New York—good voice—knows all the latest songs.

2266 Brookfield Avenue.

Ada Levin—The quiet, shy type!—always has a joke on tap—laughs at life—master imitator—peppy—super duper avoider of classes.

4703 Alhambra Avenue.

MARY ROCHLITZ—Sedate and dignified—short curls—likes Charlie Spivak and army souvenirs—full of righteous indignation.

3016 Cresmont Avenue.

CHARLOTTE SCHWARZ—Athletic ace—long blond mane—endless lunches—upswept nose—ring bearer.

822 North Woodington Road.

JUNE - 1942

Frances Shores—Rollicking sense of humor—swell friend—storchouse of info and tall tales—wants to travel, climb mountains, and do things.

MILDRED STANSBURY—"My man, Bill"—short, black curls—household financier—cooks a mean dish of macaroni—nice nose.

3009 Iona Terrace.

EVELYN VOLK—Dr. C.'s case study—"Dance, peanut?"—potato chips and pickles—the short of the long and short of things.

1817 ast 31st Street.

Virginia Lee White—Badminton champ—heated political discussions—conscientious—healthy lunches—cute dimples. 110 Witherspoon Road.

Senior 2

FLORENCE ABRAMSON—High, wide, and full of life—long black hair—rollicking imitative ability.

4918 Litchfield Avenue.

MARY BICKEL—Jive specialist—purring sounds when speaking—rolling gait—interested in politics.

1917 East Fayette Street.

Betty Carroll—Beautiful auburn locks—poise plus—interested in the Air Corps—conscientious—efficient.

2928 Wyman Parkway.

MARY D1 PEPPE—Hard worker—modest and unassuming—funny little giggle—tiny mite—swell disposition.

2801 East Biddle Street.

ELLEN ELSTE—Striving member of the Intelligentsia—interested in Russia and its human element—outstanding in art.

3127 Orlando Avenue.

Dorothy Gronert—One of those unusual woman drivers—bobbed hair—cute clothes—meaningful innuendoes re children—slim.

2732 Harford Road.

ELIZABETH HAACKE—Ability to write lengthy letters and take psychology notes at the same time—generous to a fault—brown eyes she knows how to use.

4419 Raspe Avenue.

Vella Kobin—Stunted growth—short curls—steady stream of jokes—quick on the trigger with apt remarks—holidays from work.

2035 West Pratt Street.

Ruth Maleson — Friendly—baby hair cuts—gray matter plus—excitable—ability to do things.

2126 North Pulaski Street.

ALMA McAvoy—A wicked wit—generous—arrives on split seconds—sleeps in T. L. office—likes triple dip skyscraper sodas—a swell gal.

1500 North Montford Avenue.

Audrey Pramschufer—Cute jewelry—interested in all kinds of art (human and otherwise)—blond tresses—good sport. 4802 Calumet Avenue.

NORMA ROBB — Quick exits—quiet—untapped supply of men—interested in birds and bugs—bookless trips home. 504 North Linwood Avenue.

Selma Ruck—Enthusiastic and excitable—attractive clothes—interested in bigger and better rings on third finger, left hand.

935 Argyle Avenue.

Margaret Stonesifer—Petite and cute—quick exits with Norma—man trouble—good dancer—beautiful voice. 2301 Oswego Avenue.

CATHERINE SWAIN—Really interested in teaching for some reason—pretty—serious—interested in getting good marks. 2014 East 31st Street.

MARGARET ZILLMOR—Full of determination—will of iron—willingness to cooperate—interested in her appearance, especially hair—cute—determination to get the ball over the net some time.

510 North Ellwood Avenue.

Senior 3

IONA CLAYTOR DORN—Pres—wedding bells—bright smile—"What's cookin'?"

216 Doris Avenue, Brooklyn Heights, Maryland.

KAY EMMART—Social minded—willing helper—scouting—interested in all aspects of medicine.

2747 Cheswold Road.

MITZI GOLDSTEIN—Life of everything—authority on how to prolong your stay here.

3620 Reisterstown Road.

MARJORIE HISLEY—Crusader—conscientious—diamond rings—the girl with the answers.

3606 Crossland Avenue.

John Horst—Everyone's pal—freshman heart throb—likes Seven-Up, women, and song. 4417 Asbury Avenue.

Gerry Huches—Senior class, Cornell—brightens up a gym period—efficient chairman of anything.

203 Shady Nook Court, Catonsville, Maryland.

Henny Kenny—Arthur Murray Special—shiny hair—"fixer-upper."

3316 O'Donnell Street.

Betsy Smith—Life guard—blond—glamour—blue eyes. 215 Oakdale Road.

Louis Snyder—Candidate for Quiz Kids—if you don't know anything, ask Louis.

2018 West Baltimore Street.

Virginia Strauss — Overworked secretary—hats—comes formal—Kappa Delta Woodward. - 2690 Wilkens Avenue.

Morton Weiner—Orson Welles II of "Our Town" fame—deep rich voice—Broadway aspirant.
708 East Arlington Avenue.

RUTH WERNER—Number one model—stock holder in the transit company—heart is in the Navy.

Columbia Road, Ellicott City, Maryland.

Daisy Yenkinson—Badminton champ—girl with the ready smile—internationalist.

1601 Thomas Avenue.

Senior 4

HENRY ASTRIN—Saddle shoes by Salvatore Dali—retiring "stoogent" president—class Einstein—admiral of a toy fleet.

4719 Park Heights Avenue.

MARGARET CARTER—Speed demon of any test—poet laureate of Senior 4, with an additional dash of artistic ability—humor mingled with witty rhymes.

126 North Hilton Street.

Warren Culbertson—Dissenting voice in Dr. Crabtree's class—nice socks—assorted cuff links—balloon man. 3020 East Fayette Street.

Vera Ensor—Our prima donna—likes orchids, ice cream—artistic—Kay's other half.

4614 York Road.

Ann Fry-Botanist-inspired by Bryant, Frost, and seed catalogue—distinctive manner of entering classes late—big eyes.

2920 Woodland Avenue.

LILY HIMMELFARB—Best soprano outside the Glee Club—connoisseur of literature and the ballet—likes men—wants to be a housewife.

2431 Lakeview Avenue.

EVELYN Isaacs—"Dark eyes"—flashing smile—very interested in the U. S. N. R. 3805 Barrington Road.

- MARTHA KARSH—Merry—A student—Righteous—Trustful— Helpful—Kind—Alert—Ready—Small—Humorous. 600 North Eden Street.
- Doris Kehm—Sweet blonde—everybody's friend—famous sneeze—seven pairs of shoes.

 703 Evesham Avenue.
- Ruth McCarty Ultra sweet—smiling Irish eyes—good friend—a whiz at bulletin boards.

 1525 McKean Avenue.
- Kathryn Peltz—Fond of good music, red roses, tall brunettes, tomato and bacon sandwiches—good-natured—Vera's other half.

 2734 Fenwick Avenue.
- Sol Shapiro—Hypnotist (especially to women)—scientist of Senior 4—shrewd jackets—mature thinker (see Miss Woodward).

 503 North Chester Street.
- ALMA SMITH—Mystery woman—room 1018—sun worshipper—good natured. 3023 Belmont Avenue.
- Lee Woolf—Croons (into women's ears)—best and only Senior bass voice—has Freshman harem. 3902 Park Heights Avenue.

Senior 6

MAXINE BATIE—Adores ornithology, especially Bill's, a blond male, checker games, and late leaves—abhors mice, cigars, and the gas shortage.

108 Grand Avenue, Cumberland, Maryland.

Fredrica Biedermann—Library inhabitant — capable student teacher—sweet smile.

Glen Arm, Maryland.

Ann Burke—Likes bridge, companionship to Towson, tall blond males, baby hair cuts—great dislike for A. M. classes and term papers.

520 Park Avenue, Towson, Maryland.

MAY DIEKMANN—Versatile—great talent for music—sense of humor—keen social consciousness—intellectual curiosity.

7103 Holabird Avenue, Dundalk, Maryland.

ELEANOR DIETZ—Efficient and cooperative—creamy complexion—lovely brunette locks.

Hyde, Maryland.

Dorothy Dixon—Neat appearance—peaches and cream complexion—attractive hair-do—loves a good time and is "Frank" about it.

520 West B Street, Brunswick, Maryland.

JUNE · 1942

MARGARET FALLIN—The happy-go-lucky friend of every-body—mediator for roommates—aims to find a "Jack in (front of) the Pulpit" in the fall.

Linthicum Heights, Maryland.

NORMA GAMBRILL—Vivacious—blue eyes—likes two of everything and N. Y. trips—favorite song: "O Johnny." Millers, Maryland.

Nancy Goode—"Goody"—belies all the name implies—mischievous—partial to soldiers.

101 Clarendon Avenue, Pikesville, Maryland.

VIVIAN HIGDON—A red head with a good head—a gal of action—deeds, not words—a grand section chairman.

22 Hilltop Road, Brooklyn Park, Maryland.

Edith Horsmon—Beautiful red hair—dark eyes—coquettish manner—eternal good humor—a good friend.

Prince Frederick, Maryland.

LeeAnna Knight—Sincere—sense of humor—likes Gym and Jim—friendly disposition.

Street, Harford County, Maryland.

Esther Larsen—A quiet nature, bred of deep contentment—kindness and goodness epitomized—keen and thoughtful. 4615 Ridgeway Avenue.

Frances Larson—Adores MAIL (spelled both ways), silver bracelet, Greek poets (especially Homer)—abhors pears, exams, empty mail boxes, 7 A. M. bells. 5510 44th Avenue, Hyattsville, Maryland.

MARY METCALF—Happy-go-lucky nature—deep thinker—loves poetry read by Mrs. Stapleton, fried chicken in the springtime, and Peter all the time.

22 Maryland Avenue, Annapolis, Maryland.

GERTRUDE NELSON—Friendly and artistic—pleasant—good natured—a happy bride-to-be whose consuming interest is Charlie.

402 Alabama Road, Towson, Maryland.

Marjorie Parker—Tall, attractive blonde—an off-shoot of our crop of happy brides-to-be. 3605 Patterson Avenue, Baltimore County, Maryland.

Frances Robison—Petite—skillful with a needle and paint brush—always neat and well groomed.

Oak Park, Halethorpe, Maryland.

Thelma Rosenthal — Our dormitory day student—likes Leonard and liver, crazy hats—dances like a dervish—working hard to be a dentist's assistant.

3633 College Avenue.

Ruth Sannen—Fun-loving—has a special liking for bowling, hikes, mystery, and Reisterstown.

5536 Gwynn Oak Avenue.

DOROTHY SHINHAM—All-round girl—inhabits A. A. office. 429 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland.

ELIZABETH TYSON—The little brunette whose interest in power politics is specifically centered around 'Britton"—interested in interior decorating and culinary arts.

Pylesville, Maryland.

JEANETTE ULRICH—Sense of humor—sincere interest in children—prefers a career to housekeeping—likes controversial discussions.

Hammonds Ferry Road, Linthicum Heights, Maryland.

Mary Waugh—Suntan enthusiast—southern accent—dimples—good mind—quick thinker.

Bentley Springs, Maryland.

Senior 7

CHARLES CHILCOAT, JR.—A swell friend—always known as the fellow who looks like somebody else—loves all kinds of freedom.

Sparks, Maryland.

JOHN CHILCOAT—Has a double running around the school—likes jokes and farming—sincere, friendly, and good humored.

Sparks, Maryland.

ALICE CRANE—Easy on the eyes—matrimonial interests—efficient chairman of house committee—little if no response to jokes.

3020 Courtland Place, N.W., Washington, D. C.

VIOLET DAVIS—Loves ham and egg sandwiches—a good sport—has a unique laugh—plenty of ambition.

Rocks, Maryland.

Jean Hidey—A quiet and talented person—has clever ideas—her specialties are picnics, monologues, and term papers. Woodlawn, Maryland.

JEANNETTE JONES—The coed who milks cows—plays keen badminton—has a patriotic interest in the U. S. Army—energetic—sincere—and lots of fun.

3 Maple Drive, Catonsville, Maryland.

JEAN KEMP—Nice to look upon—adept at sports—suntan addict—pioneer in coiffures.

R. F. D. No. 2, Annapolis, Maryland.

Betty Kennedy — Sincere—vivacious—science enthusiast—sweetheart of the "Reg"-i-ment.

Nottingham, Pa.

PHYLLIS KIRTLEY—Likes taxis—always ready to joke—lots of fun—a weakness for "Andy."

17 Hillside Avenue, Towson, Maryland.

EDITH KOLK—Hilarious addition to proctor's problems—has an ever-present smile—likes science—has an amazing appetite.

Hyde, Maryland.

Kenneth Mays—Interested in agriculture—has political aspirations—authority on alfalfa—quiet and nice.

Parkton, Maryland.

Donald Merryman—Noted for his swell camera shots—wears nice ties—will always remember the New York trip. Upperco, Maryland.

ELLEN MEYER McKee—Among the ranks of the married Seniors (the pioneer)—pillar of the Glee Club—unbeatable sense of humor—likes Bud (that is Mr. McKee).

27 North Rolling Road, Catonsville, Maryland.

Lucien Peters—Game fighter—history student—keeps the Bell Telephone Company in business—writes "97" page book reviews.
627 Eastern Avenue, Essex, Maryland.

Frances Ruhl—A smile, a giggle, a laugh all mixed together—sweet disposition—has dreams of the future.
Wilkens Avenue, Towson, Maryland.

MARGIE LINKOUS TALBOTT—Has a "Mrs." attached to her name—loves fried chicken—has the nicest freckles in the Senior Class.

226 Linden Avenue, Towson, Maryland.

Q. D. Thompson—All-star athlete—has an accent and Mary—lives in the Book Shop.
Sparks, Maryland.

BETTY Weisbrod—Always ready to laugh, joke, or argue—likes Chinese philosophy—draws with her toes—takes cold dips in April.

Lutherville, Maryland.

Mary Marguerite Wilson—Diversely talented—Glee Club pillar—likes poetry—the great waltzer.

108 Adam Street, Rockville, Maryland.

SENIOR MARRIAGES

Iona Claytor to Frank Dorn.
Mindelle Kann to Ferdinand Kohner, Jr.
Margie Linkous to Raymond Talbott.
Ellen Meyer to Edwin McKee.
Mildred Snyder to William B. Stansbury, Jr., U. S. A.

SENIOR ENGAGEMENTS

Alice Crane to Ralph Hoen.
Katherine Emmart to Edward Day.
Mildred Garrett to Aviation Cadet Raymond M. Staley.
Evelyn Isaacs to Sol Oidick, U. S. N. R.
Gertrude Nelson to Charles B. Lau.
Marjorie Parker to Charles Bubert.
Nannette Frye to Lucien F. Peters, Jr.
Aubrey Pramschufer to Howard Myers.
Selma Ruck to Leon Donner.
Frances Ruhl to Philip Sperry.
Charlotte Schwarz to Curt A. H. Jeschke.
Dorothy Shinham to Aviation Cadet Creston Herold.
Virginia Strauss to Staff Sergeant George Ay.
Ruth Werner to John C. Kirkwod, U. S. N. R.

WE LOOK BEHIND TO

WHEN WE WERE FRESHMEN —

We entered the educational halls of State Teachers with the most distinguished Freshman of the year, Dr. Wiedefeld.

We went to observations with legs modestly clothed in hose. Day students consumed lunch in what is now Dr. West's science room.

Dorm students smoked in the faculty guest room.

We (that is, some of us) carried our literary contributions to the Tower Light office in what is now Mrs. Brouwer's art room.

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WHEN WE WERE SOPHOMORES —

We listened to Bill Kahn's lively announcements.

We witnessed fiery Student Council discussions.

We welcomed the versatile dramatist-scientist, Compton Crook, into the faculty fold.

We were initiated into the sessions of the Art and Music Practicums.

The Tower Light staff moved red pencils and proof sheets into the present sanctum.

We held the jauntiest jamboree in the history of the college.

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WHEN WE WERE JUNIORS —

We came under the tutelage of Harvardish, melodiousvoiced Mr. Miller and the Hollins sweater boy-historian, E. Foster Dowell.

Day students smoked in their very own nicotinic niche in Richmond Hall.

We experienced the luxury of free Wednesday mornings and afternoon trips.

We thirstily welcomed the arrival of the coke machine.

Dorm students restored carbohydrate energy in the candy room in Newell Hall.

We put on high heels, stuck our shirt tails in and went student teaching.

We celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of the college. Miss Munn left the destiny of the Tower Light in the capable hands of Shores & Co.

WHEN WE WERE SENIORS —

We were given the rare privilege of choosing compulsory electives.

We extended greetings of welcome to Miss Knipp, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Millar and Mr. "Big Art" Lembach.

We developed a novel, super-slick Senior cut system.

We produced a bumper crop of engagements and marriages.

We helplessly watched the departure of the coke machine.

We fell over sand buckets and became bandaged and splintered freaks in the ARP courses.

. We received glowing accounts of life in the armed forces from uniformed classmates on furlough.

We laid bets on when the new gymnasium would be completed.

We experienced the first thrill of wearing caps and gowns on May 6.

We swelled our chests with pride at the prettiest May Day in years.

We spent one of the most pleasant evenings of our Senior lives at Dr. Weidefeld's garden party, complete with Mr. Lembach in his sailor suit.

City students developed a new guessing technique involving the use of a coin, thanks to professionals.

We possessed the distinction of being the first full fouryear class to be awarded degrees.

- MARGARET ZILLMOR.

Ode to Senior I

Klauenberg's marks — consistently the best—Glanzman and Krieger studying for a test;
Kernan's mad searches for a spotless glass — Herndon eating apples in Drama Class.
White and her racket—Shores and the maggie — Stansbury yelling "Come on, Aggie";
Levin telling jokes; Kohner and her ring;
Garrett and Gott late to everything.
Blumstein laughing at a year-old joke — Kandel reading poetry with Schwartz and Volk;
Rochlitz and her curls and her stacks of mail — To the gals of Senior I, hail, all hail!

HOW WE

IMPRESSED THE FACULTY

DR. A. DOWELL—I like the Seniors very much. It's not idle flattery when I say they are promising.

MR. MOSER—Offhand (this is a vague statement), it is a class with a personality.

DR. CRABTREE—They are a smart crowd (don't write this down) but as guardian of the Juniors I hope they will outsmart the present Seniors.

DR. FOSTER DOWELL—They are very sweet. I might add that I have taught more ladies than gentlemen.

MR. MILLER—I have never had them for a class but those I have worked with are very pleasant.

MR. MILLAR—They are about as intelligent as Seniors could be expected to be—and are very pleasant (be sure you add that).

MISS WEYFORTH—Because they have such a wide representation in the Glee Club, I'll be very sorry to see them go.

MR. WALTHER—The Seniors? They're the grandest lot that ever was.

MRS. STAPLETON—I have had an unusual experience in having them for four years. Their development in intelligence, knowledge, and wisdom fills me with pride—not that I have had so much to do with it.

MISS BARKLEY—They are cooperative and full of good spirits but sometimes too talkative.

MR. CROOK—In general it is an aggressive, wide-awake group. I am basing my opinion on the Senior Class I have now.

DR. LYNCH—They are quicker and better students. They leave me breathless.

DR. WEST—I have never worked with a better bunch in classes or student teaching.

MRS. SMITH—I have more Seniors than any other class and I like them very much. I haven't found a soul in the class who isn't very cooperative.

MISS BERSCH—The Seniors in philosophy have been such a satisfaction. They have had the time and maturity to make them a joy to work with.

MISS ROACH—They have been about one of the best groups for working together. They are also a very good-looking group.

MISS BADER—Grandest class we have had for a long, long time, and I doubt if we'll have another like it for a good while.

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A Thrust

A fragment of lightning breaks the evening, stilled By fear. Once a zig-zag sword Rips through the skies, while the Lord Utters His defiance, sounding the heavens, thunder-filled, And the clouds, moved by their Master's will, Rush together and spill Their rain to the eclipse of light. Birds who have hunted long and sung Now drop from sight; The Earth drinks deep her fill. Now stops His sounding and so ends this burst Of water. The world He loves has satisfied her thirst. From their homes, on mountains or in glens Come forth His children, foes and friends, Cleansed by His offering, simple as it be, Refreshed by God's simplicity.

-- STARKY, '39.

Intermezzo

Of aching frame and weary mind
I lay my head on pillows white
And shut the moonlight from my eyes.

My thoughts, a wandering simmering kind Dance up to realms of splendid light Where love marks shifting sands with sighs.

They wander onward through the wind And glide, now drift, toward end of Night As Day with stretching arms the sun unties.

— Starky, '40.

In Gray Silence

In gray silence the morning sky clings. A stray wavelet caresses the cool air lovingly As a tiny stream whispers its story To clustered pebbles beneath flowing feet.

The breeze of star-lit summer evening Surrenders to Day not yet born, And tireless tiny guardians of calm Boldly echo back their cricket call.

Traces of Night still mark the sky With somber hue in God's own corners Prolonging Day's arrival.

— Starky, '41.

Faculty Farewells

THE RETIREMENT of Miss Harriet A. Bader marks a loss not only to our history department but to the entire student body. In her we have found a friend whose cooperation and guidance have given us help and encouragement.

With her sister, Miss Edith Bader, the retiring assistant superintendent of the Ann Arbor Public Schools, Miss Bader is planning to make her future home in Gatlinburg, entrance to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. We have been invited to come to see her, so should we ever be in Tennessee she may be assured of some visitors.

We will remember Miss Bader for many things. If we ever forget what a flying buttress is, what kinds of roofs were on colonial houses, and what the difference between a mastersinger and a meistersinger is, it will be no fault of hers. The departing members of Senior I and II will remember the vast expanse known as Russia and the trouble all concerned had in pronouncing appropriate verbiage.

To Miss Bader go our best wishes and sincere thanks. We hope she will come back to see us sometime and we hope that some day we can go to Tennessee and see what kind of *architecture* was employed in building her house.

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"THE GREATEST ADVENTURE ONE CAN HAVE ...

Oh, yes, but there are tough places in the teaching profession, too." That was the most impressive thing Miss Birdsong said. Well, first of all, let me explain myself. Miss Birdsong is retiring in June because she wants to and I'm writing this because I want to. But, before any valuable information would be given, I had to promise to keep this article strictly on the light side. So here it is as it came to me.

Miss Birdsong is a very active woman. She is interested in such organizations as The League of Women Voters, the U. S. O. and the American Red Cross, The Child Study Group, which is associated with the Federation of Churches, and the Bundles for you know where. Incidentally, she is the one who got behind the three hundred women here and soon we were all snapping needles with blue, wine, tan and green wool. Captain Birdsong (this is not a typographical error) has under her a crew of women at the University Hospital. The list of clubs could go on and on. No wonder Miss Birdsong is retiring!

But there is more to her future than a mad dash here and a mad dash there. You see we have a mad splash on the canvas in free moments (Miss Birdsong is being influenced by Mrs. Stapleton to take up portrait painting), vocal lessons, practice and more practice on *Andante Cantabile*, a garden, but not a Victory Garden (Mr. Miller, please note), a more orderly house, new bedroom draperies, teas, photographs galore and baskets. Miss Birdsong said, "I can resist anything but baskets."

Miss Birdsong was appointed about the same time Mrs. Stapleton was and I understand they are real buddies. Mrs. Stapleton is going to give Miss Birdsong a dog. "You know," she said, "I've trained everything from parents to children, so I'll take a stab at training a dog." I think it's to be a cocker.

I asked the question concerning the frivolity of the students here. Miss Birdsong said, "We are more frivolous now because we have more things to be frivolous with." Then she laughed and said, "From buggies and horses, to automobiles, to buggies and horses." Now we know.

"What is your favorite expression?" Answer (Censored).

Strictly between us — Miss Birdsong's secret ambition is to be an opera star in heaven. Besides, she is tired of being cooperative on earth so when she gets to heaven she plans on being disobedient, uncooperative, and all the things she couldn't be on earth. When St. Peter gives the order to walk on the golden walk and play the golden harp, the answer is going to be definitely no. So there. . . .

In all her experiences with people — teachers, students, and parents — she has concluded the highest compliment that can be paid to her is not devotion, not admiration, but a belief that she is fair. We pay her that compliment.

You have heard Miss Birdsong speak of her friend, Miss Frazee. They have been living together since they were very young ladies. The day that they met was the luckiest day Miss Birdsong ever spent. An unusual thing is that Miss Birdsong's father was a rebel and Miss Frazee's father was a Yankee! Still they get along.

To you, Miss Birdsong, we wish a continued great adventure. We'll miss you more than you'll miss us because you will still be working hard — as usual. We want you to come and come often!!

— A. M. Hicks.

P. S. —When you hear of a new book on the market called *Wild Parents I Have Met*, buy a copy P. D. Q. You'll know the author.

IT WAS MY FORTUNE — good or bad, I cannot say — to have had to pay a visit to the office of the good Doctor Abercrombie in the last week of school, early in June. At about the same time, I had occasion to read a short play by William Saroyan, entitled "Elmer and Lilly." I went to the office for (1) healing for a sore throat, and (2) some information regarding Doctor Abercrombie's background, and whatnot. I met Doctor Abercrombie in both places — the play, and the office. In the abbreviated Saroyan work, there is a Doctor Abercrombie who gets a visit from Elmer, in dire need of remedy for whatever ailed him. The missing

element was that although Elmer did not come away with any pills, I did.

Being good-natured, by way of introduction, I come to a disclosure of facts which may, in a sense of speaking, lessen the speed of Dr. Abercrombie's withdrawal from the college.

It was in 1929 that Dr. Abercrombie came to State Teachers College. To have served faithfully and well for thirteen years speaks eloquently what Dr. Abercrombie is. She received her doctorate at Women's Medical College. She mentioned her work in the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene, under the noted Sir Arthur Newsholme, and further, her work at Yale. She was an honor woman in college, she hastened to explain, but she very noticeably omitted dates. (What woman wouldn't?) Dr. Abercrombie followed this with a health officer's course at the College of Physicians in New York. She points with a great deal of satisfaction to her delegacy to the International Conference on Hygiene at Dresden, Germany, in 1930. While on the subject of trips abroad, Dr. Abercrombie mentioned with much pleasure her visits to the Universities of Leyden, Heidelberg, and Edinburgh, where she observed some of the notable work going on in her special field.

Work in the Hopkins dispensary paved the way for Dr. Abercrombie's term of two years' service (1910-1912) as an authoritative witness in assault cases of women and children. She handled medical angles for the child labor bill in Maryland from 1912 to 1929. (Dr. Abercrombie pointed out that many of these positions were held contemporaneously.) From 1913 to the year of her arrival here, she was physician at Girls' Latin School and at Park School. In 1922 she assumed the additional work as visiting physician at the Maryland Training School for Girls. The rest of the story is ours, to cherish and to remember.

"On the whole," Dr. Abercrombie said, "the association at Towson has been a very fine one. My stay here has been most delightful, and I've enjoyed every minute of it. I am glad to have been able to do a piece of work that has been recognized." She went on to note that physical education here has been consistently among the best in the country, and that is something of which to be proud.

"The students," Dr. Abercrombie continued, "have been very cooperative. The entire faculty, of both the college and the campus school, have contributed to this cooperation." But she said, rather wistfully, that the time for retirement has come, "as it must to all of us. We must make place for younger people." She went on, "My advice to the students? Be sure to put away enough money for travel! Travel is ideal for getting in touch with 'the other person'."

Dr. Abercrombie listed travel and art as her chief preoccupations in leisure time. "You see," she said, "it is often better to take a place by the side of the road, rather than at (Continued on page 21)

Our Allegiance

Ed. Note — The italicized part of this article was the retiring Student Council President's talk delivered on Installation Day, May 6, 1942.

THIS YEAR we have witnessed an unprecedented change in our relations. We are no longer merely the student body of a Maryland State Teachers College. Today we are a unit of Youth, Incorporated — the democratic way. We have seen and been a part of the national changes from isolationism to war, from complacency and contentment to grim determination. To us students, and particularly our student government these have been new things, unparalleled in our few years here. We had never before been called on to do so much for the sake of so many little things we love. As is usual, it seems, our start has been slow, but now it is time for us to quicken our pace. Now we must be more conscious than ever before of the type of government under which we have lived and hope always to live.

Therefore, let us today and next year and all the years to follow, whether in peace or in war, dedicate ourselves to one hundred per cent cooperation with the working democracy we have known in our student government and the United States of America.

That there is a hard job ahead for us should be undeniable. The student government in the war years will be called on to meet many shifts in activities, to make necessary changes in its administration. After six months of a world war, our student government already shows signs of numerous changes; during the summer we shall see many others—changes concerning privileges of graduate students, care and use of our campus and glen, summer organizations, and outdoor activities.

We must not be led falsely by the illusions of a summer merry-go-round or a six weeks' spell of Utopian fever. To a large extent our summer session will determine future policies of our college. A successful summer semester will help guarantee a strong student government and college spirit and greatly strengthen the possibilities for an increased student enrollment.

During the months that follow — in mosquito-tainted heat inculcating plans to run away from it all for a vacation on the beach of a summer resort — we must sacrifice some part of our time and energy to take inventory of the doctrines of working democracy in our college. We must understand and practice the duties, privileges and the administration of our democratic student government, so that in the near

(Continued on page 24)

.....JOHN CHILCOAT Resident Social Chairman BETTY CARROLL Treasurer.....

SENIOR CLASS

Secretary..... Vice-President... President..



NEWS FROM CAMP

Editor's Note — The following letter was written by a graduate of our college. We feel that such a message coming from a member of the armed forces is more to the point than anything we could say on the subject!

Camp Croft, South Carolina.

Dear Fellow:

Yesterday life was good, skies were bright and you were full of the joy of living. There was your job. You worked hard to achieve your ambitions. You were happy in your work, for after a day of tiredness you had home to go to, a mother's comfort and a father's guiding counsel. The future was bright — you and the one and only had plans — it was great to be alive!

Today, fellow, we are at war! Blurred is that rosy picture — everything is seemingly gone and your world has collapsed into chaos. Do not be discouraged — Be content and make the best of a truly awful mess!

Life in the army is quite different from your own. Oh, yes, you will strive to continue it uninterrupted — do not try, it is not possible. Adjust quickly and you will find happiness.

Your new home will be an unattractive wooden structure to be shared with 85 others just as yourself — bewildered. You will be responsible for its order and cleanliness. Together, as a team, you and 85 teammates will learn to share and share alike for a common purpose.

Your team will be WPA workers, ditch diggers, college grads, and hill-billies. But remember this — no matter what — you are all plain Joe Americans; Joe, who possesses something no other fellow on earth can boast of.

There will be days you will dread — days of dog tiredness — days of fierce inner rebellion of this thing which tore your roots from the ground! But, fellow, there will be days of good clean fun full of comradeship. Together you will learn the meaning of a great army's byword — "Esprit de Corps." Esprit de Corps — all for one and one for all — a feeling that makes you glow and burn with inner satisfaction that you have a job to do and together you will mop up this mess. Your life is not ended — just delayed.

These days of rebellion will be many at first. Suddenly a notice will appear — "Parade tomorrow." Yes, I have been on the sidewalk many times, too, but now you and a thousand other Americans wearing your nation's uniform will march. The Commanding Officer will give "Eyes right." You salute to the "Stars and Stripes." For a split second into your view will come that flag men have fought and died for. With the speed no human can measure seared into your brain will be that which made that flag so envied and respected among nations.

You will see the Pilgrims, a nation oppressed, Washington, Valley Forge, Concord, Lexington, Patrick Henry, Yorktown, Lincoln, a nation divided, a nation reunited strong in purpose, fighting to give you that heritage you now hold. That heritage of "life, liberty, and pursuit of hapiness — one nation indivisible with liberty and justice for all!"

Can you stand by and see it swept away? They gave it to you. Is it worth fighting for? Will you protect it and preserve it for those who follow? Ours is the greatest nation on earth. God help us, we will keep it so!

Oh, yes, your rebellion will disappear. Just remember this: You are no longer Sam or Bill — only an indomitable spirit united to hold that which is dear to us.

Chin up, stout fellow, tomorrow is a lovely day!

- JOE AMERICAN.

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LETTERS FROM OUR members of the armed forces continue to come and give us many happy moments. I recently read an article of a project being carried out in one college where a person was collecting in "scrap-book" form letters from students in the army. These will be kept for posterity and will give a picture of war times of 1942. I think this is a splendid idea and we shall continue to keep the many letters that come. However, I think they should be shared now, and whenever possible excerpts from the letters should appear in the Tower Light.

As we read these letters we can enjoy an "arm-chair" trip around the United States and even into England because one of the members has been in England for some time. Who knows but that others may be in Australia or other foreign ports by now.

- REBECCA C. TANSIL.

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William Podlich, now at the Air Corps Officer Candidate School, Miami Beach, Florida, writes:

- "... I was transferred from Luke Field to this school about three weeks ago, and am working very hard to become a model of a modern military gentleman. When they call the survivors of such courses as these '90-day wonders' what they must mean is that it is a wonder that they get through without straining a blood vessel or something.
- "... It is good to know that we teachers are engaged in a bit of concrete action along with the rest of the country. I hope, however, that a bit of thought and discussion is being spent on the time when we have to decide on the kind of peace which will be established after the muscle work is finished. Are many of the students interested in that problem?

What institutions do they feel will stand this trial by fire and steel; what will be the relationship of nation to nation after the struggle is done?"

. . .

Lou Cox writes from the Army Air Base, Barksdale Field, Louisiana:

"Everything is great down here in Louisiana. We are flying day and night and all over the United States. This week-end we have a flight to Milwaukee, and just the other day I covered six States and the Gulf of Mexico. . . . It is indeed quite an experience to be flying by radio beam. Certain stations all over the United States throw out a radio beam in three or four directions from their base. These beams have certain frequencies, as do ordinary radio stations, and we must fix the desired frequency on our radio.

"We have everything that a person could possibly want down here. The grounds consist of 25,000 acres. We have our own pool, club, gym, golf course, hunting reservation, ranges of all sorts, stores, hospitals, theater, etc. This is the largest field in the U. S."

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Donaldson Gorsuch, class of '40, is at Glendale, California: "I am now stationed at the Curtis Wright Technical Institute in Glendale, California. I am taking a master mechanics course on aircraft, After I have finished this course I hope to specialize in engines. I appreciate the copies of the Tower Light. They bring back memories of some good times at S. T. C.

"I especially liked the section on army news. It's fun reading the experiences that the other fellows have. Some of them are pretty good. I wonder if any of the posts have a bugler like the one we have. He actually swings reveille every morning. You'd be surprised to see the difference it makes in getting you up. You actually jump out of bed. The courses here are pretty hard. We have classes eight hours a day and a minimum of three hours' home study (and I thought college was tough).

"This place is heaven itself as far as the army is concerned. Nothing to do except classes. No K. P. or any details. The other fellows would appreciate that."

• • •

James Jett writes from Huntsville, Alabama:

"About one hundred of us who trained with the I1th Battalion at Fort McClellan, Alabama, were chosen to join a Military Police Detachment at the Huntsville Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama. Ours is the important duty of guarding this arsenal in the Tennessee Valley. Several of the posts are very lonely — mountains and woods (and on the night shift, snakes and owls and foxes) are our only company; that is, besides our loaded rifles. This new work which the army has chosen for me is very interesting — there is 'nature

study' on those solitary posts. Then, on posts closer to civilization, there is 'human nature study.' The people who work in the arsenal are very friendly and, I believe, somewhat frightened, because of the loaded rifles.

"I'd like to congratulate the student body on the May Court they have selected. With such a May Court I am sure May Day must have been a great success.

"I expect to get a furlough soon and am looking forward to visiting you. Meanwhile those letters and the Tower Lights help me feel very close to home."

Editor's Note — We were delighted that Jimmy did get his expected furlough in time to receive his degree at graduation exercises. If all the boys look as grand in uniform as the honorable ex-editor, Mr. Jett, we'll be entirely reconciled to lending them to Uncle Sam!

• • •

Bill Jett is now at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. He sent us an air mail letter and, needless to say, we were quite flattered. "Ladies:

"This is to inform you that your wandering ex-colleague is now a member of Company A, 103rd Infantry, 43rd Division of Camp Shelby, Mississippi (125 miles from New Orleans) and a 1,685-mile trip by rail from Fort Meade (my last residence), Maryland.

"It is very hot here, but the general terrain is greatly similar to that of Maryland in this locality. We sleep in tents — Shelby is the second largest army camp in the U. S. and the largest tent camp — there are unending miles of them. The food, soldiers, 'non-coms', and officers are irreproachable — or perhaps I am an optimist (please note, Miss Kirckhoff).

"Though I miss State Teachers, my education and a fine profession, I am all the more convinced of my choice. It is a great thing we are undertaking and I assure you our army is greater than most of you imagine. I should estimate it well over four million. When one travels over most of the industrial east and sees the huge factories; the tremendous quantities of food; supplies; machines; trucks; jeeps; planes; guns; equipment; and manpower constantly pouring in anew—then one realizes the vastness of our nation and the many things it is capable of doing for this world. For really this abundance is but a part of the whole—the Middle West, and West and Southwest, North and East.

"I hoped to send some contribution to the Tower Light but really, though I realize the excuse unbecoming, I have been so rushed and busy that I fear I shall not be able to for some months. Do not believe any rumors you may have heard about army men having too much time on their hands. There is so much to do in the way of learning — drill, new knowledges (of military nature, of course), new skills, school, eating, hikes and bivouacs. Then in spare time one must go to the post office, canteen, post exchange, etc. I hope I have

College Events

IF YOU HAVE TAKEN THE TROUBLE TO NOTICE, there has been a sharp decrease in the number of cars on the south parking lot. Can some brilliant individual explain why? (It's not that we're unintelligent, but our family has been buying so many War Stamps and Bonds that we can't afford the newspapers, and the installment collector decided that he liked our radio, too, so we don't know a thing about that gruesome tire and gas rationing which is forcing 75 per cent. of our cars off the highways, keeping us at home or forcing us onto trolleys, and totally changing our social structure.)

• • •

WONDER WHAT THE REACTION WOULD BE TO the first appearance of slacks in the classrooms of this college? Can't you hear Miss W. (second floor) saying "Slacks go with liberal education — out the window"; or the other Miss W. (first floor), "Well, now, people, I don't know about this"; or Miss B., "It all depends on your philosophy of life"; Mrs. B., "You know, girls, we voted about this not long ago" (and incidentally, no one here now knows when that was). Frankly we're too timid right now to interview the masculine faction of the faculty. Oh, well, no use getting gray over the highly improbable, is there?

• • •

STRICTLY ON THE Q. T., HAVE YOU NOTICED that newly-installed cabinet in the B. S. (Book Shop, to you)? Maybe this summer session isn't such a bad idea after all. All we need now is a hot-dog stand, a pop fountain, and a hamburger stand on the south drive. On second thought — also a private pool for each section or year, station wagons that are self-fueling and that run on streamlined rims, and of course students to take our courses for us while we play around the campus.

• • •

OUR GLEE CLUB IS REALLY BECOMING ILLUStrious. Did you know that they had another broadcast? It's getting to be an everyday occurrence. Not only that, but they have been using the recording machine, too. Ask Miss W. for a preview of the kind of work they do. You're in for a delightful surprise and we're in the know. (Purely rumor: Victor and Columbia Records are trying to outbid each other for contracts and rights, etc., but the Glee Club just hasn't decided yet whether or not they like the black or red labelled records best.)

CAN YOU IMAGINE OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM if we all turned out to be replicas of Dr. Suhrie? We realize that the chances are slight, although not improbable, but the war still hasn't extinguished our ability to dream. Just imagine being as alive, inspiring, appreciative, and interested in things as he.

• • •

DID YOU SEE PEOPLE ROAMING AROUND THE corridors with that dreamy — in fact, downright hazy — look in their eyes? Don't be disturbed — it's just a hangover (of the glamorous rather than the painful type) from the Junior-Senior Prom. What a night! Just like in the movies, too, Mabel. Moon 'n everything. Have you heard any complaints yet? Neither have we. When not otherwise preoccupied, the stags and drags were undoubtedly fascinated by the punch bowl fashioned of ice with flowers sealed in — that's 1942 for you.

• •

RATHER SOON S. T. C. IS GOING TO FIND ITSELF with quite a collection of "letter" men . . . and we don't mean Greek letters . . . but solid M's, ST's and whatnot. First the A. A. assembly scattered its awards upon our populace and then the Music awards came along — the student without *one* of these is becoming the oddity, or is he?

• • •

BACCALAUREATE SERVICES ON MAY 31ST FEAtured Reverend Ferris, of Baltimore, who delivered an address intimating that there's an after-life we should keep in mind while struggling through this one. The novel part of his speech was that it approached the subject with optimism—true, we must live worthily to come out well (immortally speaking) but think of the improved use we will make of our abilities when we realize that life is more than the present, the past, and a short, unpredictable future.

In spite of the fierce summer heat and their heavy robes, the Seniors and the Glee Club sang beautifully, and the orchestra gave one of its best performances to date. It was a ceremony to remember.

• •

ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 1ST THE CLASS OF '42 perpetrated Class Night, which began with the Senior Dinner in the dormitory and proceeded to Step Singing on the front steps of the Administration Building. There was a large and appreciative audience, and someone's dog added an unscheduled descant to the Senior's harmony. Then the class put pink icing on the evening with a dramatization of (Continued on page 23)

Till We Meet Again

THIS ISSUE will end the publication of the TOWER LIGHT in its present form. Adjustments always come with war and we are making adjustments. Whatever the fall brings forth we hope you will accept with understanding.

Plans are now being made which will provide for a monthly publication in a newspaper form. Because of its brevity it will be devoted in the most part to matters of vital interest in the school. Such a publication has been necessitated because the decreased enrollment will give us abbreviated funds and because the new wartime set-up will keep us from having a consistent staff.

It will be up to the student body, particularly those who comprise the new staff, to make the "new" Tower Light a success. The Tower Light is the publication of the student body and without more than mere superficial interest in it there will be many trap doors through which to fall.

In retrospection we can say that this year the TOWER LIGHT has achieved something in becoming an organization run entirely by the students. Reports which we have heard have been favorable. This does not mean, however, that it is time to buy ten-cent cigars and blow smoke rings. It should, instead, be a challenge to go on to something better through whatever channels are available.

School publications offer innumerable possibilities. When the student body becomes acutely aware of this the mountain will be the mole hill.

• • •

This, then, is the time of leave-taking. We were just beginning to feel that the magazine was becoming worthy of representing S. T. C. — and now it is imperative that future plans be laid along the lines of an entirely different publication.

The year just past has been one of "trial and error" — but we have usually benefited from the errors. We have found that certain members of the staff have immeasurably proved their worth and initiative; others have gradually sidled out of the organization through lack of a real interest in it.

The encouragement and recognition needed as boosts by the hardest of workers came from many members of the faculty. Dr. Wiedefeld constantly made us feel that we were doing an important job well. Dr. Lynch, chairman of the policy board, not only lent us both of her ears in which to pour our woes, but also spent hours of precious time each month carefully checking and revising our copy when necessary. We would have been lost without her. Mr. Millar, Miss Barkeley, Miss Blood, and Miss Woodward, other members of the board, gave patiently of their time and advice in (Continued on page 21)

IMMIGRANTS ALL, AMERICANS ALL

DURING THE early part of May the annual National Folk Festival was held in Constitution Hall, Washington, D. C. Our Nation's Capital was a very appropriate place for such a celebration. Representatives of various nationalities assembled, in their native costume, to demonstrate some of their folk dances and songs. It is not often that one obtains a chance to see the various contributions that the different cultures have brought to America.

With a whooping and a hollering the American Indians opened the program. One of the Indians climaxed the program with a hoop dance. To the beat of tom-toms his body wiggled and squirmed in and out of four small hoops.

"Grab your partners and swing 'em around, throw 'em in the air and catch 'em on the rebound," and that's exactly what the University of Denver students accomplished in their gingham gowns, purple shirts, red kerchiefs, yellow shoes, and syncopated rhythm. Never before were such square dances witnessed! We were transported into what must be Miss Roach's idea of Paradise. Before we leave Miss Roach's Paradise, we must make mention of the Highland Reel which also appeared on the program. Yes, there were genuine bagpipes with all feet and hands moving in unison. (See the Sophomores; it can be done.)

Another colorful highlight of the evening was the Ukrainian group garbed in dazzling, delightfully daring gypsy colors. Never before have we seen rainbows doing the deep knee bend with side kicks to it.

The theme of the Palestinian group showed the rebirth of the ancient Jewish homeland. The spirited youngsters symbolized the hope and courage of the Palestinian pioneers.

And — Glory Hallelujah — we heard Negro spirituals in real Negro style. Their rhythm and choral work were excellent. In like manner, there passed before us members of the French, English, Irish, Philippines, Czechoslovak, and East Indian groups. It is regrettable that the Italian, German, and Japanese representatives were omitted. As someone remarked, "Just because we're at sword's points now is no reason to hate spaghetti, Wagner, and cherry blossoms."

Then came the climax. It was a moment of tears, chills, and thrills when in marched a regiment of United States soldiers singing army songs. After taps resounded through the hall, the various nationality groups assembled with their own flags and, led by the soldiers, everyone sang "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Despite the spectacular pageantry, the core of the festival was the idea within it — that nationalities from all over the world go to make up these United States. "Immigrants all — Americans all."

- SELMA MYERSON and MURIEL WOOLF.



PERHAPS YOU HEARD THE BROADCAST THAT told the world of Mussolini's "tennis technique." According to the commentator, he sneaked out to the courts five minutes before the reporters were scheduled to arrive and announced on their arrival that he had been playing for a half-hour. Not only did he serve from a spot three steps within the baseline (a bubble ball serve at that) but the returns by his yes-men athletes were such that a crippled old man with a wooden leg and a broken arm could have handled them. At the conclusion of three games lost and two won by Mussolini, he announced the score to be seven to five in his favor. All by way of explanation of his techniques with the Greeks.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS WROTE OF OUR ENOCH PRATT Library a while back that it was one of the most wonderful institutions of its kind that he had ever visited. Take another look, sometime, and be proud!

FOR A UNIQUE ANGLE TO THE ANCESTRAL home and family business, we recommend "Windswept" by Mary Ellen Chase. It is quite delightful as well as thought-provoking.

NOWADAYS TRAVELING BY BUS HAS BECOME so popular that anxious commuters are even standing for distances such as those from Baltimore to Frederick and Hagerstown! Recall that bit of foot news the next time you feel inclined to grumble at the "swinging and swaying" on the Crosstown.

ALSO ON THE "HOW BOUT GIVING IT A TRY" list is the photo play "Reap the Wild Wind." Wonderful photography, stirring story, and grand acting.

HERE'S HOPING THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION DEpartment continues its eagle-eye search for stray tennis balls. With the new balls bouncing one-quarter less than the old ones we fear our struggling Bobby Riggs and Helen Wills Moody potentials will have yet an even tougher time!

DURING VACATION DID YOU "CATCH UP" ON

those heart-rending, soul-stirring dramas of life broadcast every a. m.? Personally, we have no more fingernails left since Bill Smith heartlessly renounced his faithful wife Mary for the "triangle third" in the "Strange Saga of the Soulful Smiths." Ah, misery.

AS THE JUNE ISSUE OF THE TOWER LIGHT GOES to press, the summer session at S. T. C. has not quite started. But we have vague ideas, hopes, and fears concerning the near future. Classes at sunrise, no free periods, sticky classrooms, and heavy schedules are some of the rumors. However, there is the shady glen, the promising "contraption" in the Book Shop, possible free afternoons, and "new things" in the way of social entertainment to which to look forward. No matter what happens, we will undoubtedly be happy. After all, we are making a small sacrifice compared to that of many individuals.

IF THE JAPANESE BEETLES THINK THEY ARE going "to get away with it all" this summer, they are sadly mistaken. It gives one a rather satisfied feeling to go after the "critters" with full force now. We're willing to wager that plum and apple trees, rose bushes, and plants will be guarded with the fervor and zeal displayed at Wake Island. It will be grand for civilian morale.

ARE ALL OF YOU LASSIES DOING YOUR PART IN the letter line? The boys in the service never get too much mail. No one has to write articles to tell us how encouraging a word from friend or relative can be when one is far away from hime. So fire your missiles at soldier, sailor, marine, or air cadet whenever you have the chance. If answers do not reward your efforts immediately, remember that the fellas have a Big Job to do — and not very much free time.

P. S.—If you would like to have the addresses of a dozen or so up-and-coming members of Uncle Sam's Army, wend your way to the Registrar's Office. Dr. Tansil would be glad to refer you to the files of our own S. T. C. boys in uniform.

WE CERTAINLY SHALL MISS THE GRADUATES. It hardly seems possible that there could ever be substitutes for J. Horst's piano-playing, A. Pramschufer's outfits, E. Haacke's brown eyes, M. Weiner's acting, M. Zillmor's sincerity, W. Culbertson's teasing, F. Shores' abounding fun and friendliness. We could go on *ad infinitum*. Suffice it to say that if the present Seniors are as well liked and respected as those that have left, *their* year will be a pleasant one.

SINCE THIS ISSUE OF THE TOWER LIGHT WILL reach the student body near the beginning of the summer session, we have the opportunity of saying in one breath, "Farewell, good luck, Seniors!" and "Hello, glad you are with us, Freshmen!"

Science, Religion, and Philosophy

MANY OF MY intellectually near-sighted, righteous, and obviously sincere friends and associates, alarmed by the transfer of attention from religion to science in recent decades, have formed the idiotic and irreconcilable opinion that the latter, science, and everything it concerns is one gigantic and overwhelming evil without which the world and man would be far better in every way. They make the absurd, nay, stupid claim that science is a frightful menace, a blessing to our intellects, it is agreed, but a curse upon our spirits, a Frankenstein disrupting mankind and its beliefs, in constant opposition to and inconsistent with religion, what religion represents, and the principles thereof. Into the minds of these individuals - whom I shall henceforth term the "religionists" have been martialed such amounts and arrays of ministerial propaganda as to be the absolute infallibility, the unquestionable rightness of their own specific religious organization. For so long has this cramming continued that these persons of whom I speak, deficient in any sense of balance, lacking in any feeling of proportion, blind to all values except the ones they themselves impose, are beyond the hope of ever being able to regain their footing on the firm grounds of intellectuality and rationalism. It is their policy to brook no opposition, to condemn as pagan or heretic that man who dares express a contrary word, whether it be the fruit of long and careful meditation or the result of a sudden impulse; thus they go, like the proverbial bull in the china shop, bursting asunder the barriers of reason, common sense, and good taste, endeavoring with all manner of violent and hysterical methods to impress their doctrines upon their fellowmen.

In opposition to the foregoing, who are the victims of a most illiberal and inadequate education and who certainly justify the old axiom, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," are the other probably no more level-headed or analyzing individuals who claim - or think - that science is rapidly becoming the religion, that in scientific thought and research man is finding the answers to all the vague and obscure problems with which he has been intellectually wrestling for centuries and with whose solutions he has been concerned for ages. The members of this latter group - I shall call them the "religio-scientists" for want of a better term — are quick to point out that the primary purpose for belief in deities in the first place was to give answers to troublesome questions which could not be naturally explained, only supernaturally; and they say that they are deriving more satisfaction from communions with science than from communions with God. Indeed, it is not extremely difficult to see how they might come to worship a God, Science, for the "religio-scientists" base their belief upon the fact that practically everything good in the world today has been the product of scientific thought and research (overlooking the fact that scientific thought and research has been responsible for destructive implements such as bombs, cannon, etc., also). Even Nature itself, they continue, would be our enemy were it not for the tempering influence of and knowledge imparted to us by science.

There is a sub-group under the "religio-scientists" who carry this idea a step further; they recognize, more specifically than Science, Thought, as their God, claiming that all things are the result of thought, including individuals, for every individual, it is assumed, began as a "thought," an idea, in the minds of his parents. The fallacy in their belief, however, lies in the fact that it cannot explain the origin of life as we know it.

In their deification of science or thought, however, the "religio-scientists" presuppose that the nebulous, all-pervading, omniscient presence regarded by the laymen as "God" does not exist. Indeed, the man of science, by his very nature, inclined through years of dogmatic preachments and experiences toward the doubt of any statement, word, or conjecture — be it in the line of theory, law, or hypothesis — unless said statement, word, or conjecture be flanked by positive evidence, finds it beyond his ability to fathom any such God as advanced by the theories of, say, Christianity; and yet, for the same reason, he could not accept that God he must hesitate in his rejecting of it, because he cannot prove that there is NOT a God.

The group to which I am referring as the religionists say in essence: "We grant that science is able to explain many things and satisfies a great number of our philosophical problems; we agree that science can explain the evolution of life from the very first unicellular organism. But to the scientist we pose this question: 'Where did that first organism come from?' And we can find but one answer, from something or some one on a higher plane of existence than we, from God."

But the "religio-scientists," not to be outdone or undone so easily, immediately strike back with this question: "And where did God come from?" Indeed, I feel there is a strong point in favor of the "religio-scientists" in that last question; for, if the "religionists" can assume that the first organism must of necessity have had an origin, cannot the "religioscientists" exercise equal liberty and assume that God, then, must also have had an origin? However, the entire argu-

ment receives more attention than it merits, for obviously no definite conclusion can be reached.

Between the two violent extremes, that is, between the rabid intolerance and untempered monoideology of the "religionists," who have suffered from a pitiful and unfortunate overexposure to theology, between these things and the equally fevered sophistry of the believers in the God, Science, whose impartial faith to that subject has been entirely to their detriment, is the intermediary philosopher, long exposed to the influence and arguments of both theology and science and their related subjects, as well as to appreciable distributions of the human psychologies, history, and literature, and more than casually acquainted with man in the light of his forerunners and the panorama of his achievements and culture from the beginning of time. Equipped with a background consisting of an immense storehouse of fact and theory, seasoned with tolerance, and eager to learn and understand, the philosopher is the perfect individual to stand above the turmoil produced by the minor attainments, the trivial self-condonings, and the eternal kindergarten debates of unthinking scientists ("religio-scientists") and God-believing gentlemen, the members of both of which factions study out of necessity, believe out of habit, and speak out of turn. The impossibility of either of these two bodies ever obtaining sufficient evidence to convince or convert the others is a fact apparent to the philosopher. This thinking man, thinking not for himself alone but for all mankind, goes about patiently endeavoring - in so far as he is capable - to fit man into the scheme of things, essaying to justify man to himself by employing established systems of logic and reasoning. He does not demand proof unattainable, but recognizes the relative status of truth.

The philosophers have certainly given evidence of their value to mankind in the advancement of vast and remarkable hypothesis, tremendous appeals to the intellect, and much-to-be-desired food for thought, evidence sufficient to compel anyone, learned or unlearned, refined or uncultivated, to regard them with respect and to consider in the light of their past achievements what further they may have to say. It was, for instance, the philosopher who so suddenly and completely almost succeeded in undermining the bases for psychology and in effecting the discontinuance of research in that field when he stated that although the psychologist recognized the shortcomings, the inadequacies of the human mind as an organ, he insisted upon using the very instrument he himself termed undeveloped to study the human mind. "We do not study the eye with an eye," said the philosopher, "nor do we study the ear with the ear. How, then, can we study the mind with the mind, which we admit is imperfect, and accept the results we obtain as complete, as honest, as valid?"

It would be of little use for me to endeavor to list the accomplishments of the philosophical geniuses of our and all ages, to indicate the high trends in thinking for which they are responsible, to evaluate them, their achievements, and their influences, for such a task would require more time than I possess, more paper than I can afford, and more effort than I care to expend. Certainly it is apparent without further exposition that their contributions are commensurate with — if not equal or superior to — those of religion and, perhaps, even science.

If philosophy is all these things, is it not, then, deserving of more consideration than we accord it? Does it not offer more spiritual compensation than either science or religion? There is no doubt about it all: philosophy allows the exercise of our own judgment in our quest for that adjustment and that justification which is the aim and end of living. The trend now is toward science and away from religion. In the future will the emphasis be upon the "middle ground"? I believe so.

- WARREN WENDLER.

May Court Juniors

HERE, AS PER PROMISE, are the six Juniors of the Court—their lives are open paragraphs:

Virginia Blocher—Has naturally curly brown locks, and likes 'most any sport in the ledger. Is interested in U. of M. for some reason, and enjoys a joke as well as the next student teacher.

Doris Carr—Likes music, dancing, art, movies, and sports, but throws a fit when she runs into a practical joker. Green as a color suits her, while her ambition is to be happy. Notices general appearance first in a man, and red roses are her favorite flower.

Wanda Carter—Pet likes are good dancers, up "hair do's," mail (both kinds) and fun, while she gets riled at people who call her short. Chooses blue as a color, gardenias as a flower, and notices appearance and a zippy personality first in her men. Admits she doesn't know exactly what her ambition is, but she says she wants to "do something wonderful."

Shirley Hicks—As her favorite bloom, Shirley picks the white violet, and she definitely likes crew cuts and brown eyes in a man. Hates night work, and wants to be a model school teacher.

Ronnie Puzychi—Evidently likes dark hair and the name Johnny, and shines on the athletic field. Nice blue eyes, wonderful disposition. (Lack of info due to student teaching.)

Jane Stottlemeyer—Turns blue when you mention the Air Corps, but gets a kick out of air mail letters and late hours. Doesn't like sombre colors, loves gardenias, and wants to teach school. Looks first at the twinkle in a man's eyes.

PLATE INVENTORY

JUNE IS HERE! Need more be said? Tommy Dorsey has not deserted his public. This time he has put out a very potent arrangement of a classic, which you all know, I'm sure. The delicious build-up is for Love Sends A Little Gift of Roses as sung by Frank Sinatra and the Pied Pipers. In case some of you have forgotten the tune, each line has a rather high note or series of high notes for the climax. T. D. has arranged it in this way: Sinatra sings the words gradually leading to the climax, while the orchestra is faintly heard in the background. As the climax is reached, T. D.'s mellow trombone suddenly glides out accompanied by the Pied Pipers. Then Sinatra takes over, then T. D. and the Pied Pipers. Singularly each line is tops. Put it all together and you have the "nth degree." Listen and see if you rave about it as much as I do.

No doubt you, too, have selected Hal MacIntyre as being THE band of the year. Wacky rhythm like Duke Ellington's and arrangements like Glenn Miller's are decided characteristics of this new jive maker. Have you heard his neat recording of A Starry Night? The South Biyou Shuffle, believe you me, is slow and sweet. Daisy May is similar to Jersey Bounce, but better. His Tangerine is better than J. D.'s. (For that O'H opinion I have paid and paid dearly.)

Will Bradley is coming back into focus with Seeing You Again, which is really solid. Do you like his Flamingo? He has taken up Kate Smith's song and played up background harmony in I Threw a Kiss to the Ocean, which results in foreground applause. Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree is too fast and not too good, anyway.

Kay Kyser's Skylark is plenty fine. (At this point my life is of little value, but it would be worth less if I voted against Dinah S. Right?) Zoot Suit is still okay, but how many of you took my suggestion and listened to F. Shores' arrangement? Harry Babbitt and Trudy Irwin do Who Wouldn't Love You. Also congratulations are in store for Soldier, Let Me Read Your Letter. Just plain best is Just Plain Lonesome — for a picture, for you, for, etc. The queerest waxing job yet is by the hill-billies in his orchestra singing Send Me One Dozen Roses and Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree. It's okay if you like corn.

What do you think about Johnny Long? If you don't, listen for Bob Houston's melancholy full notes wowing you with Wherever You Are and Solitude. Helen Young is still smooth in Somebody Else Is Taking My Place (Yeah, I know it's old, but then. . . .) Better still is Send Me One Dozen Roses. It sounds like a copy of T. D.'s famous Marie, but it is great. I'm Breathless is clever.

Have any of you met Lollipalopsy Lou? (Please excuse spelling, but you try it.) She's the mascot of the army, marines, air corps, etc. Gets around, eh what? That's what Sammy Kaye says, anyway.

Bob Chester's *There Are Rivers to Cross* is a combination of everything: lyrics, smooth rhythm, neat arrangement and a put-everything-into-it singer. Listen, then buy!

Woody Herman has definitely improved in my estimation. Can you imagine his being so slow you feel like you'd like to give him a swift push? Neither did I until I heard A Soldier's Dream. Stop, it's wonderful.

Incidentally, the Merry Macs and the Four King Sisters have done I'm Breathless, Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree, Send Me One Dozen Roses and Sweet Eloise. It is going to be a fight to the finish with these two groups trying their best to win. Which do you prefer?

Listen also for:

Freddy Martin's Johnny Doughboy, Glenn Miller's At Last, and Bing Crosby. You fill in the rest.

— O'Н.

P. S.—Fred Waring is the one for It's Raining Memories.

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FACULTY FAREWELLS

(Continued from page 12)

the foot of the stairs." She has the entire Clara Clemens series of etchings of Maryland, and also, a great number of the Seymour prints. To the writer, and to everyone here at college, Dr. Abercrombie extends a cordial invitation to visit her at her home (3524 Greenmount Avenue, Baltimore) to talk over her collections and old times.

And old times there are to talk about! What student does not know something of Dr. Abercrombie outside of the classroom and her office? After all, it isn't every instructor who can put a stethoscope to his student, look inquiringly down his throat, and calmly hold his hand for indications of pulse. All this is Dr. Abercrombie. But there are intangibles, as there must always be. The written word simply cannot express the feelings and appreciations extended over thirteen years. Dr. Abercrombie's life thus far has been rich, and we feel all the richer for having known her. May she go on from strength to strength in the light of her motherliness and kind affection for human beings.

- Herschel London.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

(Continued from page 16)

the settling of those matters concerned with the T. L. Numerous other faculty members — though not on our staff — have offered constructive criticism and encouragement because of their interest in the publication.

The student staff naturally had its Gibraltars too. The graduates who are leaving will especially create a void in the staff. Names are too numerous to mention, except those of the two editors, Patricia Herndon and Frances Shores. They have remained faithful, hard workers through their years of association with the T. L. Frances, especially, had assumed such an important place in the entire workings of the magazine that we shall be practically lost without her. Those of us who daily inhabited the T. L. office through the past year, acknowledge and appreciate the work of those who are leaving.

As we turn our back on the work we have known and look forward to a future type of newspaper, may we combine the achievements of the Tower Light up-to-date with the conciseness and timeliness of a war publication.

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THE IN HUB

WINNING THE PEACE

(Continued from page 3) to experiment or to investigate. The only way open to them is to fit into the organization established by the administration, to carry out the program of the administrators, to follow the curriculum prescribed by the system. Today there are classrooms in which the teacher determines all the procedures, makes all the rules and regulations, asks all the questions and decides all the answers, exercises all the initiative and does all the thinking. The pupils exercise only a kind of blind followship. The democratic way of life cannot function in such classrooms.

The teacher must first of all be free himself. One who has never had freedom cannot exercise leadership. An undemocratic school system can make little contribution toward the protection of those freedoms which are the essence of democracy. Teachers working under dictatorial administration cannot retain faith in democracy. It is greatly to be hoped that all educational institutions, from the kindergarten through the college, will make every effort to keep stride with the boys in the service in winning a just peace. This can be done only by guaranteeing to every pupil through every teacher the right to self-realization. With this right goes the responsibility for taking care that his self-expression is socially good. Courage, discipline, efficiency are as necessary to the democratic way of life as they are in a dictatorship.

Only by adhering to the standards which the schools have set for themselves and by providing to every teacher and every child in every classroom plentiful opportunities for exercising through education those freedoms which are guaranteed to every citizen of the United States of America can the schools keep faith with the boys and help them side by side to win the peace. The goal should be an "Orderly freedom for socially constructive self-realization."

Branches--Spring

Waving branches in the night paved against the celestial sky Toss and rustle in the late evening breeze,

And form a shifting pattern of green with the last, lone rays of light.

They stir restlessly, disturbed by faint wind tremors, And bow and dance fitfully in ever-changing rhythm, As never tiring they continue unceasingly.

Seek you the meaning of their wild whisperings
To find answer in Nature's plaintive cry?
Be still and attend the quietude of Mother Nature's bosom child.

— Ветту Меетн.

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NEWS FROM CAMP

(Continued from page 14)

not bored you with my ramblings but I felt as though I owed an accounting of my 'rookie' impressions and whereabouts to my former colleagues — whose acquaintance I look back upon fondly and appreciatively."

• •

Editor's Note — Many of the "boys" in camp have written the Tower Light asking what our subscription rate is. We would like to go on record now as saying that the small amount of work involved in sending the issues to the camps has been amply repaid by the stimulating and encouraging thanks expressed by the receivers. We feel that in helping to keep our boys in the armed services in close contact with their Alma Mater, we are contributing a small bit to a Great Cause.

COLLEGE EVENTS

(Continued from page 15)

the high spots of their four years at S. T. C. It dawns on us that the school is losing some of its sharpest wits this year. We especially liked the subtle sequence laid at the Junior Prom showing the effect of selective service on the college—a gang of coeds pursuing the few remaining men with butterfly nets.

• •

GOVERNOR HERBERT R. O'CONOR AND DR. Thomas S. Pullen were the principal speakers at Commencement Exercises on June 2nd. Governor O'Conor revoiced the feeling of many of us that teaching is an essential war job, and that staying in college is as good a way to beat the Axis as building battleships. Dr. Pullen's address pursued the thought a little further; one must keep on learning and adding to one's education to keep on living, and no freedom won in battle will be any good to us if we underestimate the value of learning.

Among the graduates was James Jett, who is now with the army. Marie Kindervatter, Sophomore, was announced winner of the Minnie Medwedeff scholarship, and Muriel Frames, of the Junior Class, was awarded a partial scholarship. Music by the Glee Club, the Seniors and the orchestra, and the program ended with everyone singing Alma Mater, offering congratulations and saying good-bye. It's the T. L. and the whole school saying it, Seniors, when we tell you that we are going to miss you.

— H. P.

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OUR ALLEGIANCE

(Continued from page 12)

future we will be able to teach what we have learned to a new generation.

We must all bend our shoulders and bare our arms for the colossal war effort necessary for our triumph over the Axis powers. As a group and as individuals, we are and will be called on to contribute material and moral support to our fighting forces. There will undoubtedly be other forms of aid to the services, morale or civilian defense to help achieve final victory. We must organize and coordinate our war activities or contributions so that years hence we will not be able to say with validity — "In support of our nation, we gave 'too little, too late'."

A die has been cast. Many of us probably do not like the engraving. But we are at war — both the warmongers and pacifists — and there should be no doubt in anyone's mind as to what we are going to do about it! We must prove in the quickest and the most effective way possible that "democracy" is a practice, not a definition.

- HENRY ASTRIN.

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VOL. I NO. 1 JULY 16, 1942

STUDENTS VOTE NEW CONSTITUTION AS GOVERNING BODY CHANGES WAVE

THE NEW Student Government Association constitution now stands, having been ratified by an overwhelming margin last week. The new constitution was the fruition of work which began last semester in the administration of

Henry Astrin, 142.

The final vote in the ratification poll, held after two reading sessions, one of which was rather stormy, showed 136 votes for ratificatic, and 14 opposed. Miss Betty White, Student Government President, said this week she thought most of the negative votes were in fun.

Miss White also indicated pleasure at the fact that this constitution seems to be a better picture of the abilities and disabilities of the students than that given by the document which is being replaced.

S. G.A. Supreme

A review of other new constitution shows a stronger emphasis than before on the supremacy of the Student Government Association in all phases of student life which are not directly under the control of the administration or faculty.

There was comment as indicated by posters in the lower halls with regard to the poor attendance at the meeting. Of 273 students on roll this summer only 150 were present to vote.

SEE NEXT ISSUE OF T.L.
NEWS FOR LATEST NEWS
FROM S.T.C. SERVICE MEN

WE BELIEVE

THAT THE UNACCUSTOMED..
SUMMER SCHOOL LIFE AT
S.T.C. IS GOING TO BE DISTINGUISHED DY BY IDEAS,
THINGS, EVENTS UNIQUE AND
UNDREAMED OF ON COOL WEATHER CAMPUSES.

THAT LIFE AT S.T.C. DURING THE SUMMER SESSION OF 1942 IS GOING TO BE HISTORY—HISTORY THAT DESERVES TO BE RECORDED.

THEREFORE, WE PLEDGE OURSELVES TO SEE CCLEARLY AND PRESERVE WITH PLEA-SURE ALL THESE THINGS FOR THE DELIGHT OF THE FRES TNT STUDENT BODY AND THE CONFOUNDING FUTURE HISTORIANS WHO MAY ASSERT THAT THE SUM ER OF 1942 GRIN AND HOPELESS MOMENT IN TIME.

The Staff

ENROLLMENT SHOWS STRONG STU-DENT SUPPORT OF SUMMER TERM; 10 FORMER GRADS BOOKED

Verifying student comment that the campus seemed as crowded as during the fall term, authentic figures from the Registrar's Office show a return of 243 cut of an eligible 277 students, and a June freshman class numbering 19. Also new is the little group of 10 professional students who have returned from "the field" for summer courses.

FACTS AND FICTION ON FRESHMEN

In our nation-wide hunt for new freshmen to fill our sadly diminished enrollment we managed to gather in nineteen courageous young souls from such widely diversified areas as Sparrows Point. Ellicott City and Hagerstown. They're a pleasant group and have plenty to offer S.T.C. We're doubly fortunate this year fro we have not only the friendly leadership and guidance of our president but also the witty companionship of Dr. Wiedefeld's niece, Theresa.

INTELLECT !

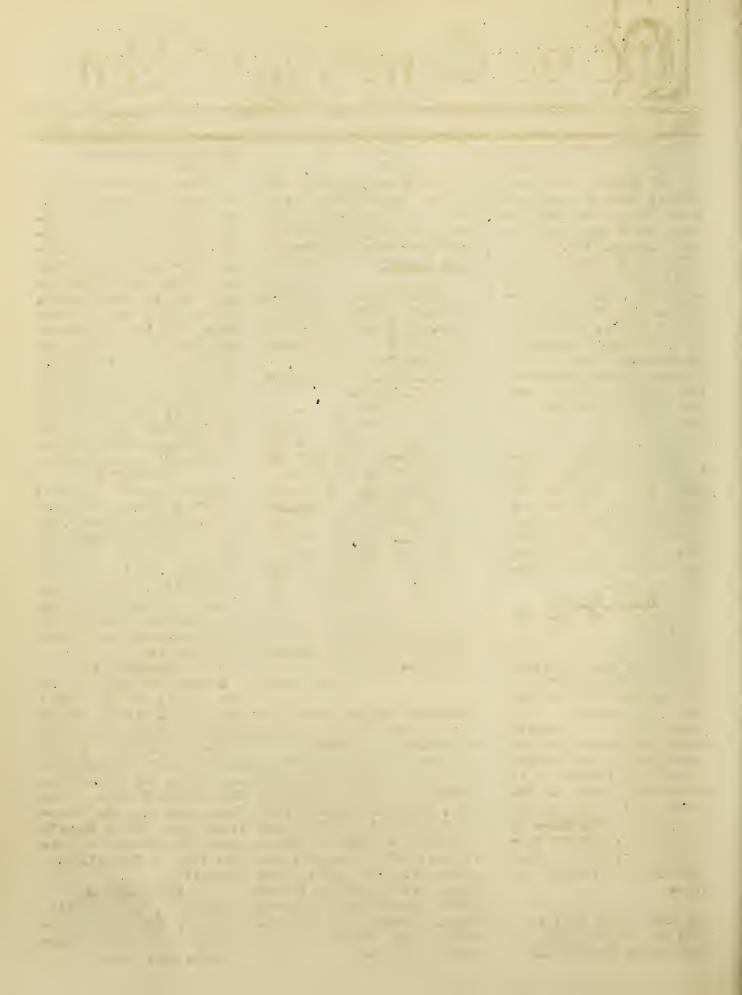
Esther Spaeth beware !
There's a genius at work
on third floor Newell. At
least that's what Edna May
Merson announces on her
door when she's studying
and doesn't want to be bethered. Competition may
also come from Mary Carol
who's suspected of being
intelligent.

BEE-YOO-TY !

Shirley Hensehen with the profile of the ideal girl at Sparrows Point High is already giving our well-established glamor girls stiff competition. Also along the glamor line are Bernice Feldman and Ellen Hart with the beautiful eyes. Hilde Poper's not to be sneezed at either (Say it "paper", not "pepper").

PERSONALITY !

Lois Hale, the farmer's daughter, should be an adept student in Miss Wood-(cont. p.2, col. 1)





by WARREN WENDLER

FILMS

THE WAR IN FILMS

"Eagle Squadron," soon to be shown at the local theatres, has all the elements necessary to make it appeal to mass audiences. It has the proper color, action, and particularly... timeliness; and although the propaganda element is present, it is secondary to entertainment and interest. The fast pace set early in the film is maintained throughout, and the total effect is rather a stimulating one. Speaking of war films, anyone who missed the first showing of "Sergeant York" has a second opportunity to see it and should do so; it is the cinema's best and most elaborate contribution to the war effort.

MR. TARZAN GOES TO TOWN

Strictly for day-dreamers is "Tarzan's New York Trip", the film recently exhibited at a down-town theatre. Conceived on a childish level and executed on only a slightly higher one, the fantastic adventures of the lord of the jungle on the roof-tops of the tall town will be seroen fare Features: V. Blocher accoptable only to the followers of Flash Gordon, Dick Tracey, and Superman. The best performance in the picture, incidentally is that of Cheets the ape.

MUSIC

THE MAESTRO OUTDOES HIMSELF

For anyono even romotely interested in classical music, the recording by Arturo Toscanini (and orchestra) of Brahas Symphony No. 1 in F Minor on Victor records should be of especial note. The setting of one mass of tone against another, the clean beauty of the slow movement and the intricate architecture of the finale are such that no hearing of the work could possibly be incidental. The set is worth its weight in gold.

FRESHMEN (cont.from P.1) ward's Early American History. Then there's Peggy Baker from Hagerstown, Dot Everett from Bel Air, and friendly Mary Baumgartner from Seton.

Betty Schulman and Edith Stark make a coosomo twosome. Babs Collier desperately wants an efficient

hair grower for her short, but adorable, curly locks.

Can any certain Sophomores tell Elizaboth Zimmer what has happoned to her Teddy Bear?

Has M. Kieman been studying monologues? with her (if you can get a word in) and see what we moan.

SCHOOL MOURNS MISS COOK'S DEATH-

STATE TEACHERS has lost a faithful member in Miss Catherine Cook, who died of a eritical illness on June 7, 1942. Those of us who knew Miss Cook during her sixteen years of service here prior to her resignation in 1941, will remember her as an ever friendly instructor who made the study of tests and measurements practical --- a porson interested in and dovoted to education.

THE STAFF Editors: N.Kirckhoff

Jean Connor

News: John McCauley, Incz Schultz, Frames

W. Wendler, D. Kapp H. Pross, N. Brotall

Art: K. Docker, Barrett

Make-Up: H. London Production: M. Frames Circulation: D. Wel-

ler, J. Krotee PUBLISHED bi-weekly by the students of the State Teachers College at Towson.

Edith Dolle -- who is she? Como on cut and make yourself known!

No. we haven't forgotten the boys (?) of the class; but Earl, please come out of your shell. The girls won't bite you and the boys are really vory nice -- we should know!!!! -H.B.



DORMITORY STAFF ADDITION

A young lady who does know where the next meal is coming from is Anna Baker, latest addition to the dormitory staff, who is taking over Miss Greer's duties as dietician. Petito but businesslike, with short brown hair and a nice North Dakota accont--she came to Maryland in 1934--Miss Baker is enthusiastic about her now job.

"I like the way the girls take responsibilities here," she told us, explaining that the dorm companies have helped her more than a little bit. She is also proud of the kitchen help, and of her cavernous domain under the dining room, which she manages with beautiful systom. While we were talking to her she checked on order for potato chips and phoned for a day's icocream supply, "Two and a half gallons each of vanilla, butter pecan, and chocolate -- that'll be all, thank you." She showed us the menus for the next three weeks -- typed in advance for approval by the State Purchasing Bureau-and even to these undietotis eyes, thoy looked good.

But this isn't surprising. Miss Baker was assistant dietician Western Maryland College for five years, and dirootor of tho Baltimore YWCA cafotoria during the past year.

Pet recipes? Miss Bakor hinted at a butterscotch sauce which she will spring on the cafeteria one of these days. Watch for it, studonts.



Pet peeves? Miss Baker admits to none. But if. some mercury-busting day in August when the stoves and ovens are going full blast, you should pipe up gloofully,

"What's cookin'?" Well, oven Miss Baker..

STUDENT SALLIES ON SUMMER SESSION

Wandoring around the other day, wo were suddenly hit by this idea --- What do students really think of summer school? ting the idea into action, we immediately cornered a fow hapless individuals and came away with those opinions:

"I like it-while stays cool."

"It interferes too much with my social life."

ηI like tho oarly classes."

"It's O.K."

"It's just as hot at home as it is here; I might as well get somo credits while I suffer."

Two · brave souls were willing to be directly guoted.

John McCauley: scenery is wonderful!"

Paul Harris: "When the shorts come?"

So there it is. What do you think?

IMPORTANT AD!!

WANTED: _Nice homes for four charming and well-brod kittens. Bring character referen-

to Mr. Miller this week. First good applications will be honored.



CLUB NEWS

THE EPSILON ALPHA CHAPTER of Kappa Dolta Pi, nationally-known education socicty, kept right in step with the neeclerated war program of the college by holding an additional election in June, when invitations to membership were extended to graduate Evolyn Isaacs and seniors Virginia Dorsey and Muriel Frames. The coronony took place in the Glen on June 8. Mr. Konnoth Miller, as guest speaker, presented some interesting thoughts on Iducation and the Peace and not the least enjoyable part of the afternoon consisted of a picnic supper featuring hamburgers and baked beans.

GREAT OUTDOORS TRAMP, TRAMP--the shortage of tires and gasoline means not a grean to members of S.T.C.'s Natural History Group, because they always have preferred biking and hiking to riding, anyway. Helen Klinke president, states she will not begin to worry until shoe leather is rationed. More officially, she announced the group's calendar of events so far: a bird hille before and a suppor hike to Mt. Pleasant in the afternoonall on Friday, July 17th Everybody out!

CALLING ALL STARS! The Little Theatre Guild is planning a summer production to be given at an assembly in August. Casting has not yet been completed and the members of the Guild welcome any of the college students who are interested in dramatics to come to the try-outs.

CAMPUS CRACKS

Freshman: "I hear the profs in this school are protty fast."

Soph: "Dunno, none of 'om ever passed me."

Botany student: "What makes bees buzz?"
Wise prof: "You'd buzz, toe, if somebody took your honey and nectar!

Professor: (to continually misbohaving student)
"Where's your ethics?"
Nonchalant student: "I traded it in for a Plymouth."

Prefessor Moserius says, "A good line is the shortest distance between two dates."

TSPORTS

ON TUESDAYS and Thursdays from 3 to 5 and on Mondays through Fridays from 7 to 9 the S.T.C. Campus is an M.G.M. version of college athletic life. Activities at such times are so diversified and spontaneous it has been almost impossible to make a schedule of set events for each week.

Tonnis seems to be queen of the individual sports. Students have turned out in such numbers that in one afternoon every court was filled with doubles and people were waiting to play. Perhaps we have Mr. Frank Roberts to thank for the demonstration, which made any tennis enthusiast sigh with envy.

Lelose rival of tennis in popularity is badminton. An excellent demonstration was given by Virginia White, intercollegiate singles and doubles champion, and Irving O'Noil, Ed. State Junior Men's Champ. Together they are the mixed doubles champs of Maryland. Miss White gave some helpful information on the shots used and, with Mr. O'Noil, demonstrated them.

Student and faculty tournaments are being run off in both tennis and badminton. We are quite fortunate in having students who are skilled emough, and willing, to instruct learners in either of the games.

Amother sport rising in favor at Towson is archery, a game for which we owe thanks to the Greeks. There has already been a tournament between the Dianas and William Tolls; the Dianas were triumphant.

The team games had a rather slow start, but the company challenges of the dorm perked things up a bit. Company E, under the loadership of Captain Marvel Williams, challenged the boy day-students. Ask the boys the results—they have now challenged the girl day-students. We'll let you know the dramatic outcomo.

Under Mr. Don Minnegan's guidance, the A.A. has tried to arrange a program providing the needed touch of sport to the summer session. Come out and take advantage of this opportunity for vacation fun and exercise! -V.B.





K. CowerLight / Lews

THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE VOL. 1. NO. 2

July 30, 1942

Tower Light News met with varied comments. In our own iminitable sleuthing fashion we heard students say, "It's all right for the summer session," or "Frankly, I think it's a waste of time," and, more frequently, "How come the change?"

Perhaps the set-up was not made quite clear enough. Drop in student enrollment brought in a smaller activities fee; more important, it seemed that in times such these, great expenditures on a college publication was unpatriotic and unfitting. So we adjusted. Tho Tower Light News of the summer session was the rosult. We are sololy deavoring through it keep alive that clusivo spark called "college spirit", to leave behind at loast a small record of the session activities and to keep our boys in camp in close connection with their Alma Mater.

We do not know what the fall will bring. Perhaps a more elaborate publication will be possible; perhaps there will be none at all. Student interest and cooperation along with war priorities and economics will be the decisive factors in the T. L. future.

LATEST BULLETIN

Wod., July 29th, STC Campus
Cragg pitched Capit.
Spacth's tom to an 11-10
victory over Capit. Wellor's in a major baseball event. All handsparticipated.

PRIORITIES SLOW GYM CONSTRUCTION

S.T.C.'s new gym, with its non-priority lamella roof and much of its interior safely finished, still needs certain vital parts for its lighting system before it will be ready for student use, Mr. F. J. Thuman, State Architect, stated this week.

Scarcity of materials isn't the only factor delaying completion, for the shortage of skilled labor makes necessary a minimum of electricians and other trained men. In spite of these handicaps, work is going on briskly; on the outside, only the grading must be finished, and inside many of the floors are laid and most of the plumbing, as well as the modern ventilation system, has been installed already.

New Foatures

Besides the ingoniously constructed all-wood roof and the ventilation (which will keep air in the locker rooms and the gymnasium fresh and sufficiently heated) the new gym has other features that do credit to its

the new gym has other feat planners. The playing area of the main floor is 70x100 feet, and will be lined to leave room for movable bleachers for use during big games. Showers, training rooms, lockerrooms, are roomy, bright, and sport beautifully designed fixtures. Two outdoor asphalt courts at the ends of the gym provide more game space in clear weather.

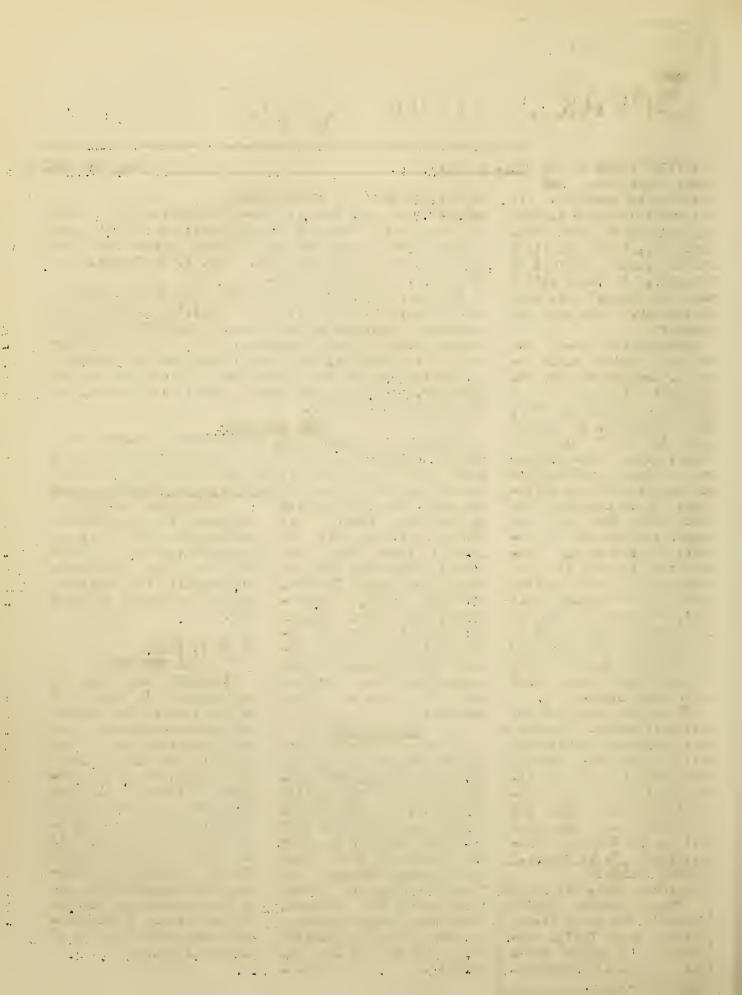
Forethought

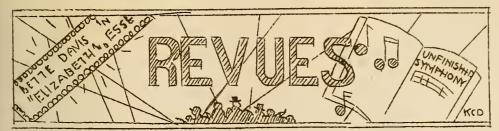
Minor miracles in this age of priorities are the coppor spouting, the galvanized iron vontilation equipment, and the steel window sash that have gone into the new gym. Mr. Thuman commented that they were secured through "forethought of thoso that placed the orders", since many other buildings are being held up indefinitely for want of such matorials.

Gotting the electrical oquipment is the greatest problem to be met now, he explained, and it is doubtful that the materials nooded will be available before the end of the summer.

K. D. P. PLANS BULL SESSION

Students who are on last semester's honor roll or are leaders in student organizations received invitations this week to attend the next Kappa Dolta Pi meeting, where the subjoet of "Student Leadership" will be discussed by speakers and then in an open forum. Since this is the first occasion KDP has ventured to entertain the uninitiate at one of thoir meetings, August 5th may prove a significant date in the annals of the local learned.





by WARREN WENDLER

FILMS

TYRONE VS. TYRONE

"This Above All", the novel by Eric Knight of a man's struggle with himself, has been translated to the screen with Tyrone Power and Joan Fontaine in the stellar parts. The book was a powerful document of almost a philosophic nature. The film's producers seem to have chosen to obscure this more valuable philosophic element under the romantic one, since the latter has greater audience appeal. Furthermore, quite a few significant but censorable events in the book have either been deleted or diluted; and, in general, the total effect of the picture differs—unfortunately—from that of the book. Nevertheless, the film is not without its merits. It is always interesting, occasionally absorbing, and definitely one of the bottor cinema efforts centered about the war. We will ignore Mr. Power's acting.

WHERE THERE'S HOPE THERE'S LIFE

College students--but not intellectuals--will as undoubtedly find Bob Hope's "My Favorite Blonde" one of of the funniest films of its sort they will be likely to encounter. It is true that some of the situations are foolish, not funny, and that some of the gags don't quite make the grade. In general, however, the writers have done a pretty good job with old story material; and Mr. Hope--aided by an accomplished east--has, as usual, made the most of it.

MUSIC

S. S. S.

The Seventh Symphony of the contemporary Russian composer Dmitri Shostakovich was given its Western Hemisphere performance Sunday, July 19th. This work, one of tremendous proportions, lacks the usual economy of the symphonic form and required approximately eighty minutes of performance, receiving the best possible interpretation from Arturo Toscanini and orchestra. The symphony itself is always impressive, if sometimes showy, and undoubtedly of significance. The first movement—an Allegro—is a wonder and as offective a piece of composing as Shostakovich has produced. The question is being asked, however: Is the music truly great, or are we merely in sympathy with the man and people from which it came?

STUDENT SALLIES SUSTAINED

Since the company system for planning and executing the work of the Dorm is a new thing, we felt there might be some reactions enlightening to those of us not in the Dorm.

Herr's what they say: .

"It's the first time progressive edueation has worked hore."

"It gets the work done, but only a few do it."

"It would be all right if the students were the bosses."

"Bout time the girls were put on their honor. It's wonderful !"

"It has devoloped fine school spirit."

Dear Warren,

When you finally succeed in locating that ether, give some to the "Male Animal" Logan. Love,

John THE STAFF

Editors: N.Kirckhoff Jean Connor

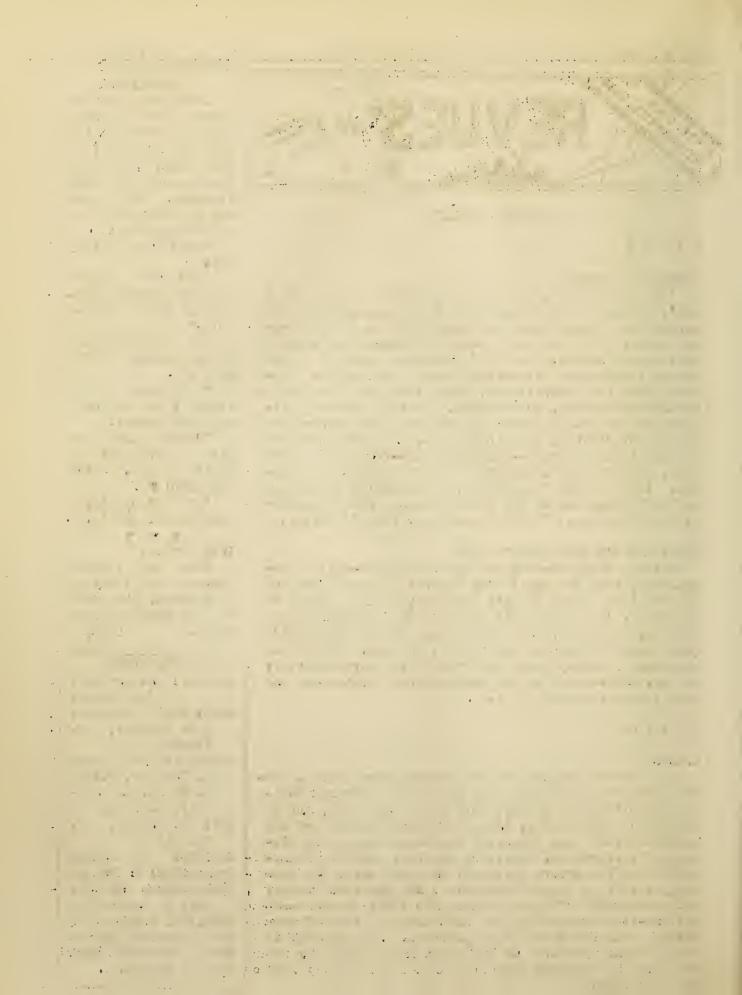
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Features: V. Blocher
W. Wendler, D.Kapp
H. Pross, N. Brotall, K. Cragg

Art: K. Docker, R. Barrett

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NEWS FROM CAMP

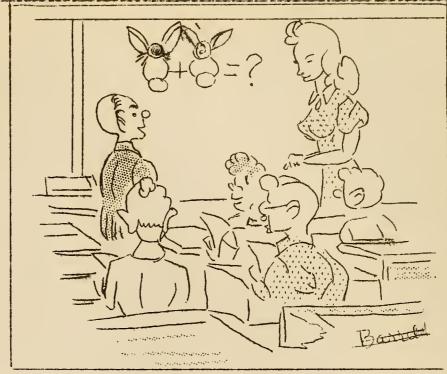
Just recently, Lou Cox, '41, leoking very handsome in his army air corps uniform, visited his Alma Mater. His presence in the halls caused renewed acquaintances and exciting news, as well as "ohs" and "ahs" from the students who have yet to meet him. He is busily engaged in patrol flying over the Gul? of Mexico and his experiences have been varied and vigorous.

Nothing gives this staff more pleasure than to hear from outsiders that our paper is appreciated. Private Robert Curland of Camp Roberts, California, writes,

"I wish to thank you for sending the very interesting news of the school. It gave me great pleasure to learn what my former classmates were doing in this present emeragency."

Among our recent graduates was an ex-editor of the T.L.--Private James G. Jett, whom you'll remember for the spontaneous storm of applause he received at Graduation Exercises on June 2. (Jimmy was present thru the courtesy of Unelo Sam.) Pvt. Jett sends us a bit of news after returning from Towson to Hunts-ville, Alabama.

"In these days opportunities often come unexpectedly to people. The day after I returned to camp there was a notice on our bulletin board. This notice I considered as an opportunity for me to develop leadership and other abilities which would help me when I return and amable to teach. The notice



"IS THIS A PROBLEM IN ADDITION OR MULTIPLICATION ?"

stated that one man from our M.P. Company at Hunts; ville will be chosen for Officers Candidate School. I at once applied."

Go to it, Jimmy; we are confident that you'll make the grade !

Jerry Kolkor, B.S. 40, writes he is now a Technical Sorgoant drawing \$114 a month. He thrives on army life--

"Wo are living-traveling, spending, meeting
people in their own environment, going to places
we've read about in books
(The Thousand Is. of the
St. Lawrence R., the House
of Parlia. at Ottawa, Mammoth Cave, in Ky.). In
short, we are making the
Army a vivid experience."

Another former student has been made an officer. Bernard Phelps has just finished Officers! Training course at Fort Monmouth, N. J. and is how a second lieutenant. Lt.

Pholps stopped by recently to say "Mollo" on his way to San Francisco. Here's hoping you become successor to MacArthur, Bernard!

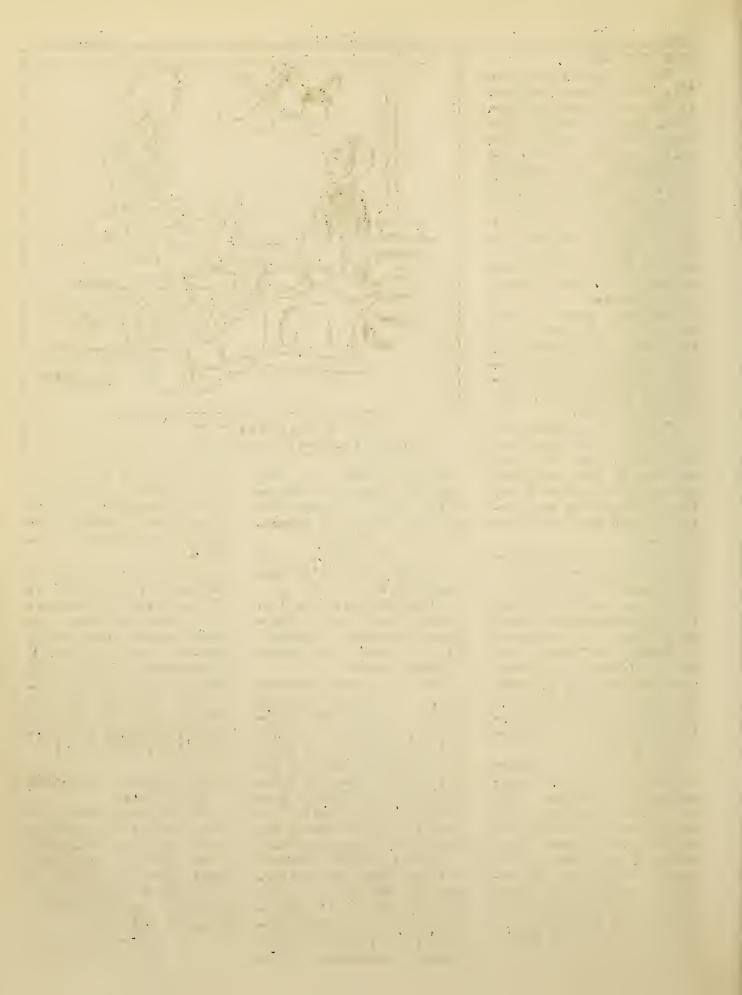
John Wheeler is now on furlough from Camp Davis, Wilmington, North Carolina.

We have received another letter from James Jott. He is now enjoying(1) temperatures of 100 to 110 degrees all of the time. It seems a native of the locality told him that it August, it really gots hot. And we're complaining!

To the Editor of the TOWER LIGHT NEWS:

Who is responsible for the prohibition handbills found on the bulletin board opposite the Book Shop? Were they meant to be a joke or do we really have some prohibitionists in our midst?

-Inquisitivo



CAMPUS CAPERS

You're not coming?!!? But of course you are--everybody is. Don't start being naive at a time like this -- I'm talking about the free Student Government Dance of course ! There's a big red circle cround August 21st on my calendar. Yessir, it's the date of the dance which won't set you back even : ruble. It's formal for the girls --- just like our winter jive sessions. The only undecided points are: (1) the orchestra, so far a mirage, so start rooting for your favorite now; (2) the place, the Gym, we hope; (3) the date. Each student will receive a tickot admitting two people -no sponsoring this time. With mon so scarce start plotting now whom you can ontice to join you on the 21st for a really hop evoning. My date figures he can buy me a War Stamp corsage with the money I save him. Tricky, huh? Pass the word around.

On July 13 a group of energetic, civic-minded students formed the Glen

PROGRESS ON SGA DANCE GLEN COMMITTEE CLEANS UP

SOFTBALL AND SWIRMING Committee for the purpose of restoring the Glon to its former state of beauty The members have already cleaned up around the shelter, have begun clearing the channel of the stream of plant growth, and have made plans to check crosion, plant new flowers and build fireplaces, as well as repair the trails.

If you wish to have a hand in such a worthwhile undertaking and, incidentally, to absorb a bit of Old Sol's beneficial Vitamin D while you work, announce your attentions to Bee Conley of Junior 1:

The results of the "Big Ball Game" between the girl and boy day students was not so favorable to the fair sex. The score—just ask the boys and they will gladly tell you.

Last Wodnesday, twentytwo dorm students cooled off at Lakewood Pool after a hot day at school. Those who went had a swell time and advised it as a sure cure for all who are weary and over-burdenedas who isn't?Thanks, coach, for those special rates.

CAMPUS CRACKS

Whon a girl realizes sho isn't the only pebble on the beach, she usually becomes a little boulder.

Absence makes the heart go yonder.

Many a cuto little trick gots taken in with a diamond.

The more horse sense a

girl has the more she stalls around.

The cuties who make spectacles of themselves are always easy on the eyes.

Most live wires are perfectly shocking.

Many an explosion has been caused by the sudden appa carance of an old flame. HERE AND THERE

The Faculty secred again the other day in Music Practicum, when Miss MacDonald asked Herbert to stand up and show the other children how he sits.

Personal: Burton Locke, will you please make up your mind whether you're footloose and fancy froe? Some of the girls might be interested.

Port Question:

Ask a Washington visite or how she so successfully managed to lose a show in the Library of Congress... humiliating, what?

Port Suggestion:

The next time you see Logan, whistle the "Lamp-lighter's Screnade". He'll know what you mean by the way, how is the U.S. Park Service in Washington, old boy?

Truesome twosomes:

Rost and Webster, together again.

Hackman and D. Jones-we wonder!

London and Foldman are hitting it off nicely.

Please, Please, PLEASE --lot's have some action on the forthcoming big dance of the summer session -- the S.G.A. affair. Everything seems fine and dandy EX-CEPT the "somi-formal" touch. In these days of tire and you-know-what shortages, a few of would have to use the Transit Company. And riding the trolleys in formals still scems a little queer. How about some opinions? After all -- it's OUR dance.

-The Editors



VOL. I NO. 3

Aug.13,1942

STUDENTS ENDORSE NOVEL SUMMER FEATURES

It is fitting that we at this time consider the effect the summer session has had upon students and the college, and what features are worthy of being carried over into the regular session.

For example, the Dormitory Director retired and it was necessary to organize the Dorm girls into companies under student captains to plan and execute the work formerly done by Miss Greer. By the company system the

LATEST BULLETIN

SATURDAY NOON is the

time when Miss Harriet

Wells and Dr. Foster

Mt. Vernon Place Moth-

odist Church. Folici-

tations, Doc and Mrs.

Dowell will take

final stop.Place

to bo !

girls have been put on their honor, and the consensus of opinion is all for it. The inter-company challenges, and games on the athletic field have done much to bolster our long-sought school spitit.

With summer heat haunting us, the Glen came into
its own. The Glen Committce, student-instigated
and executed, was formed

to preserve the beauty of the campus. Certainly more student activities in the realms of maintenance and construction are in order. The trend is a good one.

A "wealth of hidden talent" was revealed in Tuesday's assembly. With loss money to spend for assembli next year it is importative we develop and encourage our local talent—the students liked it better anyway. By the way, have you noticed the spirit in the S.G.A. assemblies lately?

Recreation being essential, many activities have been provided which might have been deemed revolutionary, or inadvisable during the regular session--opportunities for swimming parties, for rifle practice, etc. The prefessional demonstration of the various skills and the instruction of beginners at the sports certainly should be continued. The student-faculty tournaments in tennis and badminton, the baseball and archery battles between the men and girl students and the inter-company games have succeeded in drawing a good turnout and in building school spirit.

The TL staff has made its paper conform to the lower activities for and it is the general opinion that they have given us a more informal, snappy publication than we've had for quite a time. The paper seems to have its

POETRY WLL OUT

THE TL NEWS has received tho latest number of "Contomparary Pootry", a quarterly magazino published in Baltimore by Mary Owings Millor. Of interest to the College is the brief poem by Mr. Kenneth Millor, head of the English department, which he has titled "Xonogamy". Students are invited to visit the TL office and judge for thomselves the poem's merit.

LIFE WITH GRANDMA

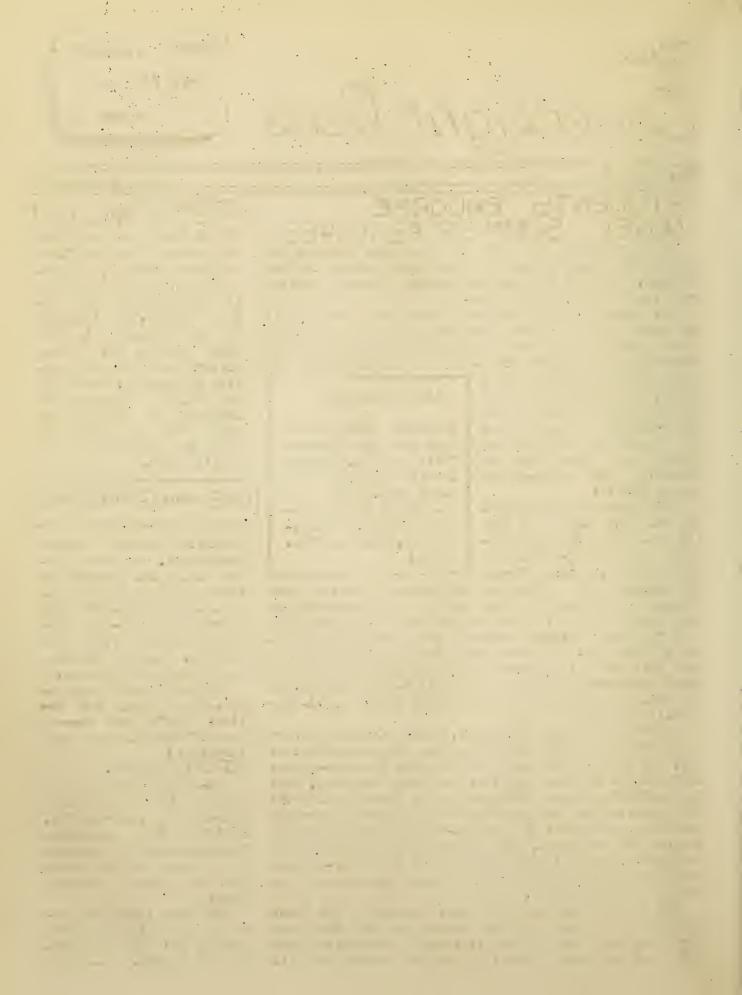
OPERATING under summer management, the Little Theatre Guild has planned an assembly program for Tuosday, August 18th. It will consist of a one-act comedy, "Grandma Pulls the String", and a surprisc presentation of a drama.

It will feature new faces, new talent, new acction. Don't miss it---an hour of laughs, tears and surprises!

car to the ground.

10-minute intermissions between classes have been a been to slow-walking, famished STC students. These changes in schedule setup seem to be popular with the general student body.

One more interesting inovation is early classes-leaving PM's free for studies or sports. -J.McC.



LEADERSHIP FORUM

THE KDP Forum the other afternoon looked promising. Richmond Hall parlor was never more hushed; the clink of punch glasses echoed discreetly, and soft conversation fluttered among the forty-odd representatives of KDP, faculty and students who had gathered to thrash out p roblem of leadership. It was one of our rare ventures among the intelligentsia, and we looked for something momentous.

After preliminary definitions of a Leader, starting with Webster's and ending, curiously enough, with the Constitution of KDP, the forum warmed up to the question of how to develop these Leaders. Miss Woodward described a course in which she would bring out leaders, we gather principally by orienting raw freshmon to "College Life" (you get up when you speak to a faculty member). Dr. Foster Dowell favored a laissezfaire policy--let the lea-(cont'd on p. 4)

THE FORUM

To the Editors of the TLN: After three long years at S.T.C. I have learned that little rod ants are a constant factor in the Dorm and Ad buildings. Though I have the greatest respect for tradition, does anybody know of anybody who knows a good ant poison? The world will beat a path to his door.

August 9 S.E.L.P. (The Society for the Extermination of the Littlo Posts.)

NEWS FROM CAMP

Could it be that we are slightly projudiced when we say that all of our graduates and former classmates are officer material? For example -- the next time you see Bernard Pholpspleaso address him as Licutenant.

Lt. James Tear is stationed at Fort Meade. Henry Astrin, our former student council prosident, left August 10th for South Bend, Indiana, whore he will study to be an ensign in the U. S. Navy.

Miss Joslin received this message from Pvt. Solomon Chaikin who is stationed in Florida.

"You can't realize how wonderful it makes a person feel to receive mail from people with whom he has worked and thought of so much. The U.S.O. does more, I believe, for the service men than the average eivilian roalizes." (Aro YOU doing your part, girls?")

Lt. Josh Wheeler of the Air Corps was home a week recently. His next stop will be Salt Lake City.

FOREIGN NEWS! Jimmy O'Connor, class of '41, wrote Dr. West from Belfast via the new photomail. He said, "I spont a day in Bolfast Tuesday and had a lot of fun wandering about the town and window-shopping. I discovered the Belfast Public Library and a very pleasant find it was." K.C.

WHAT'S BUZZIN' COUZIN?

Hi, chickons, gaits, hop-cats, and, we add, waltzers!!! Don't forgot that big date coming up--August 21st. Begin your wookend right by coming to the Student Government Association dance.

Timo: 9 to 1 Place: S.T.C.

Orchestra: Jerry Owens Dress: optional

To the Editors of the TLN:

Plan ahead and be ready for a super good time. Friday, August 21st -- Sco YOU there!

To the Editors of the TLN: Why must the Book Shop invariably have its doors closed and barred at the crucial moments each day? How about student assistants to aid Mrs. Clark now that N.Y.A. help is lacking? In fact, why can't the students really the Book Shop? All pro and con sontiments on this question are welcome.

Havo YOU found the Munchors' Hidoout closed ofton

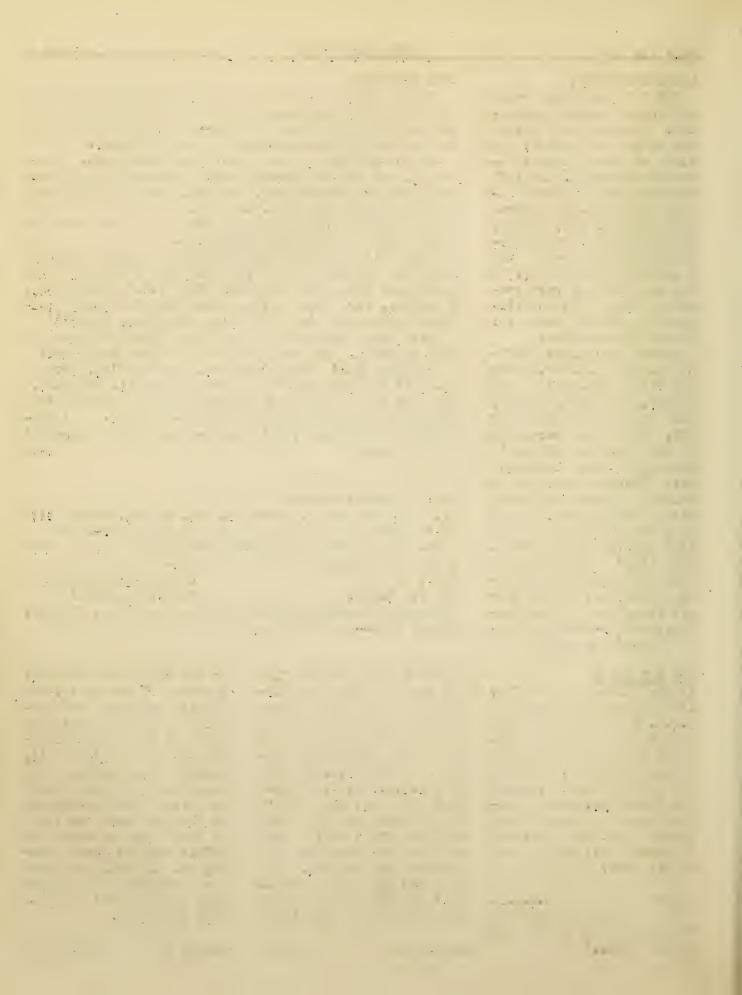
chough to rouse your ire?

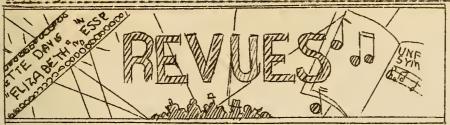
Speaking of the devil, why doesn't somebody do something about the dearth of souls at the regular Tuesday assemblies? After all, bluntly put, either the assemblies are good enough to warrant 100% attendance or they are not. At least we know that the August 18 affair will be worth coming to. It will be a good test of whether I am right when I say a good program will draw woll.

August 12

Schior

August 10 Knaberet C.





by WARREN WENDLER

While the Iron Is Hot

"Mrs. Miniver" happens to be just the film for which the public is ready, and I cannot help feeling that this factor of timeliness is in some small measure responsible for the wide acclaim it has received -- and merits. "Mrs. Miniver" is a truly great motion picture,an effective story effectively told; but would it have been so unreservedly praised three or four years ago, when we who saw it would not be so likely to identify ourselves with those in the film? I think not. "Mrs . Miniver" is, however, the perfect film entertainment but scarcely the greatest--or the near-greatest--motion picture of all time, as has been rashly claimed.

While I Nodded, Nearly Napping

"The Loves of Edgar Allan Poe" (we do not wonder that it was not called "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe") is in no way a truly distinctive portrait of the poet and, it follows, is a signal failure as a film biography. That so many people are about to got so incorrect an impression of an erratic and desperate but really significant character is a sin and a shame. If you are familiar with Poe and his work, this film will anger you; if not it will only be mildly interesting. At bost a picture so disjointed and uneven in sense and substance has little to offer.

Much Ado

"The Magnificent Ambersons", second Orson Welles film offort, is technically the most superior thing of its kind to come out of Hollywood and in this respect is a cinema achievement of the highest order. The camera work is tremendous, the acting splendid; but, on the other hand, the plot is too exacting, the conclusion too indistinct, and the film itself a bit too long. In brief, not what has been said but the manner in which it has been said deserves all the praise. Orson Wellos! "Magnificent Ambersons", dospito its excellence, rominds us of a genius trying to write a comic strip.

Brief Notes on Films

"Pardon My Sarong" -- Abott and Costello return again in a film having as a locale this time a South Soas island. The adventures of the pair, when not idiotie -- and this is fairly often -- are oxtromely funny. They soem to have the faculty of making old routines fresh, and herein lies their success. Anyway, the children love thom.

RECORD REVIEWS

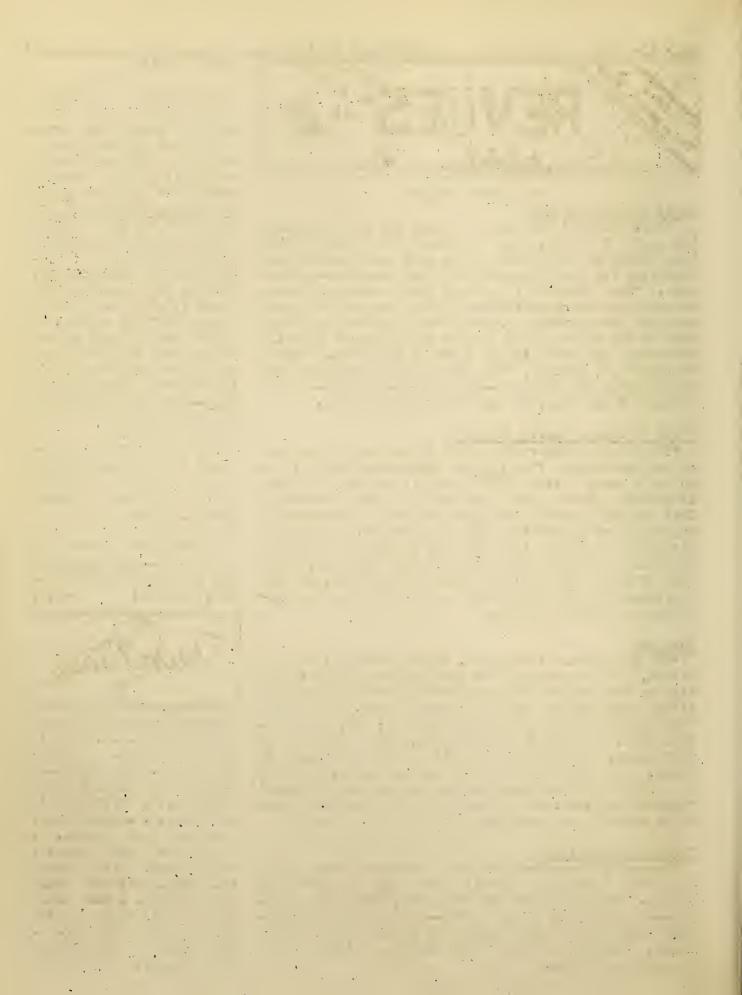
Platternally speaking, the offerings for month of August show ovidences of sliding into a slightly different trail but still in tho "chasing after him" theme is Light a Candlo in the Chapel. It is one of the few modern manus fitting the Lombardo style. (DEC 18445) T.D. also cuts it dexterously. Nothing more need be said about T.D.'s but oddly enough GUY'S is superb ! So seldom does he make a good waxing that this ongraving is for the collectors. On L's tossover Love Is a Song-slow to catch; but in six weeks both will hit tho HIT PARADE.

Don't miss the new rendition of Heavenly Hideaway by Art Jarrett. Artistically tinkered, smooth, forme chirping by Betty Barrett.

Deserving of last-minute mentioning -- Tune Town Shufflo by Vaughn Monroe. Solid, old man ! -R.B.



Colorful personality under our thumbnail. . . name's Isabolie Gordon. . . haio: blonde. . . most talked-of person in the Schior Class this year. Dr. Walther's pot tease. . . walks faster than any other student. altogether a good thing. . can be found with and Middleooff who dwarf hor actually. . safe .place is the hall where you're liable to run into her. . just smile at hor and soc what happens.



(cont'd from Page 2) ders evolve and then teach 'em the intricacies parliamentary procedure so that they can reign constitutional propriety. We liked Miss Kestner's effort to return to the issue -- she observed that too many students get thru this college without using their talents to lead. Something must be wrong with a system that doesn't challenge those talents. John McCauley had on idea here--limit each student to one major office during his four years, and prevent the stagnation leadership in an air-tight clique on the SGA Executive Board. Someone urged luring out leaders by a point system.

There were other comments, more or less searching. We could not help wondering what would have developed if all the forum members could have been as intent on the whole discussion as they were on their individual theories. Or if the talk could have continued for another heur or so. As it was, one valuable thing emerged. The vague problem of "Leadership" was narrowed to "How Can We Develop Student Capacities for Leadership?" Maybe a future forum will find the answer. -J.C.

small-scale scoops

clarabell, dr. west's hen, is the proud mama of a brood of soft and fluffy yellow chicks.

someday it is going to stop raining.

THE STAFF

Editors: Horma Kirckhoff Jean Connor John McCauley, Inez News: Schultz, Muriel Frames Features: Virginia Blocher Warren Wendler, Dorothy Kapp, Norma Bretall, Kitty Cragg Katherine Decker Ralph Barrett Make-Up: Harry London Production: Muriel Frames Circulation: Dorothy Weller, Jo Krotee

PUBLISHED bi-weekly bythe

chers College at Towson.

students of the State Tea-

CAMPUS CRACKS

He to her (sitting in a swing)--Gosh: If I had money, I'd travel.

And then she gave him a nickel.

Where there's a will there is always a relative.

'43. YEARBOOK ON WAY

Yes, the Senior Class will have a yearbook. It will be rather exclusive in that the book is only to be circulated to members of the Senior Class.Strictly a wartime publication, it has taken the title, "Friority". Everyone is now fast at work to produce the book by the end of the summer session. Best wishes for success to them.

CONGRATULATIONS to Gelwasser, Bablan, White, Webb, Letzer, Spurrier, London, and the S.C.A. Choir for a splendid assembly Tuesday.

Small boy--What is college bred, pop?

Father--College bred is a four-year loaf, made from the flavor of youth and the dough of old age.

SPORTS-

Straight Shooters

S.T.C. now has future marksmen and women within its ranks. Among those who went to the Towsen Armory to use the new rifles were Agnes Hicks, Jean Benson, Ned Logan, John McCauley and Dr. Tansil, who is reported as being quite a "good shot". The group not only had fun shooting but they also learned valuable information on the use of the guns and the necessity of safety precautions.

To the Victors--

Alice Blackiston was Number 1 archer in the Dormitory Tournament--followed by Anne Elder and Cornelia Anderson.

Company A, captained by Mary Jane Burdette, walked away with softball victories over Companies D, Band E.

Company E came through with a winning over Company B. The Senior 4 boys, aided and abbetted by Dr. E.F. Dowell, won an 18-6 victory in softball over the underclassmen. Ira Ehrlich was the winning pitcher.

-V.B.



Burrett Cartoon "He Dood It" - page 3

VOL. L No. 4

Aug. 13, 1942

WENDLER APPOINTED TOWER LIGHT CHIEF

TEACHER SHORTAGES
ALL BUT FILLED

Announcements from all of the State's superintendents of schools this week showed that almost all of the positions left open due to the draft and more lucrative do fense positions are either filled, or may be expected to be filled by the opening of school, September 8.

A goodly number of the new teachers come from the ranks of Towson students of the past few weeks-Seniors who are taking their interneship period.

CROOKS INDECISIVE

This lack of decision on the part of the Crooks on whether to move or not to move into their new house is eausing an upheaval in the world of birds. As an ernitheligist, Mr. Crook should be more considerate of the stork.

IT'S <u>DOCTOR</u> SCOTT,

Miss Lucy Scott, City Supervisor of Practice, is now Dr. Scott, following her summer work at the University of Iowa.

1943 PRIORITY

Photography for the 1943
Priority has been completed, and production is well
under way, Sid Blum, Editor,
announced today. At the
same time, plans were disclosed to effer the book to
the school at large.

SELECTION FOLLOWS TWO-HOUR STAFF MEETING WHICH ESTABLISHES T L AS MONTHLY 8-PAGE MAGAZINE

Publication of the TOWER LIGHT, regular STC maaazine for the winter session, will be resumed this September with a new editor, a freshly-organized atfit and a difference in size. This decision was reached by a majority vote at a 2-hour meeting of the staff last Friday, when it was also decided to discontinue the TOWER LIGHT NEWS.

Wondlor Chief

With Norma Kirckhoff going student teaching in September. Warren Wendler is left at the editor's desk to get the first issues of the TL under way.Mr. Wendler has served his time on bothethe TL and the TL NEWS. Students will remember his short story"The Great One Over the Dark" as a TL highlight in 1941; his Revues column in the TL NEWS has become one of its most popular features.

Mr. Wendler, new at the job of editor, is undismayed. Aside from being able to write, he has energy, ideas, and an appetite for action that promises

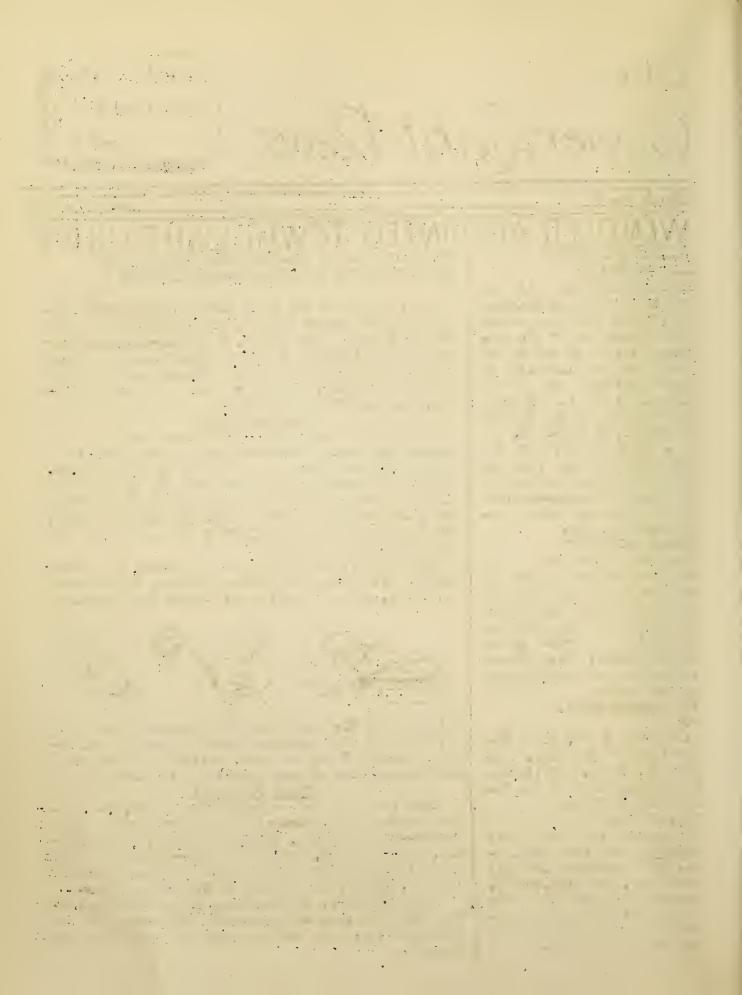


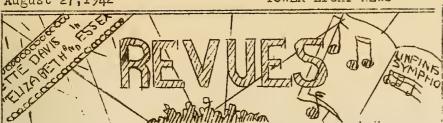
well for the TL. His plans are to include as many cartoons and photographs as possible in the new, 8-page version of the magazine, building on the makeup and content aims of last year's publication.

Fresh Personnel

Doep in the job of organizing his staff, Mr. Wendler announced that several key members have been chosen-John McCauley, Virginia Blocher, Norma Bretall, Muriol Frames, and Faul Harris-although this staff is as yet incomplete. Most of these students like Mr. Wendler have worked on STC publications.

Miss Kirckhoff, in discussing the new staff, stated that they seem to her capable of turning out a fine magazine. Mr. Wendler could not be reached for comment.





by Warren Wendler

Cary Gehrig

It is something of an achievement when the life of a very ordinary person can be translated to the screen with a minimum of alteration and still manage to be interesting. The Pride of the Yankees, the life of Lou Gehrig, through superior acting and direction, manages to do even more than this; it arouses the maximum degree of sympathy for its subject for approximately one hundred minutes, and spends the final fifteen or twenty endeavoring to make us cry by subjecting him to an unpleasant and undeserved fate. Humorous, exciting, and sad by turns, the film integrates the major events of its here's life remarkably well and is splendid screen fare. The acting of Gary Cooper, Theresa Wright, and all concerned must be commended. If you are an idealist, it might be very inspiring.

Not Big Enough

"The Big Shot", Warner Brothers' latest cops—androbbers epic, attempts to duplicate the success of the
much more effective "High Sierra" and is modeled along
much the same lines. It has the advantage of some exciting incidents, brittle dialogue, and Humphrey Bogart,
whose gangster characterizations have been remarkable;
but the disadvantage of trite plot and situation is
never sufficiently overcome to raise the film out of
the Grade B film category. (Cont'd p.3, col.1)

What's the latest, Dope ?

HERE AND THERE

Sue Travers and Micky Sharrow seem to be hitting it off nicely. We know it's not spring, but that doesn't stop Micky!

Information, please \$ Who, by sneezing loudly and unexpectedly at a recent Tuesday assembly, greatly helped the humorous effect of "Grandma Pulls the String"?

Ed. note: Honost, we won't toll, John.

Snoop! What's this we

hear about Dotty Mayers and Jerry Pleet?

Wo wonder--

Where Dr. Tansil gets such adorable outfits, especially, the bonnets.

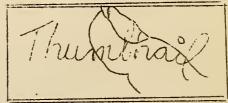
Where the Misses Kestner and Owens get so much vim and vigor:

Whore Dr. West gets his "patience of Job".

How Miss MacDonald always manages to find good points in a student's lesson. We found a letter in our mailbox the other day from an old friend of the TL who has just returned, tan and happy, from a vacation in Florida—

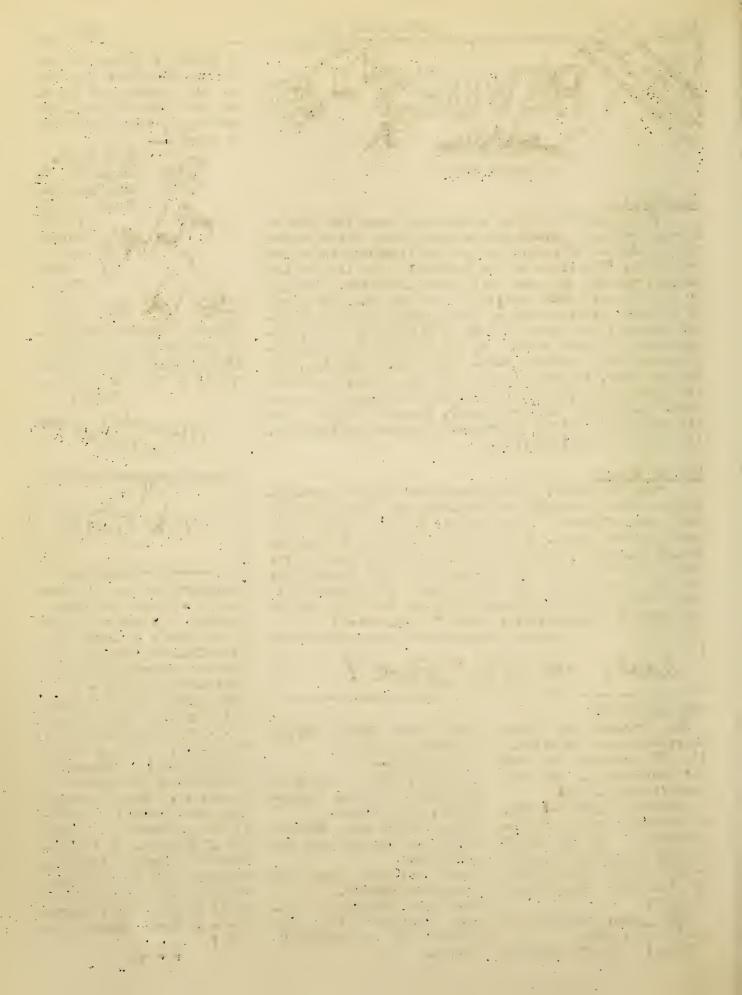
Doar Staff: Soems the TL News has been doing all right during the summer. The regular magawill have to be plonty good to keep up with it. I'll be back soon to lend myself to the werthy cause.

abernathy bedowns



Mrs.Clark is people's people. Sweet and young-looking. Has the energy of six. Lends her fine Italian hand to more than one extra-Bookshop effort about school. .

Her neatness is exceeded only by her graciousness · · · Debutante daughter . she has. . . There is a characteristic Clarkian beauty which pervades the house. . . Good morning for everybody. . . Credit for no one. . . Makes the Olde Shoppe so friendly that sixteen Prosses, Martins and Beattys feel at home and spend most of their waking hours therein. . . Moro power to her 1



Open Forum

Public Apologics

To the Editors of the TLN: It seems that the letter from "Senior" concerning the Book Shop in the last issue of the TLN was misunderstood. The idea behind it were that students could gain business experience and practical application of math under the supervision and guidance of Mrs. Clark Miss Woodward, and that the Book Shop could remain open all day, with students taking charge while Mrs. Clark took care of her work in the Office and mimoographing room. Malico toward none was intended.

Wo all know that we could not got along without Mrs. Clark.

Ponitontly,

August 18, 1942

Too Late--But Approciated! To the Editors of the TLN:

Somo snappy publication that you've been producing there! How about keeping the same going all winter? Have you noticed all the people reading it?

What say, students? -Interested Senior P.S. What's happened to Abornathy?

August 19, 1942.

Editor's Note: See editorial, Pago l, for latost publication news. See Page 2 for Abernathy's return!

-Senior

Rocently the TLN ran a short but onticing ad concorning a litter of kittens owned by Mr. Miller. Students desiring to house and love a felino companion were urged to send in thoir applications. Miss Grayce Gaa, Saphomore, was an enthusiastic, "honored" applicant. Our pot roportor, sensing a human interost story, came away with the following interview with the new "mother".

OUR ADS GET RESULTS!

"My new kitten, black with white accessories, is very friendly, will climb on anything, and, contrary



to the best feline tradition, does not like milk. He has an especial aversion to the neighbor's dog. Dospite many friendly overtures from the pup, "Trouble" refuses to love his ncighbor. Whon he first came to us, he was a victimo of that demon, Wanderlust; he has finally settled down, however, and seems very happy in new home."

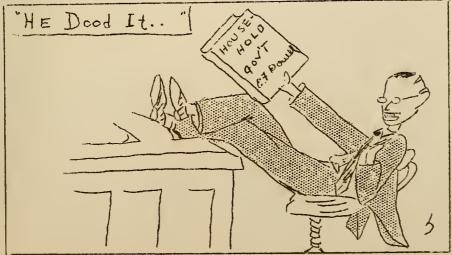
GRANDMA PULLS IT OFF AGAIN

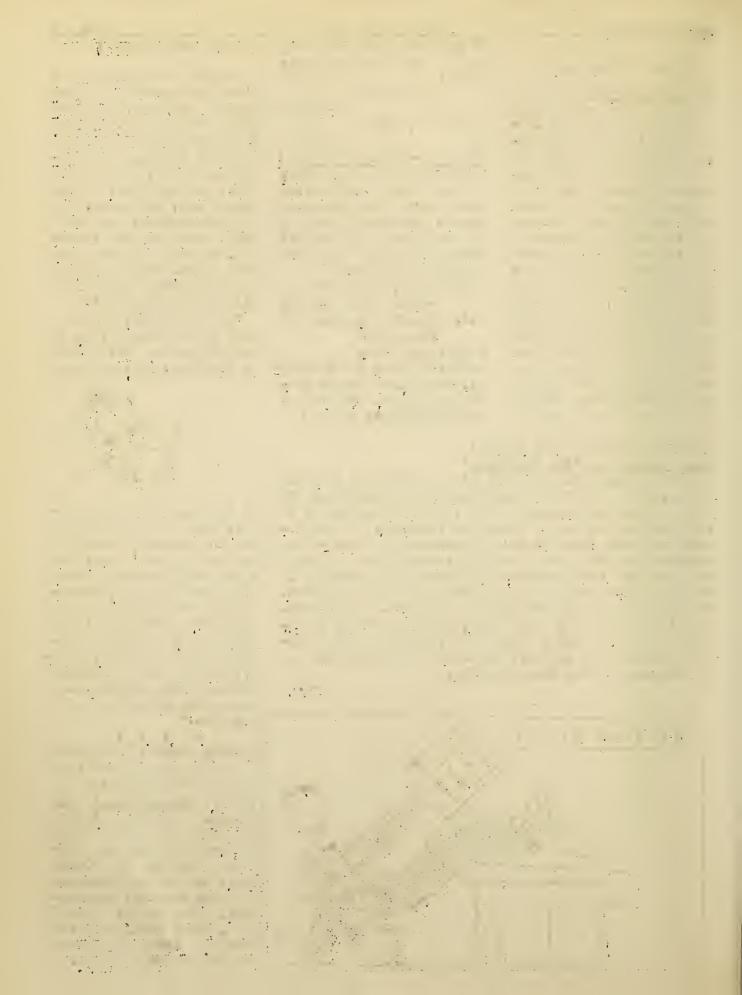
The Little Theatre Group put it over again with a comedy, Grandma Pulls the String, on Tuesday Lugust the 18th. It turned out a house-packer, due to topnotch direction by Dotty Kapp, and the performances of Norma Bretall, Babs Collier, Kitty Cragg, Dunn, Ginny Rost, and Ralph Barrett. Student opinion is for more of the same.

REVIEWS (continued from Page 2) Baker Street vs. "Der Vaterland"

That enignatic detective's detective, Sherlock Holmes, once more leaves his Baker Street apartment to combat crime in the form of Nazi agents endeavoring to lay open the streets of London to invasion. It was inevitable that Conan Doyle's pipe-smoking here - like everyone from Superman to Shirer - should come to grips with the men from Germany; and resulting comflict is the basis for a solid and enjoyable mystery melodrama, "Shorlock Holmes and the Voice of Terror". Basil Rathbone is Holmes body and soul, and Nigel Bruce is excollent as Dr. Watson. The film itself is more carefully constructed and more creditably produced than any of its kind we have seen recently.

-W.W.





Editors: Norma Kirckhoff

= Music World=

Hep cats prepare for the takeoff; this time I have nothing to say about records. The week's big news is about a bit of Continental talent new to America.

A few years ago Sablon began singing popular French and American songs from N.Y. studios, backed by such studio setups as Blue Barron. A few months ago Jean Gabin entered the cinema field and earned his name in America in the film, Moontide. Now we have a new Frenchman ariving by way of Cairo The name? Oh, pardon, Roger Kay, fermerly of the Hot Club of France. All hepsters know of this organization.

Briefly Kay wants: six piece combs, handpicked; the vocal spot (seat and straight) for himself and a solid sendoff. Slated to do jazz of a better type than the Bob Crosby, Herman, etc. variety. We have hopes for hot licks, sultry scattin, and modulating improvisations, Roger Kay.

Eritain's No. 1 Song Hit is Deep in the Heart of Texas. The RAF boys sing, "The bombs at night are big and bright deep in the heart of Axis."

Switches--Ray Eberle from Miller to Krupa. Reason: Fues with Boss Miller. Driftings--Buddy Rich (TD drummer) is marine-bound an November 1.

Sinatra, shifting for himself come September. Dick Haymes fills in.

-R.B.

THE STAFF

Jean Connor News: John McCauley, Inoz Schultz, Muricl Features: Virginia Blocher Warren Wendler, Dorothy Kapp, Norma Bretall. Kitty Cragg Katherine Decker Art: Ralph Barrett Make-Up: Harry London Production: Muriol Frames Circulation: Dorothy Weller, Jo Krotee PUBLISHED bi-weekly bytho students of the State Tea-.chors College at Towson.

NEWS FROM CAMP

Apparently our S.T.C. boys in the armed forces are busy pursuing their duties, as only a few letters have reached us this week.

Private Eugene I. Webstor,9th Observation Squadron, Fort Dix, New Jersey writes, "Life in the Air Force is one thrill after another for the enlisted mon as well as the Flying Officers. My present eapacity is a Privato First Class in the Air Corps Tochnical Supply Section of our Squadron. My being a ground enlisted man does not necessarily make me a "yardbird". I'm scheduled for a patrol observation flight along the coast this wook. As I write this, there is a roar motors from the field four 2,000 h.p. ongines land one of our mighty flying fortresses -the She is a beauty, bristling with guns."

Hope she sinks some Nazi subs for us !

FINAL NOTES ON SPORTS

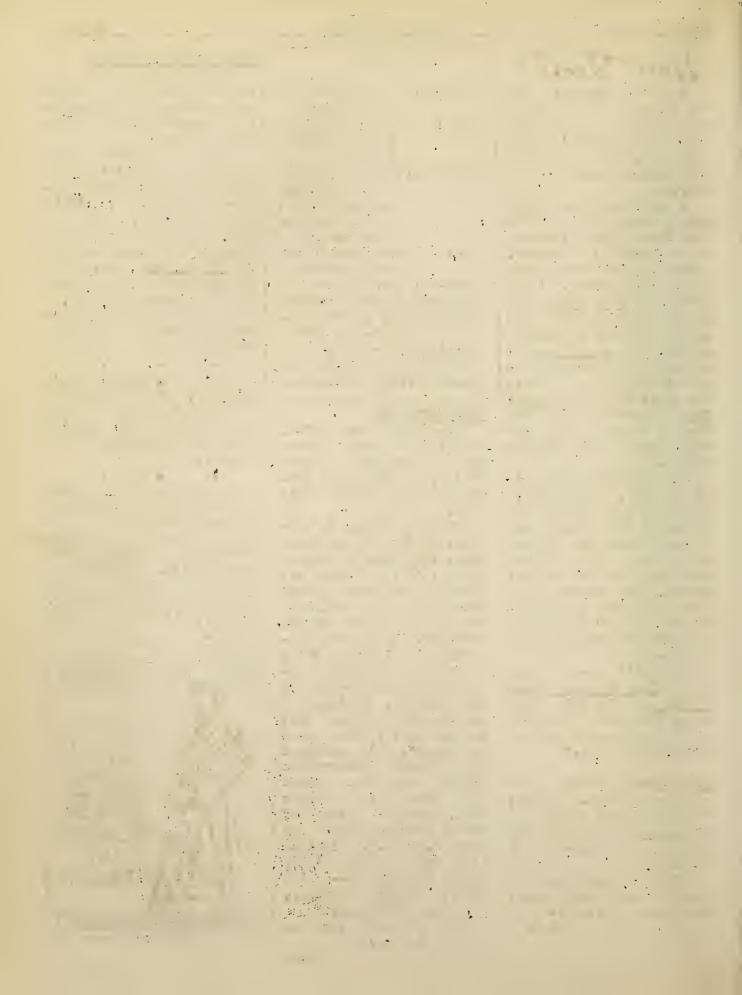
Rain and exams have interfered with the tennis and badminton tournaments. It is doubtful that either will be finished.

There is a rumer that there will be girls intercollegiate sports this winter. Good news for STC's weamen athletes. Not so good for the men is Coach Minnegan's announcement to the Evening Sun that, due to decreased enrollment, men's intercollegiates, will have to be discentinued till more peaceful seasons.

Company C, under Cap'n Gunnells, walked off with the winner's plaque for most points at the Dorm's farewell celebration on Tuesday.

The planners and participators in the summer's athletic activities are all agreed that another experiment has turned out successfully. Maybe next summer the program will be extended and improved. Anyway, it's been a good summer.





OCTOBER, 1942

Who's Going

To Be Next

Month's Cover

Girl?

The







The Tower Light

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VOLUME XVI, NUMBER 1

OCTOBER, 1942

The New Line

THIS IS by no means a ho-hum editorial. State Teachers College is on a new line, and if you don't believe it, be sure to read what follows in this, the first issue of the Tower Light for the current term. If it can be said that the war has put a crimp in many a career (and this no one can deny) then it can just as well be said that the war has set Towson a new pace for its activities — be they in strenuous physical education indulgence, or in broad faculty changes, or in what may be called revolutionary curriculum changes for this year and for years to come.

Contrary to the spreading impression, there has been very little diminution in the pace of college life beyond the class-room. As last Thursday's assembly attests (and quite amply at that) there is plenty of room for choice in the matter of "what clubs to join," and "what things to do." (In passing, we shall add that the TL, which was not represented in Tuesday's platform party, cordially invites the College's writing talent to submit contributions with a hand as broad as Towson's hand can be.)

This is Towson. Not the Towson of yesterday, true enough. Rather is it an anticipation of tomorrow, in today's costume.

OCTOBER · 1942

From the Administration

The President

WAR TIMES ARE notably transitional. We now actually feel the passage of time. We are daily conscious of the present, trying and difficult in many respects, moving rapidly into a future which seems sometimes better, sometimes worse. Such a social turmoil forces the need to plan, to experiment, and to develop new ways of doing old things. Traditional methods will not work. Experts in the Army and the Navy of the United States, and the educational leaders of the country say, "Education and more education, but not education as usual." Educational activities which are not directed toward the war effort cannot be permitted. It has been prophesied that many colleges will go out of existence because their work is nonessential. Every college must assume responsibility for advancement toward specific wartime objectives if it is to live. The goals of this college seem more clearly defined today than for many years. We must capitalize our single purpose, the education of teachers for the elementary schools of the State. The homogeneity it entails provides us with a clearness of vision peculiar only to the college having a distinctive purpose. Upon the children of today will descend the task of building the peace of the future. The education of those children is the responsibility of today's teachers and that education will play its part in determining what that peace will be. We are challenged as never before in the history of teacher education. We are indeed in the first line of defense.

Let us "Praise God and pass the ammunition."

- M. THERESA WIEDEFELD.

Assistant to the President

Whether you are an "old" student or a freshman still feeling somewhat afraid, the college doors opened to you this September of nineteen hundred forty-two. If you have entered these doors, you have found the lure of adventure, the wonder of scientific discoveries, the beauty of form and color, and the rare charm of music. You have become aware of a college community in which you must take a place of service. Some students possibly never pass entirely through the college doors.

The doors of teachers colleges swing wide today. In the October issue of the *National Education Journal*, Joy Elmer Morgan begins an article with the statement, "The war adds to the importance of teachers." Already during the consideration of drafting men eighteen and nineteen years of age, there has been a plea that these men be permitted to continue their college work so that there may not be too great a lack

of physicians, engineers, and teachers either during this war or after it is over. At the present time teachers of elementary grades are sorely needed in many parts of the United States. Maryland shares in this problem, for it has been difficult to provide teachers both in Baltimore, and in many sections of the State. "War adds to the importance of the teacher;" children are in greater need than ever of good health and of freedom from fear so that they can "live most and serve best" during these strange days. Children have a right to such a command of the tools of learning that whatever may be the vicissitudes of their future schooling, they will have a strong foundation on which to build. Such are the gifts that a well-prepared teacher, one who has passed through the doors of the college, can bring to pupils. With a very different connotation for the word "learning" than that used by the leaders in Massachusetts during the seventeenth century, we, too, may fear "lest learning perish from the earth," unless there are many ready to select teaching as the highest contribution they can give to this country in its great struggle for the rights and privileges of its people. — ANITA S. DOWELL.

The Registrar

IFE IS not as simple as it was. This oft-quoted state-I ment is true in many ways but let us think of it for a ment as it affects college students and their careers. Gone are the days when freshmen entering the State Teachers College on a bright September day can look forward to four years hence when they will emerge from the college on a June day, academically robed, with sheepskin in hand, ready for a final summer vacation before entering upon their chosen field of teaching. It was such an easy matter then to look ahead and block out each of those four years. These new students were freshmen from September to June and then after a summer's vacation they returned to the college and became sophomores who helped to induct the "new freshmen." Another year of classes and another summer's vacation and they came back as juniors. Finally, after a third summer's vacation, the students returned and were called "seniors," that coveted title that brings with it many privileges and many responsibilities. Each fall these students had filled out questionnaires - one part of which called for information about summer vacations. Here are some of the typical answers to that question: "spent the summer at the seashore;" "travelled in New England States;" "drove to California with the family;" "was counselor at a camp;" "helped in a vacation Bible school to gain experience of working with children"; "just played around and rested."

How different is the college career during these war times. September is no longer the only month when upper classmen look forward to greeting the verdant freshmen, but now they come in February and June as well. No longer do stu-

dents look forward to summer vacations from college classes when they may spend the time in ways of their own choosing, but most of the students will be found in the college classrooms practically the entire year, thus bringing forward the date when they can graduate and start on their teaching careers. Following the accelerated program the freshmen become sophomores, not one calendar year from the time of entrance, but whenever they have earned thirty-two semester hours of credit; sophomores become juniors when their credits total sixty-four hours and juniors become seniors when they have approximately ninety-six hours. Graduation days will more than likely come in cold days of mid-winter instead of warm June days and graduates will be leaving the college even more often than freshmen will be entering. They will probably leave without fan-fare and graduating exercises will be quite different from the gay days when everyone looked forward to the celebrated Towson out-door commencements.

To keep account of this checkered career of students there is a chart in the Registrar's Office where a student can rather accurately determine when he will move from one classification to another and when he can expect to graduate, provided all goes well and he is not sidetracked by army service, by illness or other "unforseen" circumstances.

Another innovation is that students as they progress through the college will not always remain with their own class groups. Just as some of the junior boys are now having special pre-induction classes with seniors, so will other groups of students be merged for special classes. Of course this will be carefully guarded so that standards will be maintained and upper-classmen and junior college students will not be in classes together.

— Rebecca C. Tansil.

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The Talk of the Campus

THE CURIOUS will always be curious. It took another incoming freshman class to pry open the lid with the timeworn question of what Mr. Millar carries on his broad back, and what lies therein that merits such care and affection. The object, my dear young ladies, is a dufflebag, and if you will trace it back to its geographical origin, you will find that it is a Harvard, or perhaps, better said, a New England institution. In it, of all things, you will find, if you gather up nerve enough to peep, an ordinary number of books, and even a touch or two of personal papers. You see, girls, Mr. Millar is a Harvard man. Surely many of us will remember the similar contrivance used by one Gordon Shules, late of the college, for transporting his knowledge where'er he went. We should certainly not like to see the idea spread, for the very simple reason that the uniqueness that goes with it will disappear with increased use. Incidentally, it would not surprise us to learn that in the current edition of the dufflebag there is the MS for a forthcoming book, Freshman Writing: O How Bad It Is.

ONE OF THE better west-bound automobiles was the scene the other day of a highly charged discussion of some Schopenhauerian philosophy. But it was not his general extreme pessimism that interested the crowd so much as it was his violent misogyny. One passage which especially irritated the girls present was from his essay "On Women", in which he wrote (and the present writer takes a measure of delight out of his portion):

It is only the man, whose intellect is clouded by his sexual instinct, that could give that stunted, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged race the name of the fair sex. (Italics in original)

Naturally, the girls objected strenuously. He who was quoting the passages made things worse by adding from the same essay:

We find that young girls in their hearts regard their domestic or other affairs as secondary things, if not as a mere jest. Love, conquests, and all that these include, such as dressing, dancing, and so on, they give their serious attention.

We could add much more from this essay, enough to chill every maidenly heart that ever fluttered in or out of these halls. Alas, Schopenhauer is no longer among the living (as one girl put it, if he were, he would by now be poisoned by some woman); who, then would choose to besmirch his name and memory with criticism? Not I, for one. The issue, then, is settled.

LIEUT.-GEN. BREHON B. SOMERVELL speaking (August 28, 1942):

Our army today is an army of specialists. Out of every 100 men inducted into the service, sixty-three are assigned to duties requiring specialized training. We aren't getting those sixty-three specialists through the induction centers. But modern warfare dictates that we must have them.

Our job is to teach men to fight. We cannot lose sight of this. We can not long continue to take the time and facilities needed for this job and use them on a job which could have been done before the induction of men into the army.

Dr. Wiedefeld, president of State Teachers College, heard these words in the company of an entire conference of educators, and when she returned to Towson, began the shift in emphasis which now marks the work that all the Senior men, plus a few Juniors, are taking. Justification for such changes as have taken place here may be found in some additional words of the speaker-quoted-above:

This is your job in this total war. It is the job of the schools and colleges of America to provide the opportunity for every youth to equip himself for a place in winning the war. You (the educators present) must do this, regardless of cost, time, inconvenience, the temporary sidetracking of non-war objectives, or even the temporary scrapping of peace-time courses.

What has been said here needs very little commentary. What little interpretation has been made consists in the idea that we should keep an eye to the future all the time, instead of taking all our leads from wars.

THIS MONTH'S bedtime story has to do with the case of the gadabout writer of these comments, who found himself jay-walking on West Baltimore street, near Paca the past Saturday night. Let's see, where was I? . . . er, I mean it was like this: One floperoo show (stag) plus one swiss-cheese on toast, plus a cup of war-torn coffee — all these combined to produce rather heightening effects, if you know what we mean. Yes you do, you cad you! So he felt springy enough to play shuffleboard with a couple of 35 miperhr vehicles. And then came the classic:

"Get out of the street, drunk!"

So that's how it feels to be three sheets to the wind. Anyway, the very next afternoon it was our turn. We boarded a 32 car in the company of a very delovely freshman girl who stood up while I slumped (to make it look good) into a seat. Quoth the drunken soldier: "Hey, you! Why'ncha give your seat to that *lady* there?" "Lady!" I said. "That was no lady; that was my . . . "Oh, well. We live and learn.

By the way, my name is — D.

"Go Forth to Serve"

Edited by KITTY CRAGG

ETTERS CONTINUE to bring us news of our men in L the armed forces. The boys are on the move; we rarely receive more than one message from a single location. If the letter bears the San Francisco or New York address, we may expect a period of silence until we hear from some foreign port.

William Jett's mail now goes to the Postmaster, San Francisco; Bernard Phelps has already reached Hawaii, and we have news of his safe arrival from his family; Luther Cox has sent a V-letter from a foreign port and his address is c/o Postmaster, New York.

Our recent officer graduates are scattered throughout the country. A letter just came from Lieut. George Hoddinott at Camp Stewart, Georgia. He is scheduled for some teaching duties there; Lieutenant Josh Wheeler has just written from Boise, Idaho; Lieutenant Carville Lauenstein, after completing his officers' training at Camp Lee, Virginia, is now at Saint Luis Obispo, California. He was a recent visitor, as were Lieutenant Gene Rush and Johnny Horst. Also Edgar Clopper came by during September and was looking hale and hearty.

We now hold membership in the American Alumni Council, whereby we are to be notified when alumni are inducted into the Army. This council also releases certain publicity concerning college graduates, and has sent us recent information about Quentin Thompson. You will find this notice

PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICE U. S. NAVAL TRAINING STATION GREAT LAKES, ILL. LT. ROGER Q. WHITE

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

GREAT LAKES, ILL. Oct. 1 ---Quinton Donald Thompson, 21, son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald W. Thompson, Monkton, Md., was graduated from recruit training today as honor man of his company at the U. S. Naval Training Station here.

Thompson, a 1942 graduate of State Teachers College, Towson, Md., has been chosen through a series of aptitude tests given the 130 men of his company to attend one of the Navy's service schools.

Public Relations Office U. S. Naval Air Station Pensacola, Florida

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Aaron B. Seidler, who attended Maryland State Teachers College, was recently appointed a Naval Aviation Cadet and was transferred to the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., for flight training.

Prior to entering the Naval service, Seidler studied at Towson for three years, and was a

elsewhere on this page. Bill Ackley who has also been at the Great Lakes Training Station was here last week and gave us advance information about Quentin's success.

A recent letter from Justus Meyer, B.S. 1935, who is in the Navy, gives us some interesting news on the rating we have with the Navy Department. Mr. Meyer enlisted last March as a yeoman and he is now being recommended for a commission. In speaking of the ensign in the Reserve who is handling his application (and who is a graduate of Towson) he says "I learned from him - now this is a feather in your cap — that Towson stands as one of the highest of Maryland colleges on the Navy's accredited list. Probably you had already known of this but it was good news to me."

Sidney Baker, in a recent letter, gave an interesting description of his wife; and he promises to bring her to Baltimore so that we may meet her.

- R. C. TANSIL.

Sonnet

Dwell the long night on the lashed shore Of broken-open crypt and tumbled stone And split and rammed-down cliff and girdered bone, Of upheaved, sundered street and unhinged door: Be crippled the gutter with blood, the alley with gore; The pavements blocked and mottled with the dead, Split the tower, the steeple torn and bled The laming arch: What we live for Is to rise from the blistered ruin and struck Walls of cities stripped to dirt and ash And belting on our fury and our rage To grind your gutted pulp into the muck And foam the solid angles of your flesh That your skulled creed chaos no coming age.

— WARREN WENDLER.

"I See a (New) Face Before Me"

PON RELUCTANTLY announcing that the Cardinals had won the fifth and final game of the World Series (Charley Keller, who almost beat the winners single handed, is her cousin), Miss Wegley espied the writer approaching through the dim and gloomy hall, and welcomed him into her comfortable, sunny office. There we seated ourselves and opened the volume of her interesting experiences:

Although she was born in Baltimore, Miss Wegley's home is in Middletown, Maryland. Her high school education included courses in Ellicott City and Frederick High Schools, and Hood College may boast of her as a student and as head of the Student Teachers Mathematics Department. She has her A.B. degree and has started toward her Master's degree with graduate work at Hopkins.

Filling the post of resident director of the dormitory is a new experience to her, but it has proved to be an enjoyable one. For, as she puts it, the girls "cooperate so well." The social and scholarly end of dormitory life, and the teaching of the infant (here) subjects of College Algebra and College Trig, constitute her work.

Sports are a hobby with her — especially baseball (as has been indicated) and football. Traveling is another of her favorite pastimes. At present, though, she is content to do her traveling in the way of tours around the campus which, she claims, incidentally, to be "one of the most beautiful I've ever seen." Her love of bright colors and prints often mislead people into taking her for a student.

All of which, coupled with her hearty enjoyment of good food, renders her, in our opinion, quite human.

— F. P. G.

She's From Missouri

ANY OF US this summer and fall have been eager to catch a glimpse of our new resident physician, Dr. Mary S. Bulkley. It was the writer's privilege to have a good visit with her recently and to learn from her something of her background and of her reactions to us. The new freshmen, since they are her students, have become acquainted with Dr. Bulkley, but the healthy upperclassmen may need some help.

Dr. Bulkley hails from St. Louis, Missouri, a "cold-weather" city. She hopes to find Baltimore, she told us, a warmer place in which to live. (Since St. Louis and Baltimore have almost identical temperature ranges, we fear she will be disappointed.)

After high school in Holbrook, Nebraska, Dr. Bulkley attended Wesleyan University, at University Place in Lincoln,

Nebraska, where she received her B.S. in medicine. Graduation from the College of Medicine of the University of Nebraska gave her her M.D. Having gained her title officially, she served a year's interneship in the Women's and Children's Hospital, in Chicago, Illinois, following which she practiced at Druce Lake Camp, Lakeville, Illinois, practiced her profession at Hannibal, Missouri, for five years, and last year was the resident physician at the St. Luke Training School.

Dr. Bulkley and her husband, Alfred Bulkley (an engineer at Bendix) drove east from St. Louis, leaving at noon on a Sunday and reaching Towson at six the following Tuesday evening.

Dr. Bulkley is happy in the East, and is more than satisfied with her new surroundings, not only in her new home on Avondale Road in Stoneleigh, but also here at the college. She considers our wide front lawn, our glen, and our buildings beautiful and suitable. And she considers the students "most adept in managing their assemblies."

Dr. Bulkley believes there is mystery in living, and her favorite books are mystery books. She occasionally enjoys a good movie. Classical music appeals to her, but she hasn't the "least objection to swing."

- WINIFRED McCANN.

Homo Sapiens, Perhaps?

E SENT ONE of our Roving Correspondents in to see Dr. Hartley, new faculty heart-throb, and this is what came in. (She was obviously overwhelmed):

"What shall we call him? He looks just like a man but how could any one man have taught in four notable teachers' colleges, and at the same time have been research associate of the Erpi Classroom Films, writing, editing, and directing all social studies pictures?

"How could one single human have been Director of Audio-Visual Education in Albany, New York, and have also taught visual education for the past four summers at Columbia Teachers College?

"Moreover, where could he have found time to be the author of two books, namely, Selected Films for American History and Problems, and Conservation and Citizenship?

"How can one human *now* be audio-visual editor of the magazine, *Social Education*, and national education adviser to the C.B.S 'School of the Air', educational advisor to the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Chairman of the Audio-Visual Committee of the National Council for Social Studies, education advisor to the Committee for

the Study of Pacific Relations, and a contributor to the Encyclopedia of Modern Education, which is now being printed.

"And advisor to Freshman 3 of the college. Believe it! This is Dr. Hartley, ninth male addition to the faculty.

"(Signed) R. S."

Commerce Department

ND WHEN WE sent out another Roving Reporter to see about the Book Shop change, we got this report: "-'Where is Mrs. Clark?' was the main cry on September 22. And 'She has gone away,' was the reply, mimicking Miss McDonald's query-and-response perfectly. Alas, it is true. But we are delighted that her successor is the charming Mrs. Maurice Richardson, whom most of us have met either formally, or informally across the counter.

"Alma mater: Our own State Teachers College.

"Prize possession: Young Jerry, who seeks knowledge and other things within the portals of the Lida Lee Tall School.

"Pet aversions: Thunderstorms and people who rush into the Book Shop, holding a penny in one hand and pointing vaguely in the general direction of the cookie boxes, expecting her to know what cookie to hand them.

"Chief aim: To become familiar with the Book Shop's stock and to learn the price of everything in the building.

"Likes: Good music, working with books, and the friendliness of STC students.

"Thinks: That the cash register is very nice and that the Allies will win the war.

"Admits: That Miss Woodward calls her 'Mrs. Clark' occasionally.

"(Signed) Louise Davis."

Calling Mrs. Miniver

TN SHARP CONTRAST to the fantasies popular in the L cinema today, The City (which we had the opportunity to see early in October) presents a subject which most Americans have been inclined to neglect. From the start, the purpose of the picture is obvious: to make clear that the city of today has outlived its usefulness, and that we should be looking toward decentralization, and the proven-to-be better living conditions which come with decentralization.

It would have added to the value of the picture if the earlier need to constrict houses into close areas so that workers could walk to work had been explained. Today the city reminds us of the airplane which had such a large propeller that it turned the plane. Was the city made for man or man for the city?

The picture's frank (but satirical) exposé was ingeniously contrived. This method (the documentary one) is not new, but it serves to stimulate the individual by giving him a strong dose of reality. Yet isn't this as it should be? Why not? It wakes people up, makes them see reality. But was the intent of the picture merely to show reality and dramatize one of life's bitterer components, or was its intent something a little deeper?

Perhaps there was a little subtlety on Dr. Hartley's part in bringing such a picture to the college. Certainly the film can help us as teachers to contribute a great deal more to the cause which the producers of The City represent, for it gives a concrete message to carry with us to the classroom.

- PAUL HARRIS.

October 21, 1942

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TOWER LIGHT:

We, a committee of ten in the Men's Room, self-appointed, and what not, herewith submit the most astounding mess of gossip ever unearthed at State Teachers College:

IRA EHRLICH met a fox three times in one month without the wolf in him getting a chance to come out. . . The rush to couple with SHIRLEY HENSCHEN in the foyer jam-session is reminiscent of the rush at Post Office windows for war bonds and stamps. . . If you see that picture of "SHARROW kissing TRAVERS," don't believe it. . . Some trickster got ahold of two separate and distinct negatives, and developed them in true sharpster's style. . . Incidentally, rumor has it that SUE is very happy about MICKY'S most convincing talk to his draft

If BARK SPELLMAN could sing, he'd be airing "M'appari" (from von Flotow's "Martha") all the day long. . . MAYNARD WEBSTER still prefers sloe gin, as the saying goes. . . KEN MARTIN has been going around kidding (or is he kidding) the girls about a weakness in his glands. . Note to the yellow convertible: Hitler rides on that empty lap. . . Speaking of convertibles, CULTPMAN has a convertible. CHIPMAN has a convertible Packard with no takers.

JUSTIN case you hadn't heard EVELYN (Pepsodent) FREEMAN smiles (to show her teeth) to the University of Maryland Dental College. . A tooth's a tooth for all that. . . JOHN HACKMAN'S piano antics have finally dotted the "i" in DOROTHY. . . Yeah, we know! There's no "i" in JONES, either. . . Ned Logan is still hitting the ball. . . Remember Elizabethtown, Neddie. . . ESTA has a ducky picture of JACK in trunks and trunks alone. . . SCHKLOVEN and LONDON are carrying on a fine rivalry, 'tis said. . .

THE MEN'S ROOM COMMITTEE

The Illustrious Dunderheads. Edited by Rex Stout, with an introduction by Frank Sullivan. New York: A. Knopf. 1942.

THE TOWER LIGHT would never embarrass anyone here by suggesting that a voter's handbook should find a good market at the college. This we will not say. But we will say that it is a very good idea, as the newspaper PM puts it, to know a good congressman from a bad one. (It so happens that on the standards maintained by the Messrs. Stout and Sullivan, Maryland doesn't have a single "bad" legislator.) You may ask, "What connection have I with 'bad' congressmen from other states?" According to PM (and to logical thinking) the connection is this: some other state may elect a "bad" man, and therefore you should make it your business to find, and to elect the "good" men from your own state, and make no mistake about it!

Plainly, then, The Illustrious Dunderheads is a voters' handbook on the negative side. Hear ye! Hear ye, hear ye. These are the culprits who before (Pearl Harbor), and even now, are mouthing the same words that Adolf Hitler would have mercenaries mouth if he could reach them with enough money. These are the men who are doing Hitler's dirty work (preliminary to the coup d'état) at no cost to him, but at great loss to morale in America. The Illustrious Dunderheads, heartily recommended by Walter Winchell on a recent broadcast, rips down the Senate and the House in alphabetical order, picking threads from speeches or CR (Congressional Record) insertions which these "bad" men made. And, sure enough, if you read them, you'll see a marked similarity, to say the least, between these and the words of Dr. Goebbels (may his name be erased!)

You can't really say anything bad about a book like this, since it is written from a point of view essential to survival, whether after a one-, three-, or even ten-years' war. The Nyes, Wheelers, Johnsons, the Hoffmans, the Walshes, the Hamfishes the Champ Clarks and the D. Worth Clarks (to name but a few) are those who stand out in our new history as men who placed and still place Roosevelt-hate above Hitler- and Fascism-hate. For this alone they should never be forgiven. But the fact that their peculiar way of looking at American life renders them prone to associate with the native and, yes, even foreign, fascists, should also render them in their constituents' eyes as unfit for further service in any capacity. Incidentally, this is an awful reflection on a democratic congress.

— M.

Three Men on a Raft

Perhaps the most striking recent example of man's ability to cope with his environment is that provided by *The Raft*,

a documentary account by Robert Trumbull of three American Naval fliers forced down somewhere in the Pacific Ocean and of their efforts to remain alive by manning a small, unequipped rubber raft until land could be reached. Orift for thirty-four days, they covered a thousand miles and suffered double that number of hardships from hunger, thirst, exposure before arriving at the unknown island from which they were rescued. In a sense, *The Raft* is almost psychological in nature, the reactions of thinking men under the most trying conditions having been set forth with the utmost fidelity. Briefly, this account of human endurance tells of an accomplishment which ranks among man's most admirable and is written in the only possible manner, simply and directly.

Country Cozzens

In The Just and the Unjust, as meticulous and exacting a piece of writing as one is likely to find, John Gould Cozzens builds about a small-town murder trial a theme of far greater import, questioning as he does law as the guarantee of justice and justice as the constant in a democratic system. Behind each of his especially well-drawn characters lies a legal or ethical philosophy, each out of harmony with the other; and through te media of is caracters Mr. Cozzens allows us to witness and compare each of these philosophies at variance with the others. The plot is an intricate but perfect structure with every detail in proper place and proportion, and the story holds the interest at all times by the sheer power of its unmystical and somehow disturbing matter-of-factness.

A Revolution Within a Revolution

Tap Roots, an historical novel by James Street, is similar to Margaret Mitchell's enormously popular display of climaxes (GWTW) in several respects and is deserving of far more merit in quite a few of these respects. Street's novel is characterized by a particularly blunt but good and intelligent interpretation of certain little-understood phases of our Civil War; his characters are of the GWTW type — a hussy for a heroine and a blackguard for a hero—but they are nonetheless fascinating. The plot concerns Lebanon, a county of Mississippi, and the situation which resulted when that state withdrew from the Union. The people of Lebanon, Union sympathizers, promptly seceded from the state itself, thereby creating a fine literary opportunity. Tap Roots is close-knit and genuinely exciting and in addition to being a good story, is good history.

— W. W.

Passion Play Slated for Lyric Stage

Students here will be interested to learn of the forthcoming Black Hills Passion Play production, listed for the stage of the Lyric Theatre for this coming Sunday, October 25. The spectacle will be played through November 8, giving room and time sufficient for the huge crowds which are expected.

The Black Hills group represents a direct relationship to the very first Passion Play in dramatic history, that in Luenen, Westphalia, dating back to 1242. Josef Meier, who portrays the "Christus," first appeared in such plays in the role of the Christ Child when he was only ten weeks old, and is of the seventh generation of religious actors.

Coming to Baltimore with a cast of 100, and heralded as "the greatest drama of all times," the Black Hills Passion Play will be seen in nightly performances beginning at 8:15 P. M., in daily weekday matinees, at 1:30 P. M., and in three Sunday matinees.

Target for Tonight On View, Nov. 24

The highly recommended R. A. F. film, "Target For Tonight," which Quentin Reynolds calls "superb," is coming to the college for a special showing, it was made known this week.

The film will be on loan from the Maryland Academy of Sciences, in Baltimore, which exhibited "Target For Tonight" with unmeasured success recently. Dr. E. Curt Walther exerted special effort toward securing the print, since it should prove quite helpful to the men now taking Aeronautics. The showing is slated for November 24.

College Gets \$1000 Scholarship Loan Fund

Meet the Managing Editor

Introducing the TL's newest (and quite vital) staff member: Virginia MacConney, managing editor.

Miss MacConney returns to State Teachers College after a year's leave of absence during which time she partook of that delicate morsel called "work." She would have acquired her degree this past June, but now will have to wait her time.

For identification: Miss MacConney is very tall, nice to look at, and knows her stuff around the TL office.

She is a graduate of the Forest Park High School, Baltimore, and thus should find plenty of company about the college with prep affections in common.

S.G. A. Dance Friday, 13th

But definitely, the Student Government Association's Harvest Dance is set for Friday, November 13.

The announcement from S. G. A. officials came early this week, and the Dance Committee has already begun work to make the first stop on the young social season a rousing success.

Something novel in the way of aesthetic effects has been promised by the Decorations Committee, headed by Billie Smith, a senior. All the smooth rhythms will be thrust on a background of cornstalks and pumpkins, it has been hinted.

As yet the orchestra is unnamed; but the price schedule is available, admissions running from \$.99 to \$.99, tax included. Dr. Wiedefeld has announced the presentation to the college of a new student loan. The gift, one of one thousand dollars, was donated by Mrs. Grace Boryer Downin, and will bear her name.

Mrs. Downin expressed the wish that the money be "loaned to students who are in need of financial aid."

Mrs. Downin was an elementary school teacher in the schools of Hagerstown, and has done supervisory work in the primary grades of Washington County. She is well known throughout the county for the work she did both for teachers and children.

Dr. Wiedefeld, in a prepared statement issued to the Tower Light, expresed particular gratitude "to Mrs. Downin for her most generous gift, since she is not one of our alumnae."

Who Is This Mary Fisher?

In case you haven't yet heard (and chances are you haven't) STC has new neighbors, and these are students and faculty of Goucher College, in Baltimore, who are living currently in the heart of Towson.

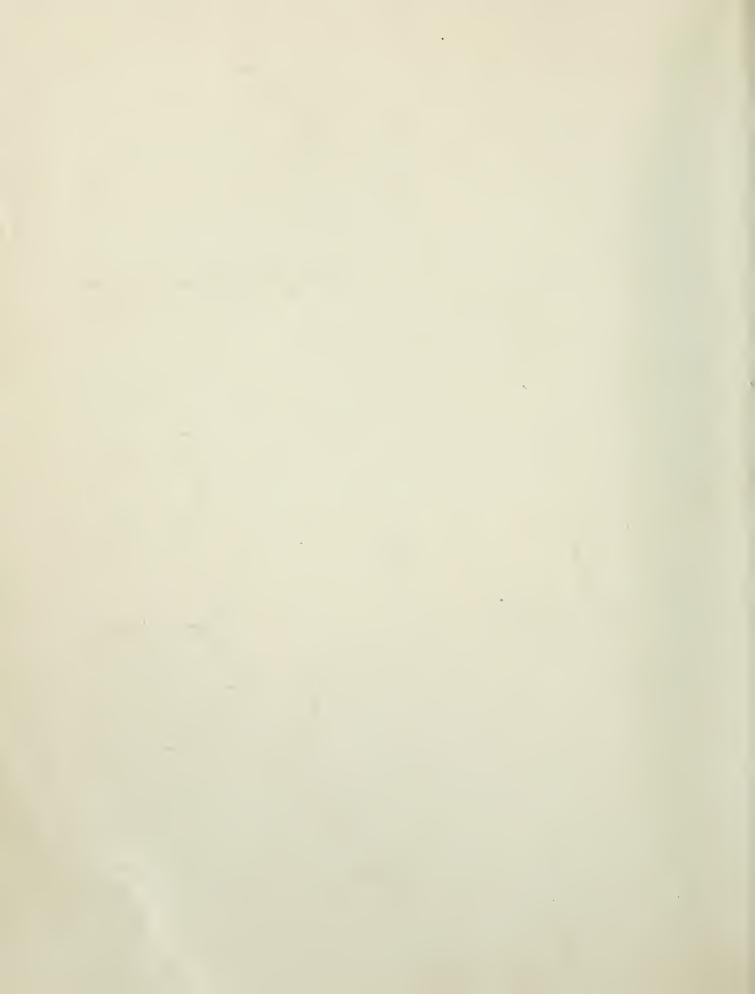
The dormitory building is known as Mary Fisher Hall, we learn from a recent addition of the Goucher College Weekly, which has just reached our desk

An interesting item from Weekly, which appears to be well edited and made up, indicates that Goucherites hurrying to and from Towson are becoming very much conscious of street-

Quoting the same edition of Weekly, "you play a gussing game with yourself for a few minutes, and decide when you're supposed to give the conductor the ticket from those 'famous' pink books." . . . "Have you ever wondered what a can of sardines felt like?"

TOWER LIGHT





THE TOWER LIGHT

VOLUME XVI • NUMBER 2

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER • 1942





TURKISH & DOMESTIC
BLEND
CIGARETTES

GYROSCOPE GIRL — Pretty Rosemary Gregory (above)
calibrates automatic directional devices at a Sperry
Gyroscope Co. plant, and she's just as partial to Camels
as the fighting men who depend on her precision. She
says: "Camels suit me better all ways. For my taste
and my throat, Camels are tops with a capital "T'!"

The Tower Light

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VOLUME XVI, NUMBER 2

November-December, 1942

Thanksgiving: 1942

THANKSGIVING THIS YEAR HAD A PARTICU-Larly direct touch on the life of the college. Or perhaps it would be well to remember that this year, for the first time since a good many people here can remember, Thanksgiving was not traditionally observed, since classes, were scheduled for that day. But we can draw a serviceable purpose from the cancellation of the regular holiday period. After the fashion of the sermonizers, we can truly say that Thanksgiving is an occasion for giving thanks only when we have something to be thankful for. It is obvious that if we give too much time to the rendering of thanks in these crucial times, it may happen ultimately that many of the things we should even now wish to show gratitude for will have disappeared. It is no longer (as it was as recently as one year ago) far-fetched to draw analogies between a soldier's sacrifice in his fox-hole and a student's smaller gifts back in the old home college. It is no longer "silly" to accuse college students of softness, in their refusal to make sacrifices which are infinitesimal compared to other, braver sacrifices. Perhaps we are waxing too strong in our language. Time has shown that any language which will help save some of the institutions we love is commendable language, speech to be desired.

This Is War!

ATEST WRINKLES OF THE WAR'S EFFECT ON STC were the restrictions of expenditures on, and consolidation of Class and SGA dances by the newly-formed and quick-acting War Policies Committee. This has been one of the most definite answers yet in our school life to the Government's plea to cut down on unnecessary expenses for the duration of the war. That a certain amount of the proceeds of every dance shall go directly into the war effort is also in harmony with the Government's requests.

Students should not think of this action as excessive administrative jurisdiction, since the War Policies Committee is a joint faculty-student group, and represents the democratic interaction which is always supposed to exist between the students and administration. The restrictions need not curtail the social programs of the classes as the WPC had the acumen to contrive combined-class dances to insure that the quality of the affairs would not be impaired. We may not be able to have the more lavish decorations in which we formerly indulged at such social functions; yet these would hardly be in tune with intelligent thinking in such times as these.

The false optimism currently prevalent in the minds of American people that we are all-powerful and it is merely a matter of months before the militaristic hordes of Hitler and Hirohito will be crushed is responsible for their unwillingness to give up petty luxuries. As college students we are well aware of the exigencies of the national emergency and the effect of such attitudes on the war effort. It is time now to realize sacrifice in terms of concrete action. The course is to adjust rapidly and intelligently to any requirements the War Policies Committee should find necessary to impose, as they have proven their ability to put us on an all-out production basis.

— P. H.

Principles of Practice

TO STUDENT-TEACH OR NOT TO STUDENT-L teach is the problem now before the Administration in regard to the men students. With the recent passage of the I8-19-year-old draft and Eisenhower's offensive in Africa, it is doubtful whether many men will be left in the college after March or June. Administrative approval of the abolition of at least one term of student teaching for the men students is evident in the fact that the present seniors are now taking the military plan and that we even have such a plan in a school where there are so few men. The worth of such a plan is obvious. Current events in the war show a great need for men and especially specialists. In the colleges is a wealth of manpower capable of becoming trained in essential fields in a short time. Any delay in getting such training now mustneeds have an undesirable effect on the successful prosecution, and final outcome of the war.

Naturally, the elimination of both terms of student-teaching is neither justifiable nor the issue. After this dizzy world untangles itself, it is not likely that the men would want to come back to the school.

The consistent policy of the administration thus far to correlate the school's activities with the nation's war effort has been very logical and successful, showing clear thinking and discrimination before making any changes.

It is only to be hoped, therefore, that in the last analysis when the gap is jumped — that is the gap between war's demands and current practice-teaching policies — it will be jumped in such a way as to insure once more the quality of Maryland's teachers now, and after the war, and in a way which will reflect credit upon all concerned. The men themselves seem to feel that one term should be eliminated. Trends in administrative pronouncements have indicated a similar, if not more extreme, proclivity. Whatever the feeling inside, however, this is one issue that ought to be pushed off the block at the earliest possible junction-point.

The Board Is Up

SOME OF THE MORE ARTICULATE OF THE upperclassmen have expressed rather hearty dissatisfaction with what to them seems an abuse of administrative power. A glance at page 6 will show adequately a sampling of some of the comments which have been heard. Perhaps it would be well to keep in mind the fact that the letter's author is himself (or herself) a member of the Executive Board, during whose sessions the "interferences" were alleged to have taken place.

It has been argued, we might say in preface, that we should not have printed the letter, since the facts involved are exclusively the Executive Board's property, and hence the writer should have been "man enough" either to speak out against the alleged wrongs while they were being done, and in the presence of the person charged, or to retire with his (or her) mouth closed.

Well, the fact is, we have printed the letter, because we felt no matter how confidential the matter was, it was bothering someone, and that was sufficient cause. But before we printed, we went around to Dr. Dowell to ask him in all fairness for a reply. This request he declined, since he felt the "charges" were not sufficiently concrete or particularized, and further, that in replying, he would necessarily divulge much Executive Board business, which we in turn must assume to be secret.

Looking behind the Executive Board's secret-holding, of which we never approved, and behind the very structure of the Board, as defined in the very recent constitution — in large, looking behind the general system of doing business, we may safely define the issue as being one of your conception of what an advisor is. Is he to be a faculty yes-man, or

2

a faculty no-man? Is he present to help people (students) grow out in any conceivable healthy direction, or is his presence intended to make for growth along one line (his) and at one pace (again his). We ourselves are not yet sure. We will, however, say something that has bothered us for a long time. Wherever administrational powers are well defined, student initiative is lessened in proportion. According to the extent of administrative work here, there remain very few areas in which student-governors could make errors, and none of them serious. Why, then, shouldn't they be allowed to make mistakes, and ask an advisor, when they want to, the best possible learnings those same errors might offer?

- H. M. L.

Cover Credits

ISTEN, GIRLS! WE REALLY DID OUR BEST ON that cover. We are quite sure that there will be a great deal of dissatisfaction with our choice, since differences of opinion on such a subject are inevitable. For example, one Senior man is certain as we write this that the "lucky girl" is not Stang, but Henschen.

However these things may be, we don't see how any fair-minded individual could say that our cover idea was a failure. It was probably the best thing that ever happened to the Tower Light, and if we needed proof for that statement, we could point to the amount of interest which the cover project has awakened in a once-sleepy Tower Light. While we're gloating, however, we should put in a good word for Burt Lock, who snapped the super-pic, in fact, all the pictures, assisted by Dr. Caspar Boniface. Credit is also due the staff as a whole, who managed to keep the choice secret until tomorrow morning.

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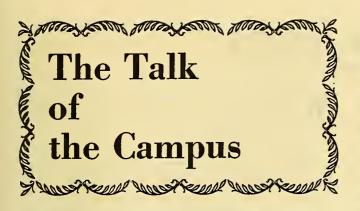
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THEN THE TOWER LIGHT LAST MONTH ANnounced its intention to ferret out a cover girl for the current issue, a lot of stir was created among the student body. What many students probably failed to notice was the interest which a member of the English staff displayed in the methods of selection, and in the ultimate choice herself. The instructor we have in mind used several means to attain his own ends. First, he named a few of his own candidates no small task anywhere. In addition, he took the editor on a long walk one day to introduce the latter, as it were, to the freshman girls, from among whom the cover was a certainty to come. We might go so far as to say that although his advice influenced the editors but little, the inspiration and push that he provided certainly meant a great deal. The season was quite ripe for investigations, it would seem. We were, indeed, fascinated by his methods. The few men remaining might take a good many pointers from him.

OFF-HAND, WE SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT Mr. Harold Moser's preoccupation in the past with the subject of mental discipline of the formal variety would have put a crimp in serious talk of such matters. As matters have turned out, there has been a revival of the doctrine. A math instructor at the college has been saying in no uncertain tones that "mathematics is supposed to make you honest, to develop your thinking powers, isn't it?" Sic transit glorial

WE LIKE TO THINK ABOUT THE DAY DR. HART-ley walked into Fr. 6's class, said his usual "Good Morning, Kiddies," and announced: "Right now I should put down a straight F for everyone of you." The sitters just kept on sitting. Surely this cannot be the good professor himself, they thought he — the shatterer of our historical illusions! Came the end of his oration. "... Not one of you asked me to dance with you at the SGA dance, and I looked so pretty that my better 9/10's nearly made me stay home."

THE GOOD DOCTOR, THOUGH, HAS CAPTURED the student body by a veritable storm. His infinitely piercing sense of humor (as one person put it) brings him practically to the forefront of the faculty humorists. Even while con-

ducting Wednesday's gym classes, he finds time to toss off (between breaths) a nifty gag here and there, which even Ted Katenkamp sees fit to chuckle at. He wrestles like a pro, and smiles. . . . (If we wanted to be poetic we could really describe his smile. But who cares?)

WE WERE FORTUNATE IN BEING THE FIRST OF the reporters to interview Miss Doris Stang on the subject of how it feels to be a cover girl. When talk of such a selection began, many of our colleagues both among students and the faculty seemed to think she was the logical choice. One sincere person told us, for example, that "her teeth are wonderful." We'll leave that for you to decide. Sad to say, Miss Stang doesn't talk too freely, and to pry information from her was rather difficult. We did manage to wheedle such details as her age, and the last school she attended, but these are minor. (She is 18, by the way, and is a graduate of Eastern High.) We couldn't find out what she likes, since she was gracious enough to leave that to our judgment. (Forsooth, Miss Stang thinks the school is a great place; only, some of the people in it . . .). Her friends call her "Stinky." We know the staff will be severely criticized, but we'll stick to our guns, always. Doesn't that make you feel wonderful, Stinky?

IT'S NOT EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK, NOR EVERY week that we have the good fortune to receive, or to dedicate a new gymnasium. The spirit in which the recent job was carried on, credit going to both faculty and to students, is quite the thing to write about, since such spirit is not manifest here as often as twice in three years. We refer, of course, to Physical Fitness Day earlier this month, on which occasion the faculty blushingly cleaned out its sportscupboard (or hurriedly acquired new goods) in order to look physically fit. What we mean is super-physically fit. But no single teacher could touch the simply ravishing Superman created by the Juniors, and borne by Warren (Himself) Wendler. All we want to ask is two questions: First, what was so d-n funny about the men's exhibition(ism)? and secondly, where and when do those hard-working girls (so they say!) find time to acquire such precision? I don't know; my name ain't Carmen!

THE NEXT FEW WORDS ARE GOING TO ROLL off our tongue with immeasurable glee. For years now (ever since we were sixteen) we've been asking every fairly intelligent looking individual whether he'd ever read Dos Passos. Ever so often the answer would be "no," but here and there we managed to persuade someone to read him, and sure enough, everybody was happy. Dos Passos' books, incidentally, must be asked for at Enoch Pratt. We had just finished reading The Big Money, third in the trilogy, when we came across the entire (Continued on page 8)

TO ALL YOU CITY STUDENTS WHO HAVE never lived in the dorm, we herewith submit a brief account of what you have been missing by not bunking out in Richmond Hall:

- 1. Those wonderful sessions held by a certain exclusive group, the range of whose topics includes Religion and Philosophy, but whose favorites, as one member so aptly put it, are Men, Music, and Clothes.
- 2. That party in the kitchen at which we danced with a cup of cider in one hand, stopping now and then to grab a handful of hot-buttered pop-
- 3. That night we all went up to Shirley Hicks' room to see color-slides of May Day, travels, and, of course, Kenny.

corn with the other hand..

- 4. The farm! We've been here four years, nearly, and didn't know that 100 yards back of Dr. Wiedefeld's house you hit the rural atmosphere, what with pigs, cows, and horses. For any info on the little orphan pig, see Billie Smith.
- 5. The smoker, any week-end night except Sunday after 12,

with singing ranging from Christmas carols in July to Navy songs the year round. All us unluckies, who are convinced we were born about three years too soon hang around to hear what the Freshmen did on their dates.

- 6. Those sessions of listening to good music, when work is neglected for a worthier cause. I'm afraid if I play "One O'Clock Jump" now, Toodles will disown me. And I do like a good jam-session mixed in with my Bach and Debussy.
- 7. The rumpus we always have after the Halowe'en Party. Maybe you wouldn't have minded getting wet washcloths in your face, mops in your back, and blitz of tincans and waste-baskets every ten minutes. And, did you see Alice Blackiston at the party as a South Sea Islander? Strictly on the sharp side. That latest escort of hers is pretty neat, too.

WE THINK THAT'S A PRETTY CUTE LABEL Jule Wright put on the sweater she made for Bill: "Jule's Midnight Oil Co."

Toodles, ma cherie, do you still speak French? We notice that those Lamda Chi letters are still coming in.

Under the heading of people you can't irk comes Kenneth Martin. We've tried him on every subject from music to women. It's just no go.

Neat

They can ration sugar and all that goes with it, but clothes will still be the chief topic of conversation. There are a few males, but heck - we still have to look at each other, so let's keep looking solid. Men's Editor's Note -You mean begin looking solid, don't you? And even if we can't get those dreamy nylon jobs, what do we care? We wonder what the "bhoys" think of those Veronica Lake hair-do's among the freshmen? I like Shirley Hicks' lisle hose, Jean Benson's shirt-and-skirt effect, and Schutz's fifteen blouses of any color you can name.

In A COLLEGE WHERE THE NUMber of girls outweighs the number of men by so much as do the women here, the fair sex ought to have more attention centered on it by the college's one and only organ. As much as we dislike saying it, Towson can almost be called a women's college without too much deviation from truth. Therefore we should probably be entitled to seven-eighths of the Tower Light as it now stands, and twenty-three/twenty-fourths of a 24-page TL. This is your page, girls! Wish it well.

Slick Drag

WE, THE DAY STUDENTS, HAVE LOVINGLY nick-named our smoker the Den of Iniquity. Possibly you may hear a slight noise as you pass our door at lunchtime. This, to us, is only the familiar cat session in progress. The fact that the gals of the smoker, representing the freshman, sopohomore, junior, and senior classes, are one big happy family (all intensely interested in what goes on in each other's lives) may be shown by a brief list of current topics. To wit: Georgette's setting of a wedding date; Leslie's reconciliation after four months; Henry's sore toe; Katherine's new hair-do; Shirley's troubles; Kitty's new man; Virginia's recent letters, and so on.

Got a match? ... You owe me one! ... Who threw the apple core in the basket? ... Close the door! ... Lend me your homework. ... I didn't do one thing last night!

- SMOKY JOE.

Speech of the Decimated

THE OTHER DAY WE RECEIVED A LETTER from one of the better known among the men-geniuses here, on the matter of teachers' salaries. His cry joins the myriad plaints of teachers and prospective teachers for more pay. He was very careful to disclaim any feeling that the joy of working with children (undeniably present) or the thrill of doing things "socially significant" could compensate for the denial of adequate living conditions.

His case was good; but he humorously suggested a kind of violence, which did not sit well with some of those who read it. We have omitted the letter, but make this comment.

A faculty member who read the letter told us that violence

was not necessary; that if "teachers yelled long enough and loud enough for what they want, they would surely get it."

We certainly wish we could echo her sentiment, But it is true only so far as it goes. There are too many unsocial teachers who will not help in yelling. They have arrived and are satisfied with their lot. They will not join the newer, lower-grade teachers (because it would not pay them to do so at all). However you feel, something ought to be done about salaries; and with all the light that has been shed, perhaps a little heat might help.

Maryland State Teachers College at Towson do hereby proclaim that we have submitted long enough to the Amazon-like society which has prevailed here. Furthermore, through this, our page in the Tower Light, we shall endeavor to create an awareness of our thoughts and views on all vital topics. We have kept silent long enough. Our purpose is to dominate in all matters which concern us, regardless of who may be criti-

cized or raked over the coals. Let not the tone

of this month's page deceive you; we are out

to put hair on the chest of the Tower LIGHT.

Conceit

What people would ordinarily call self-centered. But when it came time to select a cover-girl for the current Tower Light, we respectfully suggested to the editor that there was not a single girl in the school whom we could suggest for the signal honor. Therefore, said we, the best possible cover would be one depicting Ralph Barrett and the Men's Editor (Katz) in the dazzling numbers which they wore at a recent student-government meeting. In fact, we have heard people, even some who were "good friends and admirers" of the final

cover-girl, say that that would be the best idea we could think of.

So consider this, please, as a sort of protest against the selection that the TL made. We of the men's page would hardly be surprised if a rival magazine were begun on the smoldering embers of this latest issue.

Refugees

THE LATEST IN STORIES about refugees has to do with one of the painters who recently worked on our buildings. He approached me one afternoon and, with a heavy German accent,

inquired as to how long the school day was. When I had answered, he informed that he was through with colleges. This seemed a strange statement, so I asked him to explain.

It seems that our friend attended "four or five colleges in Europe"; however, the longing for the sea was strong in his blood, and he got a job on a boat. He advanced rapidly, and soon obtained the position of first mate on that lordly vessel, the Bremen. Things were pleasant enough until Germany went to war. Then, on the Bremen's well-known last trip to this country, our painter decided he'd rather remain here. German authorities barred his way, however, so he took matters in his own hands. The day of the ship's departure, he hit on a daring plan. When the boat had cleared port, he dove overboard and swam to shore. Once he was safe in America, the German authorities could do nothing.

When America went to war, all enemy aliens were forbidden to work on ships, hence he became a painter and subsequently obtained his present job.

In Service

ON DECEMBER 7, 1941, THIS COLLEGE WENT to war. Many of our graduates entered the service; and some undergraduates have left their college careers incomplete to heed the call to the colors. Of those fortunate enough to have remained in school, many have already enlisted in branches of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps reserves.

The men to date who have signed up are:

JOHN BAREHAM, ERC RALPH BARRETT, ERC JAMES CHEATHAM, V-7 NOLAN CHIPMAN, V-7 JACK- HACKMAN,

Army Air Corps PAUL HARRIS, ERC HAROLD KATZ, ERC BURTON LOCK, ERC HARRY LONDON, V-7 KENNETH MARTIN,
Army Air Corps
JOHN McCAULEY, ERC
CARLISLE REFOE, V-7
ITZ SCHKLOVEN,

Army Air Corps SAM SHARROW, USMCR BARK SPELLMAN, ERC MAYNARD WEBSTER, V-7

G. I.

The Forum

FROM FAR AND WIDE LETTERS REACH US from former students and graduates in the armed forces. I would like you to note the number of our boys who have just recently been shipped over. The fact that there is a war on strikes nearer and nearer home when we read of the boys "next door" and classmates serving overseas. Perhaps my next statement will sound a bit sentimental, but it is the truth. The happiest moment in a soldier's day is the delivery of the mail and I quote from the letter of a commissioned officer. Add to all your other good traits consideration for others!

The most recent mail comes from the United States, Engand, and "somewhere in the Pacific."

Lieut. Bernard A. Phelps, Jr., care of Postmaster, San Francisco, California:

It seems the lieutenant found a copy of the *Jeffersonian* in one of the officers' clubs which listed some of the girls he knew as cadets. He thinks it "sounds classy." Lieut. Phelps wants to know if we have a spare Tower Light. You bet, Bernard, and it's practically on its way.

Another letter from Lieut. Carville Lauenstein, stationed on the west coast, reveals that he is busy scooping sand and dust out of his eyes, hair, and clothes. Lieut. Lauenstein is on maneuvers, but expects to be finished soon. He is blissfully picturing himself on the road to Hollywood, en route to see La Turner and Lamarr before his company is sent overseas.

Midshipman Henry Astrin writes from Chicago that he expects to arrive in Baltimore shortly, if given liberty. By the time this is read, he will have already paid his visit.

Private Lee Woolf claims he enjoys army life very much with a few exceptions, these being:

"Another phase of army life is the wearing of field jackets. Now if it is cold, we aren't allowed to use them, but if the weather is hot that's the time to wear them.

"If it drizzles or rains slightly, we go indoors and train; if torrents descend, we stay outside and get soaking wet."

Keep your chin up, Lee; you know you like it!

Luther Cox, who is in England, when not working, is having a grand time seeing the sights. He says:

"The Cathedrals are beautiful; so majestic and immense from the outside and amazingly constructed. While on the inside, one is met by the beauty and splendor due only to the great influence of God alone.

"I am going to try to get off October 10 to attend a National soccer game between England and Scotland. This is right down my alley."

Shortly after this one, another letter was received stating that Lou had previously spent three weeks in an American hospital and was just returning to combat duty.

- KITTY CRAGG.

To the Editor of the Tower LIGHT:

The recent attempt of the SGA to define its powers and to assume full control in those matters which fall within its jurisdiction is, I think, a fine idea. The new constitution and recent legislation all are pointed in the direction of full student control in their own realm (that is, non-administrative). The next step, I believe, is for the students to act on their own more often. By this I mean more student-initiated action. The SGA advisor doesn't vote but to listen in on the Executive Board meetings, one would think it was a student-faculty affair rather than a student affair. The advisor should give his advice when asked for it or if his intervention is needed. Let the students make mistakes — they won't be serious ones. In theory, the SGA is a student affair. Let's keep it that way in fact.

-- Y.

To the Editor of the Tower LIGHT:

There is a lack of consistency in the business of calling black black and white white. In the laying down of administrative regulations governing student activities a neutral gray tone pervades. There is lip-service to honor, self-government, self-respect, and several other virtues. All of which is somewhat commendable, becoming, however, condemnable in light of administrative action. Contrasted to regulations, administrative criticism and lightning raids and reprisals appear ultimately black or white, but never, never gray.

... It is a well-known fact that during the history of the college, non-compulsory assemblies have never been well attended. Compulsory assemblies served the dual purpose of filling the auditorium and showing a seeming respect to the speaker while making the program available to all.

A compulsory plan may appear on the surface juvenile, and superimposed. But here again the factor of consistency is important. There can be no class cuts, so classes are seldom cut. And in the days of compulsory assemblies, these were seldom cut. However, when a laissez faire attitude prevails concerning assemblies, there is bound to be a pendular reaction, resulting in widespread avoidance of non-compulsory assemblies. Then, sudden as a thunderclap, administrative "down the back stairs" investigation, rebukes, and the attendant bad feelings on both sides.

- A Whole Section.

... Attached to the above letter, was another "brief" in which "A Whole Section," (probably a Senior section) poured forth angry comment because they weren't going to get a commencement. They will be glad to know, if they do not already, that the Seniors will have a commencement — Saturday afternoon, January 30, 1943. — The Editor.

See Here, Private Hargrove, by Marion Hargrove. New York: Henry Holt, 1942.

PEOPLE ON THE STREET-CAR THE OTHER DAY smiled discreetly to themselves and said, "I guess they just let her out." I am referring to myself, whose sudden outbursts of laughter and giggles cause the smiling, and the accompanying chatter. But right here and now, I should like to throw the blame upon Marion Hargrove, whom most of us know better by now as the author of that dainty little morsel, See Here, Private Hargrove, a buck's tale of his trials and tribulations as a member (not honorary) in the rear ranks.

See Here, Private Hargrove would make a fine introduction to army life for the men here and abroad who are now without knowledge of the treatment they will receive in the armed forces.

The book is so human that Private Hargrove seems to be sitting next to you, relating his tales of army life. The book, without a doubt, would cause the sorriest looking of souls to roar with laughter. Private Hargrove represents the nogood boy down the street who was drafted. Special attention is given to those most deserving gentlemen, the sergeants.

To give a concrete example of the material included, one may comfortably cite the following:

"Lingerie Note: Our winter uniforms were issued to us today, and since we had the afternoon off, we spent all our time before retreat trying on the pretties and parading before each other. The cloths were all wool, and the temperature was all heat, but all was vanity.

"From wrist to ankle, we will be clothed this winter in twopiece ensembles of a color halfway between baby-blue and rabbit-gray. The undershirts are cut on a sweat-shirt pattern and are form fitting enough to send all Hollywood designers into frenzies of envy.

"I like mine so well I'm going to have pictures made of me in them. Won't the boys back home be jealous!"

See Here, Private Hargrove is a law and a book unto itself.

— K. C.

The Anti-fascists

Seventh Cross, by Anna Seghers. New York: Little, Brown, 1942.

HITLER'S REGIME, IF IT HAS DONE NOTHING else, has been responsible for a veritable flood of significant and not-so-significant literature, serving as inspiration for many novels, good and bad. Definitely among the good is Anna Segher's *The Seventh Cross*, a potent and commanding mixture of realism and idealism. The novel says, in essence, that although man may be assailed to the very core of his being, yet that core itself remains uninjured and inviolable; and it is about this "democratic" theme that Miss

Seghers has fashioned her brilliant story. Her directness of treatment coupled with her sincerity and honesty prove to be major reasons for the excellence of the novel and are in the long run more effective than the ingenuity alone which Rogue Male and Escape — both roughly in the same category — had to offer. In one respect, however, she has failed; her villains lack character; they possess no qualities which would distinguish them from the Nazi villains of secondrate novelists. This fault is easy to overlook, perhaps because we wish to; perhaps because we desire to think of every Nazi as the incarnation of evil. This treatment of villains is good wartime policy, but poor art.

Whodunit?

Cradled in Fear, by Anita Boutell. Boston: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1942.

IF YOU DESIRE A NOVEL WHICH WILL STIMU-1 late you to anger less than Miss Segher's interpretation of Nazi fanaticism, but which is likely to thrill you almost as much, the reader may be referred to Anita Boutell's Cradled in Fear. It begins calmly enough, but grows increasingly taut and interesting. Rarely, I believe, has this technique been so effectively used. The plot concerns a murder and contains many other ingredients of an ordinary mystery story; however, the presence of many psychological twists and ingenious detours make it difficult to place it in the crime-detective category. Miss Boutell's heroine marries into an ancient family and becomes mistress of an unpleasant mansion. She becomes increasingly aware by painful degrees that something is amiss. A series of anti-climaxes is skillfully reached, culminating in a climactic coup for which neither the heroine or the reader is prepared. We must recommend it for its atmosphere, its sureness, and its tension.

Wisconsin's Point

Radio in the Classroom. By Wisconsin Research Project in School Broadcasting. Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin Press, 1942.

This is the second review. The first, of a more scholarly nature, was too long for Tower Light's pages. Any wishing to examine the more extended account of the experiment may consult the reviewer.

— THE EDITOR.

A RE radio broadcasts to the schools worth the money it costs to produce them? Is the busy teacher justified in taking time from an already overcrowded curriculum in order to make use of radio lessons? To answer questions such as these a group of educators at the University of Wisconsin, acting under a grant of funds from the General

Education Board, five years ago began a series of experiments in the effectiveness of education by radio. This little volume contains an account of the progress of the experiments and a statistical analysis of the findings of the project.

The social studies experiment will serve us here as an example of the procedure employed and the results obtained. A series of broadcasts on "community living," aiming at the development of interests, appreciations, attitudes, and the acquisition of functional information concerning various phases of Wisconsin life, were prepared and presented over the air. Seven selected schools received these broadcast lessons each week and discussed the material under the guidance and leadership of their teachers. Seven comparable schools studied the same material utilizing any method they wished except the radio broadcasts. Now, granted that the groups were equal in every respect except for the experimental factor, the broadcasts, which group do you think showed the greatest gain in general knowledge about the community?

That's right, you're wrong! As far as interests, appreciations, and information were concerned, the control groups (those who did not use the radio) outgained the radio groups, but the differences were not statistically significant. In attitudes the radio produced significantly greater changes. The appreciation and information scores of the brighter pupils in the radio group showed greater gains than the pupils with lower I. Q. scores. Similar results were obtained in the experiments conducted in sixth and seventh grade geography. As a matter of fact, only in the field of music did the results consistently favor the radio group. On the other hand the questionnaires from teachers and pupils indicated an almost unanimous approval of, and enthusiasm for school broadcasts.

How is the earnest teacher to interpret the results of this experimental study? Can he ask his pupils to listen to broadcasts if by the use of vigorous and more conventional teaching methods they may obtain just as good if not better results? It is interesting to note what the Wisconsin experimentors have decided in this respect. They are going ahead with their program of broadcasts. How do they justify their stand? They point out that radio increases the number, variety, and intensity of children's interests. It introduces a new voice, a new vitality into the classroom. It lends variety and richness to instructions, and it is an ideal medium for sharpening the attitudes of the pupils.

With the conclusions of the Wisconsin experimentors your reviewer is in hearty concurrence. As the educator develops techniques for utilizing modern technological advances their true worth will become more and more apparent and education will throb with life, adventure, and the joy of living in a fine free world.

- W. H. HARTLEY.

Philosophy

Education and Society. By Smith, S., Cressman, G., and Speer, R. The Dryden Press: New York, 1942.

EDUCATION AND SOCIETY WAS WRITTEN TO supply a need of students for information about the teaching profession in language unhampered by pedagogical verbiage. In it the authors analyze the various social and professional problems of the American system of education. It may be slightly disconcerting to the uninitiated to have it proved by facts and figures that education in America is neither free nor democratic. However, the purposes of the volume are "to define problems, and stimulate thought rather than to convince and convert." The book has significant value for the individual interest in the future development of education in America.

- HAZEL WOODWARD.

Talk of the Campus

(Continued from page 3) threesome in our own library. We grabbed the book first thing, and promised ourselves the luxury of buying our personal copy soon.

Upon considerable inquiry, we managed to find that the trilogy (*The 42nd Parallel, 1919*, and *The Big Money*) reached a hallowed spot on the shelves through the request of Mr. Millar, who told us he would "like to see more books of this type," in fact many more musts for college students. And from the way he spoke, we could just see the stacks growing.

MR. MILLER GAVE US THE OPPORTUNITY REcently to examine the glossary of slang compiled by Freshman 6, that class which combines brains and looks in excellent proportion. We remember being approached in Newell Hall by two young freshmen several months ago. They wanted slang, and they wanted it real, and fresh, and meaningful. We personally tried to be as sincere as possible; but our good friend Lock used all his double-talking capabilities to the best of advantage, and as a result of his, and Senior 4's activities, the book is full of frauds, if we may be so blunt. And, we regret to say, where no frauds exist, very poor choices for slang exist. Some of them are weak, ill-used, and often illegitimate. For example: "capistrano-resting place; der. a city in California famed for being the resting place and a home for the swallow" (Lock). "capistrombia fortis without hair or teeth" (Lock). "Gebortle-used when one's last name is unknown. Ex. John Gebortle" (Sr. iv). And here's the most erratic of them all:

"gas man-one who talks a lot."

Said by Sr. IV. Seems to have originated by (bere read with) Kenneth Martin, Sr. IV.

Such mistakes are worthy of a freshman, but never, never Freshman 6.

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THE TOWER LIGHT

VOLUME XVI • NUMBER 3

THE NEW YEAR • 1943

INTO THE
COLD - COLD
WORLD!





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IS STANDARD
EQUIPMENT
WITH ME. THEY
SUIT ME TO
A'T'

are over-well, just look below and watch

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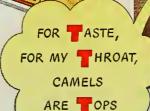
But...take no one's word for it when it comes to your own smoking. Make the "T-Zone" test described at the left below. And let your taste and your throat decide for themselves.



THE TONE where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Thraat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which ciga-

rette tastes best to you...and how it affects your thraat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based an the experience of millions af smakers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prave it for yourself!



CAMEL

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Eyes of the Tower

Towson at the Opera... Duty Calling ... Miss Stang, An Revoir ... Coeds Save the United States Post Office

TOWSON HAS ITS SHARE OF OPERA LOVERS, we discovered recently. From our crow's nest in the Lyric Theater's rather spacious balcony, we espied at least seven persons connected with the College, gracing the Philadelphia La Scala Opera's performance of *Carmen*. We saw Dr. West, Ken Martin, Royston Cullen, Bob Bishop, Shirley Kolodner, and John Bareham (escorted by Louise Davis); and we also recall having seen Miss Margaret Wells somewhere in the powder room.

THE GROWING MOMENTUM OF RUMOR HAS 1 it that those men in the Enlisted Reserve Corps now on inactive duty are about to hear their "numbers called up." The long list of reservists reported in the November Tower Light indicates that among those who have taken the oath there is a preponderance of ERCS. What this bodes for the next semester is almost too gruesome to face. Perhaps, as Mr. John McCauley has put it, we will have to content ourselves with some lingering V-7's, a lone PFC in the Marine Corps, and some hapless 4-F's. Whatever else we may expect, we should resign ourselves to the prospect of facing a school where the men are on the way out. And make no mistake — it is the cream of the crop that will go. The artists and the athletes; the thinkers and the brawn; the subtle and the blunt; the writers and the readers. It will be a woman's world; and we suspect this is a condition which the women will not meet with delight.

WORDS OF REGRET ARE THE ONLY ONES WE can express as we receive news of Miss Doris Stang's departure. You will remember that Miss Stang was the TL's recent girl-of-the-cover; in her own passive way she managed thereby to please many people, and at the same time, to irritate a few others. We once had an idea that by using the same plate we might make her cover-girl ever so often for three or four years.

TF ANYTHING AT ALL PATRIOTIC WAS IN-VOLVED in Post-Office work this year, Teachers College certainly did its part well. We of the night shift did our share of representing Towson's industriousness, and as we came up to work at 5:30 each evening, we could always see a goodly number of our women students busy at work in the primaries (exclusive word!). When, however, the Post-Office's publicity department released its story of the invaluable assistance which Maryland college girls rendered in plugging the breach, they mentioned Goucher (sacred of sacreds!), Notre Dame, and several others; but State Teachers College had to be content with the conspicuousness of absence. They also serve who only stand and wait — for their names to be called. Perhaps it were just as well for us to bask in anonymity. We got out the mail, we drove our trucks, we sorted the primaries till it hurt, and, incidentaly, we received our paychecks. Sufficient unto the day . . .

Peek Inside

KITTY CRAGG CONTINUES TO KEEP US IN touch with former students training and fighting on all fronts for quick military victory . . . WARREN WEND-LER, the College's poet laureate, presents one of the few of his poems the TL has published . . . It is called "January Brute" . . . Page 3 holds a poetic portrait of an erstwhile fighter who sees trouble and can do nothing about it . . . Its author is new to the columns of the TL . . . After three and one-half years, Kenneth Miller has left to take up work in the OSS . . . The editor has written an appreciation, which appears on page 4 . . . And next follows a group of reminiscences by PATRICIA WADDEY, which originally appeared as an English theme for Mr. Miller . . . And the men, and women, both have their pages . . . WENDLER contributes to the former layout with a ringing cry for higher salaries in Maryland's schools.

THE STAFF

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VOLUME XVI, NUMBER 3

THE NEW YEAR, 1943

Government Issue

Flying Blind 8-Hours Horst Gets Commission More V-Mail

THE HOLIDAYS HAVE COME AND GONE. TO many of us the usual spirit of Christmas did not prevail due to the fact of relatives, friends, and sweethearts' being away in the services.

As you know, not many of our grads and ex-students here were home for the holidays. Our New Year's greetings were conveyed to them via Dr. Tansil.

This department received a Christmas card by V-mail from Lieutenant Bernard Phelps, now in Hawaii. Despite his military activities, Bernard is having a wonderful time on Waikiki Beach.

Another V-mail missive came to the TL from Bill Jett, who is overseas. He informs us that he cannot divulge his whereabouts, but that the people are French-speaking, and that he is very busy swatting cannibalistic mosquitoes.

The girls of STC were all aflutter recently when Lieutenant John Horst, general's aide, paid the College a visit. He is now stationed at Camp Davis, North Carolina.

Quinton Thompson, Naval Aviation Service School, expects to spend the winter at Jacksonville, Florida. That's really tough, Q. D.

Lieutenant (j. g.) George T. Raulein, now stationed at Lake Forest, Illinois, is taking a special course in naval rules and regulations.

Staff Sergeant Donald Gorsuch is training to be a flight engineer. He tells us that one of his duties is to be able to replace any member of the crew, including the pilot, and copilot. Quite a job! The first week of his training, Sergeant Gorsuch had quite an experience. "The second time I flew at night, we ran into a storm and found we were lost. Our radio was dead, and we had enough gas to last us only eight hours. We just flew blind for seven hours, and fifty minutes, at which time we came out of the storm. By this time one engine was already dead — out of gas. We spotted a field and landed. Later we found we were in New Mexico, about 800 miles from Tucson. When we refueled, we had only a total of twenty gallons of gas for three engines and the mountains in that sector are 14,000 feet above sea level! I had enough excitement in those twelve hours to last me the rest of my life."

All the boys from whom the College receives mail thank us time and time again for the TL's. As long as there are presses and paper, me lads, you shall receive a TL each month, we promise faithfully.

— K. C.



Official U. S. Navy Photo

WINGS OF GOLD: Aaron Seidler, U.S.N.R., was in Baltimore recently, after having completed his several months' training in Naval Aviation, sporting his braid and his Navy wings of gold. He stayed in town for a week or so (getting married meanwhile) and is now once more on active duty. Ensign Seidler was a three-letterman at STC, starring in basketball and soccer.

January Brute

What gross countenance blue-veined and bold This head of hawk both hooked and angled: great And riven with too-ripeness: brute with hate And giant with power, yet very, very old: Whose buckled features these: they are stone-cold And wane and bloat like fat and pimpled skin Jotted with high lust and brunted — in A subtle sort of way. I have been told That why he lies all mangled on the floor His beat eyes statued and wild arms outflung The one aspiring wallward, the other slack And odd sweating blood to the far door . . . That why his face is white and broke and stung With fear . . . is my knife prison'd in his back.

- WARREN WENDLER.

Picture of an Essay

When a brave man attempts to speak about barbaric deeds...and is inarticulate because he has lost his powers

by Nethene Hart

THE GENERAL'S STATELY FRAME PEERED down quietly over the beholding of a room. Soft evening lights and misty recollections of the struggle on the plain. His uniform now washed clean of the blood and the dank-smelling sweat of the sun's plaintive parting. The left side of a breast etched in royal award, bepurpled front. He stood erect as the chesty youth, lungs filled with spring's new clean air. The mark of a general: leader of men: daring the foe, if only he would let the battle be joined. He looked down, quietly, over the beholding of a room.

Let the gloom be rent, I cannot see what I once saw. I, the hero now returning. Mine eyes have seen the awful glory of the Lord. The rent garment and the ash-decked hair, sitting on low stools for mourning's sake. And beheld in the pressing night the art and the youth's courtesies.

O flesh that is not flesh, what are we here? Chair that once (in pristine glory) maintained a prince, you wall—bombarded by the tongues of royalty, what are we here? Neither in our coming nor in our going which is a standingstill are we given to see. Our vision is a vision of past lightstreams in now's dreams. . . . When the King stretched forth his hand to make a man with gold-and-ribbon, I knew then where stood I. But the ribbon is a picture flat with the flatness of a youth, dull with the dullness of torpor, sleeping the sleep of the dead.

The dead are we, then.

It is the General speaking. He who had seen the glory of the light and of the darkness, speaking now to a room pregnant with the fire of the vulgar word spoken by the hobnailed boot at the door. What he had witnessed from his point of vantage is not often given to humans to see. The early morning knocking. The fear and the trembling, the not knowing when. . . .

The blunted devil's-wrath had he seen, gun-butt swung with the precision of madness. And the young-in-heart fought (I have seen it) yet availed he not. The Old General suffered this (flat with the flatness). It was his now to tell to the still-lingering breath the men had left. A world he was in — twice, nay, thrice recurrent. Not the fictitious word of a scheming writer, nor the romance of lilting nature lover

(sans merci, she, la belle dame) in their sweet romances. For he had seen it. Once the brute in the green, thick forest. The mailed fist, imported from Spain, of stone, of bronze, of neo- . . . And of ice.

Yes, even of ice. Ice and stone. Stone the heart, and suffer not the heart to be moved, for cold winds blow, and there is no warmth. For I have seen it. And now with propulsion: O ye ice-driven daggers, ye flaunters of the Lord.

The painted lung contains less. Alas, for the dullness of painted words. Bankruptcy of canvas. Penuriousness of two dimensions.

No Love

Did I not feel the chill of your tongue's word In moments long passed?

This another in callousness' rich repertoire
Is my mind now strong for retaining old images,
Images your breath formed when last we spoke?
Each syllable: one sharpedged piercing of the
Breath's mother Each thought a draught of
Night narcotic its taste the tone and a voice's
Keen projection

Upon black screens flash of light When I Looked (in the hollow 'neath your lip) for distant Caresses When I waited quietly behind half-Open doors for girls' intimacies A crumb Perhaps for weak young lovers But Hunger Even till now

Love with its mists bouyancy of silent feather Borne on soft waves never the hardness of Hand untouched nor ice of frost not here Nor pang of tongue unfed calm only the Ultimate peace and the calm Where is the word once promised? Velvet terms inscribed in ink seen in the night And by two only No bonds to wear the wrists Wearied even now with their burden of No love

- EMILE.

Teacher's Teacher

An appreciation of Kenneth Miller (on leave to the war effort) by an advisee of his who came to STC with him

by Herschel London

EULOGIES WITHOUT TEARS — QUITE A SAFE principle for youngsters, we are told. The elders, long bathed in sentiment, make metaphors of parting — and call it death (the thought perish!). This, mind, is not the parting of mere friends. A relationship comes into being between students and their teacher which surpasseth "the quality of friendship." There are times (and this is one) when the bearing and the feeling is nothing short of love for one whose presence, felt so intensely now in his absence, has come to mean something akin to what David of old must have felt when he wrote for us, "O one word did he teach me, Yet is he my master."

Kenneth Miller managed in his rather brief stay at Teachers College to teach much over and above that one endearing word. The time of his coming seems but the passed moment. . . .

Remember when freshman students persisted in asking whether or not that ruddy-cheeked fellow over there was a senior? . . . Recall the glitter and lustre of the words he spoke and the seeming innocence which accompanied, so modestly, each further blush on his face?

We do not forget these things. Not these, nor the mind which a man brings before us, ready, amid casuist reluctance to share some of the fruit of yesterday's planting. Subtly lifting straying sheep from the dangers of the strange forest, provoking their minds to respond with an earthy sort of kick. Initiating the cub into affairs he should have been aware of days ago, or even years. Such things cannot be forgotten.

II .

REMEMBER ONE OCCASION OF NOTE WHEN a group of us felt, during our attempt to write a dramatic one-acter for presentation in English class, that it would be very fine if we could very boldly, and without shame, shock the several women present by inserting some good old-fashioned cussing. Still, one does not do such things alone. One enlists the support of the instructor. So we asked Mr. Miller whether it would not be permissible to go ahead with our attack on the mores of the time, hinting in the process that we were kidding all along, to be on the safe side.

We were quite stunned by the novelty of the response. With Mr. Miller there is no safe side. "Go ahead," he said, "put those things in. You understand them; and if the audience takes offense — we'll just ask them where *their* minds are." KP was as broad as the new day in his approach to matters. Cleancut, without bias, without tenable or untenable prejudices which might jeopardize the life of a human idea, new or restated. What more could a person ask from one who was to become his "master"?

Yet, there is more to be said. Mr. Miller is one who feels sensitively the quality and the force of human learnings, wherever and whatever. With us he often attempted (and with rather marked success) to point a well-lighted way to the classics, and the classic approach, without becoming in any sense long-haired, as the youngster will put it. He is a keen student of music and never failed to inject musical counterparts of the literature he was discussing into his lectures.

Ш

AND THE STUDENTS HAVE GREAT LOVE FOR him. Perhaps not very well articulated, but love all the same. The love of a young, learning mind for what would seem to be a learning mind just as young if not younger. Respect for someone who has much to give, and not just a swift, curt thankyougoodbye — but good words when words are applicable, even if the tongue never feels those words, or auditors never hear them. There is much the pen cannot write; many things the heat of a moment causes us to forget. It is only to be hoped that the fruitful, highly impregnated intellectual seedlings Mr. Miller leaves as he takes up his new work in the OSS will find careful and generous nourishment by those of us who are fortunate enough to have them in our care — which ofttimes can be fumbling, but which, very, very often, can be direct, and quite productive.

* * *

¶ On the next page follows a theme which was the last to be recommended by Mr. Miller for these columns. Be sure to read it.

"The Trees Do Speak"

A freshman writer goes back over the younger years and hits on some pretty universal truisms of young thinking

WHEN I WAS SEVEN AND UNINHIBITED, I indulged in a different personality for every day. My versatile imaginations could fashion me into any sort of being, from a weightless sprite who thought the sunny, sinless thoughts of a butterfly, to a tragic creature named Diane whose life was but one dramatic crisis after another. Often I would spend the entire day in a distant land, not as a tourist, but as a native who knew no other place. My countries never resembled my impressions of real places, for my untrammeled imagination could make its own world. The only requirement was that the whole atmosphere be completely foreign. I would change every-day things until they seemed fascinating and unfamiliar, much as an ordinary word repeated over and over until it becomes absolutely meaningless. Most often I was a sturdy peasant, and I would make up strange Russian-sounding names for everything, especially food. No matter what I might be given to eat while under this enchantment, it would always become coarse and simple, like porridge and black bread, because these seemed appropriate for a foreigner such as I.

On other days I lolled in the lap of luxury. Common-place things were bewitched into unexcelled elegance. The things that I ate resembled the creamy, unidentifiable things seen on night-club tables in the movies, and my milk glass always contained rare wine.

All of these wonderful people that I could be moved discreetly behind a mask of normal speech and gestures. I would be very quiet and speak only when spoken to, but my mind would be dancing along, thinking up new things and then describing them in book-language. When I was pretending with all my might, my eyes would become wet, just as they do now when I am deeply interested in something I am writing; or whenever any sort of strong inspiration engulfs me.

The only visible prop which I remember using was a bunch of yellow shavings which I would tuck under my cap to resemble long curls when I needed long hair instead of my unromantically short bob; but I always pretended that I wore them for a joke, to try to fool people.

My whimsical turn of mind did not serve to make me a charming child, for I was very unconfiding and backward about such things. Even when I was very young, no power on earth could prompt me to peer innocently into the eyes of my elders and lisp, "Today my name is Mary Ann." When I played at being a cowboy with other children, I would slap my hip as I galloped and whoop until my throat was raw . . . anything to be as convincing a cowboy as possible. But when I was alone behind the garage, I would sit quietly astride a saw horse and be a real cowboy, not a child playing a boisterous game.

Growing up means refraining from walking the gutters even though you are wearing rubber boots, and it also means becoming somewhat of a casnist as well. So I began to fear that such imaginings would be detrimental, for indeed I had the bad habit of using them as a panacea for discomfort. I could always pull them over my head like a soft, dark blanket and become a complacent introvert. My frantic warning to myself became, "Stop dreaming! Be yourself, for heaven's sake!" But dwelling on this subject made me think for the first time about what it meant to be one's self, and I discovered what a difficult question that is to answer. Even if we could all decide just what we are, would we be satisfied to be it, wholly and completely? As I examine the stage of my mind, I am aware of many obtrusive villains lurking in the wings. However, they do not all have black mustaches to twirl. One in particular is an "old maid", in the very unpleasant, old-fashioned sense of the term. She is prudish and stiff, and her most prominent characteristic is her lack of sympathy and understanding for anything human. She substitutes smug "intelligence" for warmth and affection. When I am under her influence, I am exacting and often unkind, especially if I gain a point in an argument.

But there is a democrat there, too, though somewhat hard to find. He understands the meaning of tolerance. When I let him rule me, I get a glimpse of what it means to possess a technique for living. At these rare times any pettiness seems without rhyme or reason.

Sometimes I think that I am myself when I am in the country. It is not necessary that I be alone, but I am happiest that way. I can even agree with Beethoven that "every tree seems to speak, saying, 'Holy, Holy!" My feeling seems to resolve itself into a deep sort of worship. When I was at camp, I spent the morning devotional period in the pasture, and at the time I was thinking quietly that I was being truant. But I found a luna moth resting on a stone, its large, exotic wings spread in (Continued on page 8)

The All-Clear for Sirens

Anticipating the Prom ... Seen and Heard Among the Ladies . . . No Parking . . . Exclusive Interview with the Wrights . . .

PEOPLE MAY BE TALKING ABOUT LOTS OF things, but when it comes to real excitement, listen to what they're saying about the Junior-Senior Prom. Umhmm! The Townsmen, and it's to be over in the Dorm. With a smooth new decorating theme. From what we've heard there will be plenty of uniforms on hand and so far as we've seen, half the girls are wearing blue and black dresses, so if you want to be different, you'd better try some other color scheme. See you in Newell Hall on January 29th.

P. S.—We did!

AND WHAT WE HAVE MANAGED TO SEE AROUND:

Janet Clautice's brown-checked dress with embroidered arrows on the pockets.

Mary Jones' beaded belt from Colorado.

Lots more engagement rings: Adah Lee Owings, Shirley Kolodner, Rose Dalton.

A new bride: Georgette Eckhardt, who is now Mrs. Harry Eck.

And another bride: Katherine Decker, now Mrs. Gene Hunt.

Dr. Hartley's hand-made cable-knit socks.

Dr. E. Foster Dowell's well-chosen collection of neckties. Shirley Hackerman's collection of good-looking sports clothes.

TUST LISTEN TO WHAT THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT:

How a certain senior class is playing nursemaid to the new gym . . . Betty White getting "knit-witty" over the Air corps . . . How many pairs of socks does that make now, Betty? . . . Term papers . . . Burning the midnight oil trying to solve the world's problems a la Shuman . . . Mary Hipsley as "Killer" at the Hopkins Playshop . . . Kitty Cragg's numerous Christmas presents (and we aren't "horney" in) . . . All the Seniors who had left for teaching positions and who returned in January for their diplomas . . . Mary Pue, for instance, and Billie Smith, Toodles Waters, Ruth Hackett and Dorothy Trout . . . How some lucky people are doing their little bit by entertaining service men for dinner or going to the local USO dances . . . A special



NO PARKING:

Ginny Rost and Alice Blackiston take up their positions near a very convenient sign. We haven't the slightest idea what they are driving at; in this day of little or no automobile travelling there must be a deeper meaning involved.

Senior Day, with the near departing wearing their caps and gowns for a whole day . . . What the girls are going to do when all those men students leave for various branches of the service.

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A TWIN? DID YOU ever wonder? We did. So we interviewed one-half of the Wright twins, who are exceptions to the usual dissimilarity in twins.

Curious people always want to know, she told us:

How do you pick your clothes? How do you decide what to wear in the morning? Do you have the same interests? And, most important, do you ever get mixed up on dates? And here it is, clear, and authoritative:

"We always like about the same things, and just seem to agree what to put on on a certain day. The most fun that we ever had was when Ann had a date with a certain fellow, and I (Jule) decided to take her place to see if he'd know the 'diff.' He never did catch on, and since the joke was too good to keep to myself, I had to break down and tell him. The idea of two people looking so much alike was very perplexing to the first grade over in the Campus School. They wanted to know: 'Are you two married?', and 'Are your fathers brothers?'"

Speech of the Decimated

Harris Makes It All the Same . . . Martin at the Post Office . . . That long lost Complaint

Edited by Harold Katz

NOW THAT THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUT-ing has died over the selection of the cover girl for last month's TL, it may not be very timely to consider the many opinions voiced on the matter. Nevertheless, the conconcensus in the Men's Room seems to be that the cover will do until the next issue of the Sears Roebuck catalog comes along.

OUR SELECTION FOR CHARACTER OF THE month is Micky Sharrow, otherwise known as the "hard man." Sharrow is the conservation type, shying away from excessive drapes and peg pants. Nevertheless, a few of us were fortunate enough to see him in a broken-down Dobb hat which immediately rated him as the sharpest thing on the campus. Micky has enlisted in the Marine Corps Reserve, and we're sure that, wearing the hat and a huge Windsor knot, he will strike horror into every Jap's heart.

CCASIONALLY A TIMELY ISSUE ARISES AT the College, and now that the election of Paul Harris as president of the SGA has been consummated, just such an issue may be brought to light. The election of student officers has always ben considered strictly a student affair, once all administrative regulations have been complied with. There is one faculty member, however, who evidently does not see things that way. Because of a little something that came up in this instructor's class, she took occasion at a strategic moment in the campaign to advise two sections against the election of Mr. Harris. One of the sections was made up entirely of freshmen, and without reflecting upon the ability of this group to reach decisions for themselves, they were undoubtedly influenced in the matter by the "advisor's" certainly undemocratic attitude.

CEVERAL MALE MEMBERS OF THE STUDENT Dobody spent part of their Christmas vacation together. They did their patriotic bit for Uncle Sam by working at the Post-Office. Of course, the financial end had nothing to do with it; it is solely a matter of helping out.

Among the heroic souls so employed was Ken Martin. The first night Ken reported for work he got all the way down to the Post-Office, when he discovered he had left his credentials back in Towson. Ken went all the way home, came back to work.

When he finally finished work at 3 A. M., he could get a car which went only as far as Govans Loop. We understand he walked the rest of the way.

Wendler's Complaint

(The following chart shows the median salaries of elementary school teachers of various cities in 1940-1941):

New York City	. \$3,344
Yonkers, N. Y	. 3,244
Milwaukee, Wis	. 2.459
St. Louis, Mo	. 2,700
Cincinnati, Ohio	- 2,592
Newark, N. J	. 3.012
Detroit, Mich.	. 2.423
San Francisco. Calif	. 2,720
Denver, Colo	. 2.775
BALITMORE, MD	. 1,920
	Labor Review.
	Tune 1041

June, 1941.

THE ROMANCE OF LIVING IN AN ATTIC IS NO longer restricted to painters and musicians, nor the pleasure of starving one's self for one's ideals confined to a select group. Maryland's teachers are now being persuaded to accept these privileges, for they have ascended to that status in which ideals are the bread and the fruit, and certificates of gratitude the sustenance. Should we complain? Is there not compensation in the conviction that our efforts will be responsible (idealistically speaking) for a future realization that tomorrow will be in part of our doing, and its success, in some measure, of our creation? There is compensation, yes, and the reward is far from being negligible; however, realizations are not pork chops, nor convictions bread and butter; and during the siege of the ration boards, a ham sandwich would have been more kindly regarded and more readily digested than a Sunpapers acknowledgment. It appears that in the near future, teaching in Maryland will be a matter of physical constitution alone; anyone possessing a small appetite and accustomed to life in the raw will qualify. We cannot be surprised when we hear our profession referred to as the "Great Maryland Reducing Academy."

Only the most strict and literal adherents of Biblical doctrine would apply the Biblical recommendation of "It is better to give than to receive" to the teaching situation. We will not comment here upon the merits of receiving. (Hand your next-door neighbor a ten-dollar bill and observe the effect.) Such an attitude might be termed materialistic, and materialism is too easily confused with selfishness; however, when one possesses a large or normal appetite, and no uncertain desire for no uncertain degree of comfort, it is too easy to be the materialist and too difficult to consult the Testament in the matter.

If we say of an individual, "He is a teacher," are we automatically justified in assuming that, accordingly, he is some rare species of homo sapiens, a robot capable of functioning most efficiently over a period of years and demanding nothing in the way of attention or consideration? Does one word, "teacher," make him less human than we? Seven letters, less subject to discomfort? It is ridiculous to assume that teachers can maintain a level of living equal to that of other professionals on an income smaller than that of these other professionals; and it is of no credit to the State of Maryland that she has more to offer the men who clean her streets than the people who mold her future. So, if you should see any of the College males clad in white and carrying a broom and shovel, don't think they're going to a masquerade. They might be after a living wage.

It is obvious that the blame of the entire situation rests either with the teachers or with the legislators. I shall not say that it might be due to the sheepish submissiveness of the educators themselves; nor would I care to be quoted as saying that their apparent willingness to be taken advantage of might have furnished some inducement; I shall not even mention these factors, for I have too many friends who are teachers (or will have, after they read this). Rather do I charge that the legislators are at fault, and I will go so far as to say this: So infamous is the situation that no move could be so drastic, nor any action so violent as not to be justified, if it be directed at alleviation or improvement. Your future economic condition is your concern; your future is your business; but frankly, something must be done. What, then? I advocate a form of violence; but when I say "violence," I don't mean we should all rush down to the City Hall and beat the legislators over the head with clubs . . . baseball bats would be better.

- WARREN WENDLER.

* * *

¶ We hate to take Mr. Wendler too seriously on the last count. He is probably only kidding; but there is a lot to think about in the other fifty-five lines. — THE EDITOR.

'The Valiant'

A breezy review a recent success

WHO SAID THAT THE LITTLE THEATER Guild has been abandoned and forgotten? A surprised audience in attendance at the January 19 assembly found out something else again. The Guild production was so unexpected and so superbly presented that it left us speechless. We say unexpected because there were no posters, pamphlets or other advertising material to warn us of the approaching event. (What's happened to our publicity committee? Wasn't the play supposed to be advertised, or are we slipping so that we can't find the signs?)

The casting of the play, unique in itself, was most appropriate. (Could Mr. Millar have had anything to do with that?) None could have portrayed the sister more effectively than Dottie Kapp. But then, of course, we always expect (and get) the best from Dottie. And who could have been so cynical, so ironic, and yet so valiant as Harry London, playing James Dyke? Newcomers to the stage, Kenneth Martin (adding to his laurels in yet another field) and Mickey Sharrow (who seemed to provide comedy for the less serious-minded of the audience), also gave noteworthy performances. Those of us who saw the summer production admire the versatility of Ralph Barrett. (Anything from lover to jailor, that's him.) We don't mind admitting that our eyes were a bit damp when the curtain fell.

Now that we've given a Norman Clark-ish review of the play, we'd like to extend congratulations to the whole cast and express our hopes that another fine performance is in the offing. From what we've heard there's another play pending (this time it's a mystery) and it won't be long before tryouts and rehearsals will be well under way. If that play is as good as their current success was, we're willing to set aside the date now (though it won't be till April) for an evening of thrills and chills. And, if we know the Guild, we won't be disappointed.

— Norma Bretall.

"The Trees Do Speak"

(Continued from page 5) unconscious grace. Its frail blue-green looked as out-of-place against the fall landscape as a young girl who is caught by the cold light of dawn while still in her evening dress.

While making my discoveries, I became acutely aware of another thing — that no matter what I may conceive myself to be, others will still see me in a way in which I will never be able to see myself.

- PATRICIA WADDEY.

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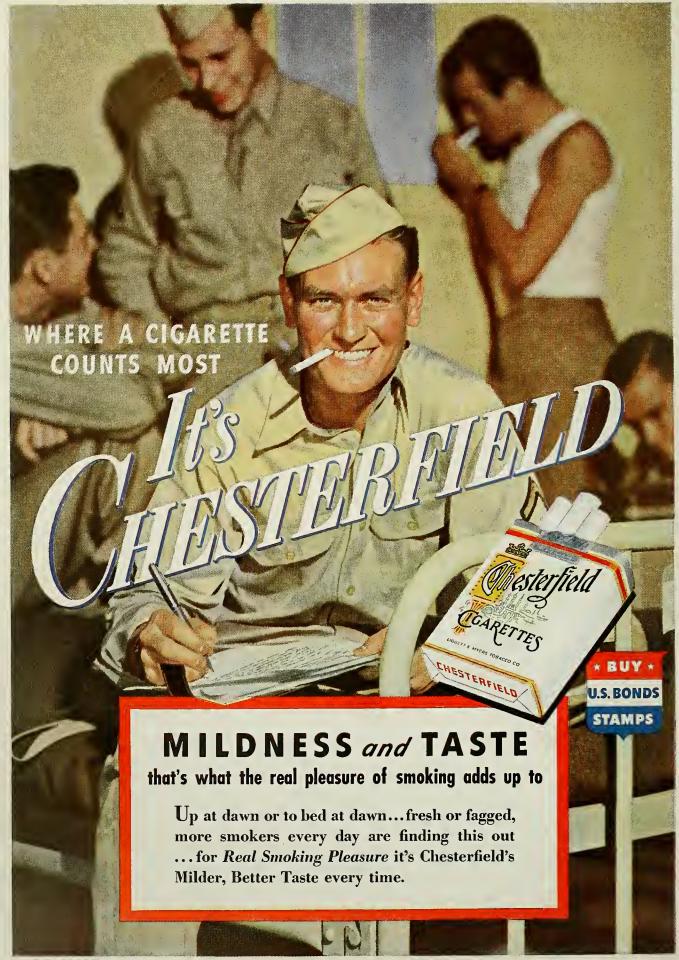
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THE TOWER LIGHT

VOLUME XVI • NUMBER 4

FEBRUARY • 1943



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VOLUME XVI, NUMBER 3

THE NEW YEAR, 1943

Cause Celebré

A RECENT GUEST OF THE SCHOOL COMmented that we must do a terrific amount of work, judging by the pale and drawn features of some of the members of the student body. Had he read our bulletin board, he might have guessed that those pathetic figures dragging themselves up and down stairs were none other than S.T.C.'s blood donors.

The response to the Blood Donor Drive was not unanimous but the martyred group held high S.T.C.'s banner of blue and gold.

The experience was met with a cool expectancy by the majority of the donors, and none felt any great discomfort. After a rest of thirty minutes, each person was served a ham or cheese sandwich and was allowed — imagine! — a cup of coffee (alternative: a glass of milk). In addition, all received a Red Cross card and pin as a token of the "contribution." In toto, one hundred and two persons volunteered. Twenty of them were graduated seniors who were not presand who, consequently, must arrange for their donations individually.

To each of the blood donors we extend our hearty congratulations and to Kitty Cragg special mention for her part in sponsoring the drive.

— P. H.

Appeal to Students

NOTHER YEAR BRINGS A NEW START, 365 A days in which to work with new enthusiasm, new ideas, and with an earnest desire to improve. Another term of office brings new responsibilities, novel joys and pleasures, unforeseen friendships and perhaps enemies; while another issue of the Tower Light brings new worries and frets, new discomforts and distress - to the staff. No, the Tower LIGHT has not gone into the hands of receivers, but it has been dumped into the laps of a few people who still struggle to publish the College magazine. Issue after issue discloses the same story - "Sorry, I couldn't possibly do an article by Friday." "But I've got an exam to study for." "Me? I don't know how to write!" "I've got too much work to do." "Why should I worry? That's your headache." We could go on indefinitely with such excuses and remarks rendered by prospective contributors to the Tower Light. Results? The same people write the same type article in the same style every issue. The Tower Light, produced by the staff month after month, was left without an editor or material for a new issue when the mid-year graduation arrived. Hasty decision followed hasty discussion, and a "new order of things" was set up. New editors, new ideas, a new set-up - these have been added. But there is one "new" which the staff cannot add, and that is, new contributions submitted by an interested, enthusiastic, cooperative, and responsible student body.

The Cover Policy

THE TL IS WELL AWARE OF THE ATTRACTION good cover photos hold for the readers of the College publication. Thus far, little has been done to take advantage of the potential drawing power that lies behind skilled photography, primarily because of financial barriers. The present staff, however, feels that it is in a position to surmount these former difficulties and has commissioned the Drs. Boniface and Lock to supply TL issues with cover photos of a calibre and a merit that will be well above satisfactory. These covers will be designed to reflect various aspects of campus activity and routine; and the staff hopes to bring into focus through them the leading trends and tendencies truly representative of a modern American college. In order for this campaign to achieve even a semblance of success, the cooperation of the student body will be necessary; this, we trust, will be the least of our concerns. — W. W.

CAMPUS CHATTER

SPECIAL WARNING TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY:

EVERY STUDENT GROANING UNDER THE labor of the Walther's Civil Aeronautics course is required to master the transmission of messages by means of the Morse code. The value of possessing a knowledge of the code is, of course, undeniable; yet, we question the advisability of teaching anything which might prove to be an inducement for the breach of our honor system. To offset this inducement, we warn all instructors to beware of strange tapping noises in the classrooms, especially during test time. That student innocently tapping his pencil on his desk may well be flashing the answer to your pet question all over the room. So beware; otherwise, it may well develop that the sole requirement for passing every subject in the College will be an understanding of the Morse code.

While we are talking about Morse code: The letter "H" is translated as 4 dots; the letter "S" as 3. Ned Logan, erstwhile brainchild, was having trouble the other day in class distinguishing 3 dots from 4 and, consequently, "H" from "S". Mr. Walther dashed off 3 dots (S) and asked Logan to interpret. "H", replied Ned. Mr. Walther patiently tapped "S" again. "H", replied Ned a second time. The performance was repeated again. After the third unsuccessful attempt, Mr. Walther cried out in despair, "That's S, Ned, S!" to which Ned blithely replied, "Sounds like H to me!"

* * *

It comes as a surprise to us that the members of E. F. (for "Footnote") Dowell's classes on "Europe Since Waterloo" are up in arms against that venerable pedagogue. It seems that Dr. Dowell is not capable of standing on his own two feet, using those of the class members on the first row as substitutes. At the end of two lectures, M. Webster found it necessary to purchase a new pair of shoes, and Carlisle Refo is now visiting a chiropodist. In order that this abuse be discontinued, the class has decided upon two solutions: (1) Tie the doctor to his desk chair (Dr. Dowell: "What if my nose tickles?"), or (2) empty the front row. (Dr. Dowell: "But then I won't be able to see anybody!")

P. S. — We suggest that the members of the front row buy the new steel-tipped shoes.

* * *

From a very reliable underground source we have learned that S.T.C. has its own vigilante group! Its membership we must keep secret, and its operations we can

only mention. The vigilantes endeavored to effect the reform of several members of the student body in regard to attendance and the like by writing them very formal letters on office stationery. In one case with which we are familiar the result was entirely satisfactory; but in general we cannot condone any group's electing itself to perform administrative function. We do not want a Ku Klux Klan here at S.T.C.; for the only laudable aspect of such an organization is its intent.

* * :

About a week ago there was a rather wide-spread rumor that Hitler was dead, a rumor that everyone wanted to believe. It is odd that one individual can be so influential, can change the fate of every living person. Very few persons have been able to make such a claim. Hitler is like an earthquake, quick and destructive. He *will* die. When he does, we foresee an occasion for two — instead of one — Thanksgiving holidays each year.

* * *

If you have read the remarkable Eddie Rickenbacker account of his recent experiences aboard a rubber raft, it is not difficult to understand how this account has been responsible for a new impetus given to religion in general and praying in particular. Eddie Rickenbacker seems to infer rather plainly that faith — although no panacea — can do many things. It may not seem strange to many persons that somewhere out in chaos there is a Force which listens to the beseechings of little men on little rubber rafts; however, we cannot help directing attention to the unnumbered individuals who, in like circumstances, prayed with equal fervor and equal zeal . . . and are *not* here to give a new impetus to faith and prayer.

* * *

These are the words of a way-faring wanderer, This is his song of the sorrow of life,

Well do I know 'tis the way of the high-born, Fast in his heart to fetter his feelings, Lock his unhappiness in the hold of his mind. Spirit that sorrows withstandeth not destiny, Heart that complaineth plucketh no help. A haughty hero will hide his suffering, Manfully master misery's pang.

from The Wanderer.

MEN'S PAGE

THOSE GRADUATES WHO HAVE JUST LEFT the decreasing ranks of S.T.C.'s male population are listed below. All of the fellows expect to be in some branch of the armed service very soon. Two have already received their induction notices, and the others, for the most part, are on immediate call.

1. BLUM, Sidney, alias "Sindy"

Activities:

Editor of the *Priority*; Chairman of the Curriculum Committee; 2-term member of the Administrative Council; member of the SGA.

Note: Sindy expects to leave for the Army in three weeks.

2. EHRLICH, Ira Francis, alias "Persia"

Activities:

Jr. Carnival Chairman; member of the Tennis Team for three years; Chairman of the Publicity Committee; member of the Executive Board; Section Chairman of Jr. 4; member of the Glee Club.

Note: Ira is now acting as a temporary substitute in the city. Among his recent experiences is his story of the problem child with whom he has come in contact—and we mean "contact." It seems that while Ira was taking roll one day, one child persisted in activities designed to attract. the attention of the new pedagogue. Among his practices were "spitball" tossing and attempts to change the shape of the neighboring boys' heads by beating upon them with a ruler. Ira brought the situation to a successful close by escorting the young commando to the principal's office.

3. LONDON, Harry M., alias Herschel, alias "Shifty Eyes" (Harry's eyes do not converge).

Activities:

Editor of the Tower Light; member of the *Priority* staff; member of the Glee Club (often soloist); member of the Baseball Team for three years; now a member of the U. S. Navy Reserves.

Note: Harry, renowned for singing in the shower room, is now teaching the refugees of School No. 29 who are located in the basement of Western High School. Says Harry, "The secenery is dee-lightful!"

4. MARTIN, Kenneth R., alias "Gas Man"

Activities:

Member of the Glee Club; assistant to Dr. West; addicted to arguing with people of authority about anything and everything.

Note: Ken is now teaching at School No. 47 and finds it "plenty tough but interesting."

5. PLEET, Jerome, alias "Jeronimo"

Activities:

Member of the Glee Club and the Basketball and Tennis Teams.

Note: Jerry, well remembered for his lightning calculations on the probability of receiving ace, king, queen, knave, ten and deuce, has received his induction papers and expects to leave by next month.

6. SCHKLOVEN, Isaac, alias "Itz"

Activities:

Member of the Baseball Team for three years; member of the I.R.C.; member of the Softball and Tennis Teams.

Note: "Itz", now in the Air Corps Reserves, tells how he was challenged to a fight by a cross-eyed redheaded (imagine!) kid who stole a list of names from his desk.

7. SHARROW, Samuel, alias "Mickey"

Activities:

Member of the Glee Club and the Soccer and Basketball Teams.

Note: "Mickey" is now teaching at Westport and has turned the Sharrow Charm on all the little discipuli.

8. BAREHAM, John, Jr., alias "Bow-tie"

Activities:

Natural History Group; member of Track and Baseball Teams; Louise.

Note: John just left for the Army. Good luck, fella!

9. BISHOP, Robert, alias "House-mother"

(We don't get it).

Activities:

Member of the Glee Club; making grilled cheese sandwiches; keeping the foyer alive; nominated for S.T.C. Socialite No. I.

Declaration!!!

E REGRET TO KEEP REMINDING THAT THE male contingency of S.T.C. is diminishing with an alarming rapidity. Our proud heads are lost among the multitude of female tresses; and the vigor and lustiness of the manly guffaw is being drowned out by the empty giggling of the female element. But through the power of this, the "Men's Page", we swear to maintain some measure of dominance and intend to keep alive the spirit of virility. Let the rest of the T.L. simper foolishly and be dressed in lace and frills; we are the muscle in the Tower Light arm and the hair on the Tower Light chest; and we are going to hit hard! But hard! See the next issue if you doubt us.

ARE THE GERMAN PEOPLE AT FAULT?

PROBABLY EACH OF US HAS AN OPINION ON the question of post-war reconstruction. Peace plans are almost as much discussed as war events, and leaders in post-war planning are much in the fore. There is good reason for looking ahead, for most of us are determined that the era of 1920-1939 shall not be repeated. There must not be another Versailles if we intend to make the world really safe for democracy.

There are many issues which can and should be considered, one of which is the problem of what to do with Germany in event of an allies victory. Who is guilty in Germany? "The leaders," many say, "are the cause of all this. The *poor* people are not in favor of the war." Those who are of this opinion would in turn punish only the leaders and allow the "poor" people to escape without condemnation.

I do not believe in such a lenient policy, nor in the ideas which motivate it. Since the Treaty of Versailles, Germany has been preparing for World War II. She chose the weapons, the place and even the time of the battle; she could get these advantages only by making sacrifices. The needed sacrifices were not made by the leaders but by the masses. Hitler and the regime gave a promise of economic security in return for the labors of war, and the masses were willing to do the necessary things, even to killing. No single political party, no handful of men, can alone wage war. Germany's soldiers fight as if they were inspired, as indeed they are. Their inspiration is the god, Hitler; his cause is their cause, and they show no scruples about the means of attaining their end. The astounding stories of this war are more than tales calculated to stimulate us. The German press proudly admits the murder of Lidice. The murderers were just ordinary Germans! These are not innocent men - they are guilty of murder with intent! The youth of Germany is a new race of men. It knows only the new regime; it believes in the right of might. We would find it difficult to reason with this youth; it has never known democracy and has no desire for it. Even common decency has been forgotten in their reversion to savagery. The "Fatherland" comes before home or family. Nazi sons have had dissenting parents sent to concentration camps. These are not innocent children; they are sworn Nazis. They will not appreciate kindness, for theirs is the law of the sword. Force must be used to bring about a change in their attitudes.

If the fact that the people are guilty is not sufficient cause for severe reprisal, then consider the future. If the Axis should win this struggle, then all Axis countries would benefit. The spoils of war would go not only to the leaders but to the entire population. New lands would not be Hitler's, but Germany's. The agricultural classes could move to new, rich lands; all would have more to eat. The industrialists would profit by world monopolies, and greater resources. If, then, the mass of people would gain from victory, they should suffer from defeat. How many of us have an inherent sense of right? Isn't it fear of punishment that makes most of us obey the law? And so it is with the Germans. They will fear to start a war only if they know disasterous defeat would follow. We must be able to make them fear!

We must also consider how other nations who are fighting against Germany feel about post-war treatment of her. Will the Poles or Czechs, or the Russians agree to leniency? I think not! Hatred is a poor basis for fair judgment, but who can love his own assassin? Past experience has shown that a mere treaty with demand for reparation is not enough. World disarmament was a lovely dream which vanished at a rude awakening. Power politics has not worked, at least not to our advantage. The National Socialists have shown a greater aptitude for bluff and deception than we. The League of Nations worked beautifully on paper, but everlasting peace is yet to come.

What, then, is to be done? I have not tried to present any concrete plan, but neither have Secretary Hull, nor Vice-President Wallace, nor our President. I have merely presented my own views. As I said at the beginning — I believe.

There will be many in the school who will disagree with my views. My purpose in writing this is to bring about discussion and replies. Our leaders alone cannot build a better world. Now is the time to think and question and plan for the world we would wish to live in. What are your beliefs? The Tower Light and the school want to know.

G. I.

TODAY, WE CONSIDER IT ODD TO SEE A young man of college age in civilian clothes. The male population here and elsewhere is slowly dwindling.

Of the recent graduates, three men leave for Fort George G. Meade February 12, 1943. They are Ralph Barrett, John Bareham, and Robert Bishop.

Barrett and Bareham enter the Army as buck privates but knowing them I'm sure they will advance to higher ranks in short order. In parting, Barrett's last words were, "I'll be a major by the end of the year." Bareham said, "Think up something clever for me to say in the T.L."

Bishop enters the Army as an Acting Corporal.

Good luck to you graduates and let us hear from you often.

A former President of the Student Government, Ensign Henry Astrin, is on duty at Miami, Florida, stationed on a submarine chaser. Ensign Astrin has been assigned to Supply and Accounts, Commissary, and Engineering, in addition to sharing "honors" with another man as Communications Officer. Keep up the good work, Henry; we're all rooting for you.

Bill Jett is still on a tropical island swatting flies and trying to speak the French language. He says, "In many localities here, cocoanuts, bananas, and pineapples grow in profusion; it's great fun to eat them from the stalk." When you mention such delicacies, we wish we were with you, Bill.

Quinton Thompson, stationed at Jacksonville, Florida, will graduate from the amateur radio school on February 23, after which he will receive two weeks of special training in a certain subject which he is not allowed to mention.

The saddest news the College has had during the war is that Lieutenant Luther Cox has been missing in action since January 19. Strangely enough, the message came on the day of the first mid-semester commencement. The news was all the more appalling in coming upon this day since Lou has had such an intimate place in College life at Towson for the past several years.

To all of us who knew him, Lou was the typical American boy in the finest sense of the word. His loyalty to his friends, to the College, and to his ideals were his most outstanding characteristics. His desire "to have a hand" in everything that took place, his eagerness for action, and his courage in facing everything which came his way will long be remembered by those of us who were associated with him.

The College as a whole joins his family and friends in the deepest wish that he has been captured by the enemy and that news of him will be received soon. But should other news come, Lou will not be gone. He will always be to us the symbol of all that is finest in American manhood; and perhaps at times, we cannot keep ourselves from imagining we still see him about the halls and on the athletic field with his old familiar smile, and a wise crack, and an encouraging pat on the back for everyone.



Lieutenant
Luther Cox

Editor's note: Lieutenant Cox had completed almost enough combat hours to be eligible for the award of the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Official notice has been received that Lieutenant Cox is a German prisoner.

Congratulations!

Crook and for Paul Harris, though their achievements have not been in comparable directions. Paul now occupies that position of dignity and esteem, President of the S.G.A. His duties become constantly more complex due to new problems arising from the war-time program. Mr. Harris fortunately has been well prepared by his experience as a class president, as vice-president of the S.G.A. and as supervisor of elections. As for Mr. Crook — well, there's another one! The proud papa now has a personal interest in his lectures on "Great oaks from little acorns grow."

While we're in the process of distributing bouquets, we wish to commend Miss Weyforth for directing the inspiring community sing before the holidays and for managing to maintain the traditional high quality of the Glee Club and Jeanie Group despite the present demands on students' time and despite the scarcity of basses, baritones and tenors.

THE MODERNS

THAT OUR AGE HAS NOT YET PRODUCED A musical genius of the caliber of a Beethoven or a Brahms is a source of some concern for many individuals interested in classical music; however, that time which has seen the rise of a Shostakovitch, a Sibelius, and a Vaughan Williams need never consider itself unfortunate, for here are three composers of established merit, each of whom has contributed generously to symphonic literature. Vaughan Williams' Symphony in F alone, had he written nothing else, would mark him as one of the greatest creative voices of our time. This work, characterized by a deliberate avoidance of melodic quality, is of titanic power, harsh and dissonant in every respect, and magnificently brutal. In no single symphonic work other than the celebrated Beethoven Fifth is there more power or severity of theme and motion, nor is there anything in all music, I believe, more demonstrative of savagery and ruthlessness. There is nothing new in this symphony so far as form and structure are concerned, practice of the repetition of a single theme in different movements being excepted; indeed, almost a classical quality is present, with a tendency toward Bach-like fugality and Brahmsian architecture. But beyond the compactness of the form stand the bold dissonances and cruel upheavings achieving a newness and a total effectiveness seldom realized.

The Vaughan Williams work has enjoyed little of the popular acclaim proffered the productions of the wonderchild Dmitri. This is not difficult to understand when we consider that the latter is almost as much a showman as he is a musician. Indeed, Shostakovitch has often been accused of writing portions of his symphonies for their effect alone, even though they contribute nothing to what he is trying to say. This may or may not be true; it is certain, however, that anything as delightful as the scherzo movement from the Fifth will meet with ready approval. The angularity of the Shostakovitch themes and the brittle, spare quality of treatment and development make his works directly interesting. In his first symphony we are aware of a detachment, a disturbing matter-of-factness; and this feeling pervades a good deal of his music. His later large-scale works exhibit this quality to a lesser degree, and many people are thereby attracted. The Fifth and the Sixth are truly masterpieces; there is a hard beauty about the themes and an arresting fitness in the use of dissonances; the climaxes are brilliant and frequent, and often reach a high peak of dramatic intensity. There is no doubting that Shostakovitch has given a new impetus to the writing of symphonies, especially with the fairly recent release of the "Leningrad", or Seventh, which, although not the greatest of his works, shows the most promise and is certainly indicative of a maturing genius. Unlike Vaughan Williams, who seems to model his work after Bach and Brahms, or Sibelius, in whom we can see a Finnish Tschaikovsky, Shostakovitch cannot be associated with any single great master — though often traced back to many — for his is a highly individual voice and one likely to be heard in decades beyond our own.

The symphonies of Jan Sibelius require repeated hearings before an appreciation can be achieved. It is so true that one can see Finland in all of Sibelius' work that the bleakness and grandeur of his musical scenes are not immediately evident. The mysterious, pizzicato backgrounds, the halting quality of many of the climaxes, the strangeness of the melodic line, all sound odd to unaccustomed ears, and it is only through extended acquaintance that the clean, rugged logic of form and content becomes obvious. The Fifth Symphony of Sibelius has been called his best, and with due cause; the first movement has nobility and power and is followed by a scherzo movement the quality of which has seldom been equalled. The third movement is typical of Sibelius in its cold, dark beauty, succeeded by a finale of simplicity and strength. The much-discussed Fourth is much like a poem by an inward-thinking artist, writing with symbols which bear no meaning to anyone but himself; it seems to be foreign to all music, and is particularly uncommunicative in the first movement. The most Tschaikovsky-like of the Sibelius works is his First symphony, which, by the way, is the easiest to grasp; in his Second symphony he goes off a little more on his personal tangent, but falls down in regard to the final movement, which does not quite come off.

Of another rather popular contemporary composer, Sergei Rachmaninoff, I have but little to say. He is a presentday Tschaikovsky without the egocentricity of his nineteenth-century prototype; and his genius for long-phrased expressive melody, coupled with a great technical skill, make him very acceptable. Yet, in truth, he is little more than a nineteenth-century hangover, with nothing new to say, but with a very nice way of saying it. That his name will outlive the aforementioned composers is not likely. It is their work which has been responsible for an expansion and a growth of symphonic form and content; their contributions are not likely to be ignored.

— W. W.

THE CURRENT SEASON

THE CURRENT THEATRE SEASON AT FORD'S has indeed been a noteworthy one, and prior to the darkening of our one legitimate theatre house by a Baltimore buildings inspector (under the impress of the recent Boston fire) the season gave promise of being satisfactory even to the most discriminating of patrons, what with the return of Kirkland's ultra-realistic study in immorality, Tobacco Road, Joseph Kesselring's comedy of murder, Arsenic and Old Lace, and a presentation of Junior Miss, now running robustly on Broadway. It should be of particular pride to Baltimoreans that a controversy of great dimensions has arisen concerning a play given its initial performance at our own Ford's, namely, Skin of Our Teeth, by Thornton Wilder. The play itself, with its almost total ignorance of theatrical precedent and tradition, is epical in nature, representing mankind's efforts to compromise with environment and circumstance and is the product of a versatile and ingenious intellect, whose competence, great though it be, may not have been equal to the enormity of the task. In places, Mr. Wilder seems to be straining somewhat to evoke laughter; it appears that entire lines and portions are included which are completely irrelevant to anything preceding or following; which, in fact, contribute nothing to the central theme. Thus, in the first two acts, in which this is most noticeable, our attention is diverted from an understanding of what the author actually has to say, and not until late in the final act are we allowed to see woods in spite of the trees, at which time the entire tableau becomes clarified for us with alarming and highly effective suddenness. Only then do we appreciate those allusions which reveal a mind of acuity and insight at work; only then are we aware that we are seeing an optimistic (thank God!) analysis of man and his accomplishments. Despite some weaknesses, therefore, The Skin of Our Teeth is as moving and significant an event as the last several decades of stage have produced, and as interesting a theatrical freak as we are ever likely to see.

In direct contrast to Wilder's broad canvas, *The Three Sisters*, in which the great Russian, Chekhov, working on an infinitely smaller scale, showed as much restraint as the former did the lack of it. Where Wilder has painted with large, bright flourishes, Chekhov has labored with drab detail, and an artistic delicacy. *The Three Sisters* is an intricate patchwork of plots and sub-plots, characters and sub-characters, integrated to form a single object of great beauty. It is theatre at its best, despite the fact that few emotional

heights are attained or any obvious climax reached. The story of three sisters who desire Moscow and all the things it offers, seems, in retrospect, little more than a prolonged denouement, figured, however, with finely etched portraits by a magnificent troupe and authored with assurance and finesse by a first-rate dramatist. It was certainly an evening of considerable impact.

Less in art, but equivalent in entertainment value was Lady in the Dark which, after all, is the sort of thing that does much to keep the theatre alive. Gertrude Lawrence, an artist of great excellence, and great versatility, furnished with better than passable plot and music, and the best in regard to production, injected her personality into the performance, and the result was something that anyone was likely to enjoy. We cannot help but believe that things would not have been the same had there been anyone else in Miss Lawrence's place.

This Is the Army, of course, owes its success almost entirely to time and circumstance. An asortment of vaudeville acts thrown together with little or no excuse, it would have been a total failure five years ago, and frankly, what it had to offer might have been presented just as easily through many other media. We cannot discount entertainment as a factor in theatrical enterprise, however, and must give the devil his due.

Among other major attractions at the Ford's were (I) a return engagement of My Sister Eileen, (2) a first showing in Baltimore of Guest in the House, which was only a reasonably good psychological melodrama in spite of expectations and, of course, (3) Life with Father, the perennial essay on family Hitlers.

— W. W.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene and be what they behold —
For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage.

Pope — Prologue to Addison's Cato.

In other things the knowing artist may Judge better than the people; but a play, (Made for delight, and for no other use) If you approve it not, has no excuse.

-EDMUND WALLER - Prologue to the Maid's Tragedy

BOOK REVIEWS

HEADHUNTING IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS. Caroline Mytinger. N. Y.: Macmillan Co., December, 1942.

AN UNORTHODOX EXPEDITION SETS OUT jauntily across the Southwest Pacific Islands: two anthropologically-minded American girls hunting suspicious and unwilling black cannibal heads with a paintbrush and palette, and paying their way by painting the uninteresting white heads of the European residents. Hordes of malaria mosquitoes and sandflies, moldy clothes, lice, heat-swelling, and an unpleasant malady called "fish-mouth" all conspire to make this trip an "even horror of days." Nevertheless, the would-be adventurers, in their spicy accounts of these miseries, have managed to include a realistic picture of exotic island life.

Bougainville, Gavatu, Guadalcanal, Rabaul, vaguely familiar names since the war began are, we find, steamy, vaporous jungle places through which the harried expedition travel, painting everything from the black, cowed-down Stone-Age women of the interior to the dashing Malaitan boys on the copra plantations — dandies who have made such forward strides toward civilization that they bleach their wiry hair platinum blonde and have formal Sunday afternoon dates at the French Catholic Mission School for Native Girls!

These head-hunting records, besides being of timely interest in their descriptions of the territories on which our Marines landed last August, also afford a rare and intimate insight into vivid native personalities and ways of life.

Of Suffering and Heroism

THE HEROIC STRUGGLE AND THE BITTER tragedy of the Philippines have inspired another book, I Saw the Fall of the Philippines. Although it lacks the skill and high-tension drama of W. L. White's They Were Expendable, it does not fail to bring to the fore the Philippine loyalty to America. Col. Carlos Romulo, the author, found brave, gallant Filipinos fighting side by side with the Americans in the foxholes of Bataan. There and on Corregidor the soldiers lived in unbelievable filth and squalor, yet fought with complete and unwavering faith. But when the battle came to its grim conclusion, body and mind could take no more. All the heartbreak of a losing fight is in the Colonel's book. By order of MacArthur, to whom he was made press relations aide, Romulo left Bataan for Mindanao. From Mindanao he flew to Australia in the Flying Fortress which also

bore three of the expendable heroes — Akers, Kelly, and Cox. The book is a fitting tribute to those men who gave their lives to further the principles for which they fought.

City Remembered

THE BEAUTIFUL, SIMPLE, HUMAN PARIS WE knew and now remember roused a passionate devotion difficult to describe. To express its intricate pattern of life, its delicate characteristics, its thrilling charm, in an anthology of the best pages written about Paris, was far from an easy task. But Elizabeth Finley Thomas has performed this task admirably in her book *The Paris We Remember*. The author's familiarity with French literature is astounding and it is through this amazing knowledge that she best depicts Paris. Especially successful is the collection of poetry skillfully translated by Mrs. Thomas, Hers is a welcome and a useful book. It will keep the memory of Paris alive until we may again go in peace to visit, and admire, and love that beautiful city.

The World's Greatest War Stories

In THE WORLD'S GREATEST WAR STORIES, EDited by Ernest Hemingway, who authored Farewell to Arms and For Whom the Bell Tolls, most of the important wars of man's history are represented, and represented by stories of an unquestionably high calibre. Taken together, the collection is, in spite of this, somehow too obscure and too vague in purpose to achieve a character of any dimension. More specifically, the impact of the book as a whole is not quite so great as the impact of many of its parts. We get the impression of a random selection of good stories, rather than a collection in the accepted sense of the word. Frankly, we are more inclined to favor Author Hemingway than Editor Hemingway.

Reading is to the mind, what exercise is to the body. As by one, health is preserved, strengthened, and invigorated: by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed.

— Addison — The Tatler No. 147.

Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings.

— Longfellow — Kavanagh Ch. XIII.

THE TOWER LIGHT

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IN THE SERVICE

*The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

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Policy???

DUE TO THE MANY COMMENTS CONCERNING anonymous material published in the Tower Light, we of the staff feel the necessity of stating clearly and concisely to our readers the exact nature of our policy concerning this matter. We do not require the name of the writer after each article published in the Tower Light. However, any material submitted to the Tower Light for publication must be accompanied by the author's name or must be given in person to a member of the staff. The staff, at least, must know the person responsible for each article published. If, however, the author requests to remain known only to the editors, that request will be honored. The staff believes in and respects personal liberty.

This is no new idea, conjured up by the present staff in its free moments, for it has no free moments. It is, rather, an heirloom, handed down to us along with the T. L. office, its files and engravers' plates, and the responsibility of publishing one copy each month. This inherited tradition has served effectively the staffs before us and will continue to serve us. What we want is free expression from the student body. The necessity of having one's name or even initial on every article submitted might intimidate some artistic but sensitive souls who, without that requirement, may some day (we hope very soon) write something for the Tower Light.

On Farming

Hoe, hoe, hoe your patch,
Make your furrows deep;
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Work the slope so steep.

CUCH MIGHT BE THE GAY, ROLLICKING round which will echo through the glen this spring. What with tomatoes valued at twenty-four (half of the month's allowed points) and peas and corn at sixteen points a can, there's nothing much we can do but raise our own or starve. Unfortunately, what some of our students don't know about farming makes us fear that they'll starve either way. However, a few simple lessons from our master gardener, Mr. Cook, should help dissolve our ignorance and in no time at all vegetable gardens should be flourishing in the glen. (We hope it's not true about digging up the rest of the campus! - we must eat, it is true; but, after all, there is such a thing as contentment in the beauty of one's surroundings and no matter how practical a vegetable garden is, even a farmer will admit it is no ornament for a front lawn.)

Who knows but what we'll soon be taking courses in agriculture and getting credit for it, too! (There's something for the Curriculum Committee.) We may not be able to work on outside farms this summer as many high school and college students all over the country will do, but there is nothing, not even transportation or the violent objections of a few city-minded people, that can prevent our farming right here at college — is there? And with such a project pending we venture to predict that the bronzed, ruddy but smooth complexion will hold sway this year as will a vigorous, sturdy outdoor body (no more clinging vines, we hope). So, get out your overalls or slacks, an old straw hat, and plenty of good hand lotion, girls. Let's all get down to earth!

* * *

Moist earth produces corn and grass, but both Too rank and too luxuriant in their growth. Let not my land so large a promise boast, Lest the lank ears in length of stem be lost.

- DRYDEN.

Women's Page

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! A NUMBER SEVENTEEN SUGAR RATION TICKET WANTED AT ANY PRICE!

TES, GIRLS, THAT IS OUR NEWEST PHRASE. Heelless and toeless frivolities are gone for the duration. Instead, we see in their place a low-heeled and comfortable pump for both walking and dancing. But I'm sure the majority of us won't mind being less glamorous for awhile; or at least until our men at S. T. C. help rid the world of all the Hitlers and Hirohitoes. However, the summer school students will still wear the squeaky "harachies." At least, we will not have to resort to bare feet, as these play shoes are unrationed.

If anyone tries to give you a hot tip about clothes being rationed, pay no heed. Excerpts from the paper tell us that women have no reason to worry. It is only the rumor mongers who spread these tales that will make it necessary to ration clothes.

Latest Fashion Flashes

Spring hats made of two or three pastel flowers, ribbon, and yards and yards of veiling. Corsages for dances made of war stamps and red cellophane. For further details see May Ruth Needle. Bracelets and matching pins in costume jewelry. Frilly, fussy, flounces of lace to dress the new spring suit. The no-run (at least that's what they say) mesh hose for dress.

On February 19 the Sophomore-Freshman classes held their annual dance in the gym. From all sources comes the word that the dance was a huge success. Our girls looked unusually lovely and exceedingly glamorous. Outstanding among the many were:

Dottie Jones in yellow net. Charlotte Bitter looking very enticing in white. Sherry West wearing black silk jersey. Kitty Cragg in light blue crepe.

The Tower Light Staff has been hit with a brilliant idea for the Women's Page. Why not suggest and present an S. T. C. girl's typical costume for spring?

How about, it, gals? The man may be "the muscle of the Tower Light" but soon there won't be any muscle, so submit your suggestions to the editors and staff, now!

What They're Talking About...

Needle's entering medical school via Henry.

The slang from Bryn Mawr used in their dorms.

What picture is on Drawbaugh's bureau this week?

Who will be May "King"? Clark Gable or Robert Taylor?

What Junior is keeping the Telephone Company in business with those nightly calls from Florida?

Cupid Conquests!

ENGAGEMENTS —

Peggy Baker to James Eavey. Elizabeth Wineholt to Edward Grant. Irene Berger to Paul Rubinstein. Harold Katz to Adele Israel. Wanda Carter to John Kirkam.

MARRIAGES -

Doris Carr to Lawrence W. Bullock. Alma Lee Gott to Sergeant Joseph McMann.

What We Women Put Up With

Miss Wegley was earnestly discussing the multiplication of involved algebraic quantities and got from one of the class members the question of how to eliminate the minus sign preceding a factor without changing the value of the expression. Miss Wegley wisely (or so she thought) referred the question back to the class,

"Mr. Boniface," she asked, "how would you get rid of the minus sign in this question?" and she pointed to the problem on the board. "I," replied Mr. Boniface, "would erase it!"

Which explains the black eye Mr. Boniface was sporting until a few weeks ago.

A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot. — JONATHAN SWIFT, "Thoughts on Various Subjects."

THE TOWER LIGHT

"SPEAK NOT TO ME OF A NAME GREAT IN STORY
THE DAYS OF OUR YOUTH ARE THE DAYS OF OUR GLORY . . . "

DAYS OF OUR YOUTH

Being The Impressions Of A Freshman

FEBRUARY 4 --

This was to be my first day at S. T. C., and I was aburst with enthusiasm. S. T. C.! The very name causes me to tremble with joy. I hurried to the car-stop with my notebooks, two pencils, a pen, a pack of car-tokens, and six cents my mother had given me for a bottle of milk.

Three No. 8 trolley cars passed the car-stop, all going to Govans. I was beginning to fear being late when the dilapidated old red car pulled up advertising "Towson" on the front. I got on and paid my fare. The car was very crowded. The little girl next to me started screaming so I stopped standing on her foot. The conductor kept calling out: "Plenty of seats in the front of the car!"

I carefully removed a man's elbow from my face and battled my way to the front of the car. There were plenty of seats, all right, only they were all taken. Over one of the long seats, however, was printed: "This seat holds six." I only counted five and headed for the tiny space between two huge men. With difficulty I wormed my way in. I tried to apologize to the fat woman who fell off the end, but she wouldn't listen.

Several moments later a young man sat down next to me, and we began to converse. I learned that he was a sophomore at S. T. C. and soon we were talking earnestly. Time passed swiftly by.

I think I was making a good impression because he kept laughing at me all the while, although I could swear I'm not that clever.

At length, the conductor called out: "Sheppard Pratt!"

"Is that where we get off?" I inquired of my companion.

"I wouldn't if I were you," he replied.

MARCH - 1943

"What is it?" I asked, "a post graduate school?"

"Not quite, but *you're* liable to get there in less than four years."

"Oh, I'm not that smart!" I replied modestly.

A few moments later we got off the street-car and crossed the street.

"Say," I spoke up, pointing, "isn't that sort of small for a college?"

He looked at me for a very long time.

"That," he finally gritted, "is the street-car station."

We walked up the gravel path, while I admired the beauty of the landscape under the morning sun. The ad building seemed very grand and impressive.

Suddenly I exclaimed, "What a finelooking defense plant!" "It's the new gym," came the reply. I think he was disgusted.

Inside the building, I saw a great pile of books moving down the hall, carried by someone I could not see.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Katenkamp," came the reply. "He's being drafted into the Army as an encyclopedia."

That puzzled me a little bit; I always thought encyclopedias were books.

Our blissful young freshman will continue to blunder his way around school in the next issue. Watch for him!

ARE THE GERMAN PEOPLE AT FAULT?

Last month we presented one student's positive opinions relative to the timely question: ARE THE GERMAN PEOPLE AT FAULT? This month, in reply to these sentiments, another student has submitted the following article, representing the negative view of the question.

AN IS ESSENTIALLY A SELFISH ANIMAL; ALL life under analysis is primarily egocentric. This — like many things we say of man — is difficult to prove, for Civilization, compounded by accident as well as by deliberation, founded upon deceit as well as upon virtue, has imposed upon the masses a cloud of ideals which stifle Truth and Reality so successfully that a contrary notion has little possibility for popular acceptance. But Truth is not relative to the whim of the multitude, nor Reality subject to the voice of the majority. If there is an object of which no man knows and which, therefore, exists for no man, is that object any less real? Must it be recognized by a majority vote before it can qualify for existence? Obviously not.

I repeat: Man is essentially a selfish animal. His first regard is for himself, and he is concerned with the welfare of others only as it affects him. He mourns the loss of a loved one as much because he has lost something that cannot be replaced as out of compassion for the fate of the departed. He is religious not out of loyalty to any God but because of the security that faith seems to provide him and here promise of everlasting life it so glibly advertises. Likewise, the degree of an individual's patriotism is directly proportional to the degree his country has benefited him. The trait of selfishness is not confined to a single people; greed is not a word that can be applied to the German nation alone. We can accuse practically any member of any race or people of being avaricious; where degree is concerned we begin to make modifications. Thus in considering the question: Are the German people at fault? We must examine causes as well as effects, means as carefully as ends.

At the close of World War I, Germany was a chaos of political and economic disorganization and was insane with numerous extremists and selfish factions which had conceived obscure notions of reorganization and meant to see them carried out. The streets of the larger cities were sick

with the starving and the maimed, the orphaned and the cynical; and over an extended period of time, the days were a-riot with unrest and suffering, bespeaking more and more the decadent state of the nation. Out of this strife and insecurity grew a great longing in the minds of the people, a longing for the peace and organization the great war had denied them; and when, at length, Hitler roared out the promises they had been waiting a decade to hear, it is not surprising they threw aside the less attractive form of government then existing, and accepted him. Hitler was the "any port in the storm," and the common people's first acceptance of him is something we must regard as being the logical effect of unfortunate causes. Later, of course, it is probable that many of the people were seized with the same frenzy for world dominance that motivated Hitler.

The German people are not inherently cursed with a warlike nature; the Hitler environment has been entirely responsible for the subjection of the finer emotions to barbaric tendencies. It is for us to remove not the people, but the environment. For we cannot condemn the sheep for the shepherd, nor the axe for the arm that wields it.

If our courage is the courage of conviction, and our faith the faith in the justice of the system we have accepted, then it is our obligation, and our privilege, to right the wrong. If Christianity could convert the savage, then Democracy is equal to converting the political barbarian.

We must not be like the man who burned down his house so he would not have to buy fire insurance; we must not rob Humanity of a people who have produced a Beethoven and a Wagner in music, a Goethe and a Schiller in literature, and an Ehrlich in medicine. It is my belief that if we resort to Hitlerian methods of subjugation or mass murder, that Hitler, though he lose, will yet have won. We must not, then, as individuals, be Germany's of intolerance or Japan's of deceit.

G. I.

If ONE LOOKS AT THE HONOR ROLL NAMES, alumnae as well as alumni are being added to the list. Our girls are going into the various branches of the services—but the WAACS are drawing the largest number. A recent letter has come from Hester Brown, a former student, who hast just started her training in the WAVES at Hunter College, New York. She says she went up with sixty girls from Baltimore and Washington and found they were part of a contingent of 2,000 girls. A total of nine thousand girls will be trained at the Hunter College unit.

WAACS— Dorothy Farmer, Praxythea Coroneos, Ruth Caples, Frances Fantom, Martha Schnebly, Julia Over, Helene Davis.

WAVES— Catherine Jacobsen, Hester Brown — and Rhoda Brookhart (who is in the officer's training school at Smith College).

We understand Janet Clautice, February, '43, graduate, has passed all her exams for the WAVES.

${ m R}^{ m ECENT}$ VISITORS TO THE COLLEGE FROM our armed forces:

Lieutenant John Horst, general's aide, stationed at Camp Stewart, Georgia.

Technician, 3rd Class, Edgar Clopper, who traveled from California.

Lieutenant James O'Connor.

Private Joseph Hillyard.

Lieutenant John Wheeler.

Ensign Lee McCarriar, who recently received his commission.

Lieutenant Creston Herold, who is still anxious to teach.

Lieutenant John Shock.

Technician Sergeant Donaldson Gorsuch.

Ensign Herbert Silver of the Class of '38, who not only visited the college but contributed his fine baritone voice to a Thursday assembly.

MARCH - 1943

ANY LETTERS HAVE COME FROM THE MEN in service to various members of the faculty and students in the past few weeks. We wish we could print all these letters but with our present budget our space is limited. We understand, too, that the *College News*, issued every five or six weeks by the College to the men in service, carries excerpts from these many letters.

The past few weeks have removed many men from the campus to military service — first the members of the graduating class on January 30th and now the members of the enlisted reserve who are being called for duty on March 2nd. Soon a male member of a class at the S. T. C. will be a rarity. But we'll try to keep the college fires burning until you come back!

Those stalwart men of our College who just left recently are:

Isaac Schkloven, Army Air Corps
John Hackman, Army Air Corps
Kenneth Martin, Army Air Corps
Burton Lock, Army
Harold Katz, Army
Bark Spellman, Army
Paul Harris, Army
Pete Galley, Army
Theodore Katenkamp, Army
Earl Welemeyer. Army
Ira Ehrlich, Army
Harry London, Navy.

These boys will be missed and the reasons:

Schkloven's ping-pong playing
Hackman's tuneful playing
Martin's arguing with instructors
Lock's marvelous pictures
Katz's Men's Page
Spellman's quips and his usual question, "Where is

Talbott?"
Harris's presence in Student Government activities
Galley's progress in managing the Junior Class
Katenkamp's rushing through the library and his inev-

itable 6.9 average

Welemeyer's guidance of the Freshman Class Ehrlich's tennis technique London's singing in the shower.

Good luck boys, and write to us often.

* * *

Have you seen the News Letters that are being sent to all S. T. C. members in the armed forces? Dr. Tansil has been compiling these really "newsy" letters which include not only a personal note from Dr. Tansil but also a list of alumni in the armed services. News from many letters sent to the school have been included and, best of all, greetings from many faculty members.

Campus Chatter

V/HAT IS HELL?

W This question has been one of the gravest of Man's concerns, and the various conceptions that have been handed down to us are very interesting. Actually, Hell is nothing more than organized religion's most effective device for persuading heathens to be converted. The ancient idea of an inferno of flames somewhere in the middle of the earth is of long standing, and is a belief which many people still support. Some go so far as to claim that geysers are really evidences of the devil blowing off steam. A more modern and equally interesting conception is that Hell is the receiving end of any effective means of punishment; and the worst possible torture I have yet heard of is: doing any single thing you care to name . . . forever.

THIS REPORTER IS WELL-ACQUAINTED WITH I the family of a former male student of our College who is now a member of the Air Corps. To this student's home at regular intervals came the student's grandmother, like the Lone Ranger, in spite of rain, hail, or snow. She was a rather nice, decrepit individual who had nothing to share but trouble and who shared it unselfishly. An unfortunate affliction had rendered her sense of taste useless; and, consequently, she ate not those foods which appealed to her palate but those which looked nicest to her. She had an aversion to green and, therefore, never ate green vegetables, and an extraordinary liking for bright colors, so they fed her Jello and prayed she would not get color-blind and starve to death. Particularly offensive was her habit of saying several times during the course of every meal: "Can't taste a thing. I can't taste a single thing!", often following this with: "I wish I were dead!" The entire family, especially the sensitive mother, was upset by these emotional outbursts; and the student's father grimly resolved to put a stop to all this. During one of her visits, the old lady was particularly explosive at mealtime. After having consumed great portions of meat covered with gravy (she was partial to brown) and mashed potatoes smothered in catsup (she LOVED red), endeavoring all the while by the loud smacking of her lips to derive the taste therefrom, she spoke up: "Can't taste a thing! Can't taste a single thing! What a miserable life I lead! If I had a sharp knife, I would surely kill myself!" Whereupon, the head of the house, arising immediately,

went to the kitchen cabinet and drawing forth a huge butcher knife, carefully laid it on the table before her.

And there it remained for the rest of the meal. . . .

THE HABIT OF SMOKING MAY NOT BE NEARLY I so harmful as some people would have us believe. Upon approaching some of the "addicts" about the campus with the question of why they smoke, this correspondent found that just about all the replies were the same: "It gives me relaxation, that's all." The truth of the matter may well be that smoking is an aid to self-hypnotism, a state into which some people are consciously able to project themselves by means of concentrating upon a single object or idea. Self-hypnotism will not make ordinary individuals immune to pain, nor will it perform any similar miracles; rather, it is restful and relaxing, and an accepted aid to mental hygiene. This state - likened to day-dreaming minus the aspiration and vanity — does not permit of any outside worries or cares once it is achieved, at least for the time being. Smoking may provide the optimum conditions for self-hypnotism, if the subject is alone and in the proper frame of mind. If these things are true, the person who smokes may be more inclined to a healthier state of mind than his virtuous prototype. Anyway, we have always appreciated the attitude of the College administration as regards the practice about the school grounds and welcome it as an indication of broad-mindedness and progressive thinking.

S WE REPORTED IN THE LAST ISSUE OF THE T. L., Ned Logan has rather steadily been endeavoring to overcome the elementary Morse Code difficulty of distinguishing three dots from four (S from H) in Dr. Walther's Civil Aeronautics course. This single factor is hindering Ned's progress in mastering the code to such an extent that the venerable instructor is paying him special attention. After one lengthy practice in which no noticeable progress had been made, Dr. Walther asked, "Can't you get this business, Neds?" "I don't know what's wrong," replied Ned, turning on the renowned Logan blush. "I guess I must have a one-track mind." To which added Dr. Walther: "A one-track mind is right . . . and the train isn't running!"

Dining With The Natural History Group

THE MEMORY OF THE WARM, CONGENIAL atmosphere of the Natural History Group's annual dinner, as contrasted with the cold weather and the unhappy state of nations, is a bright one. This year's dinner, a reunion, first, of Marylanders who had attended the Audubon Nature Camp at Muscongas Bay, Maine, and, secondly, of the Natural History Group and its friends was not only the organization's largest affair but also its most ambitious. Ann Wright, who spent last summer at the Audubon Nature Camp, originated the idea of inviting its director, Mr. Carl W. Bucheister, as guest and speaker. She also designed attractive hand-painted place cards supported on beech twigs and decorated with realistic sketches of birds and flowers. A definite need for botanical training was exhibited by one distinguished member of the faculty who mistook skunk cabbage blossoms for a pair of owls!

In every way, the dinner fulfilled our highest expectations. The food was well prepared by the dormitory chefs and graciously served by our own collegiennes. Immediately after dinner, Patricia Waddey, president of the club, welcomed the group and introduced a special guest, our President, Dr. Wiedefeld, whose unstinted praise inspired all the group's members to maintain the high standards she so admired.

Ann Wright introduced the campers, alumni of State Teachers College, faculty members of Friends School and the Maryland College for Women, Mrs. Wright (mother of Ann and Jule), Mrs. Elmer Ellenson, and Mrs. Leslie Gay.

Dr. Anita Dowell, after telling a few of her own experiences at the Nature Camp, introduced the distinguished and gracious speaker of the evening, Mr. Carl W. Bucheister, Assistant Director of the National Audubon Society, Director of the Audubon Nature Camp, and a devoted lover of his native State, Maryland. To an enthusiastic audience, Mr. Bucheister showed colored slides of the camp, and three technicolor reels of some commonly known Maryland birds and various water-birds which inhabit the Lake Okechobee district in Florida. The most interesting pictures were those of the cedar wax wing regurgitating cherries for its young. The most thrilling experience related concerned the finding in Maryland of the black-headed vulture and its nest.

Should People From 18 To 21 Be Given Privilege of Voting?

(A Poll of Opinions Gathered in the midst of War-Time Accelerated Curriculum.)

"People eighteen to twenty-one have as much ability to vote correctly as the average adult of the population."

T. Katenkamp, Sr. 3.

"I think the age limit for voting should be dropped to twenty but not to eighteen. Emotions are not yet stabilized at eighteen. However, I can understand the attitude of the drafted men: men old enough to fight for their country are old enough to vote in it."

B. L. Siegel, Sr. Special.

"If your school system educates you in the responsibility of democracy, as it professes to do, you should be able to assume the responsibilities of citizenship at eighteen years of age."

E. F. Dowell.

"I really don't think that young people should vote until they are twenty-one. A person of eighteen is usually not earning money or making a living. He should be busy at school developing himself, and preparing to assume the responsibilities of democracy."

Lieutenant J. Horst.

..."I honestly believe that *boys* from eighteen to twenty-one, since they are drafted into the armed forces, deserve the privilege of voting.

Burton Lock, Ir.

"Adolescents from eighteen to twenty-one, for the most part, are so young in every way that the power of voting would seem to be misplaced if put into their hands. Uncle Sam wisely placed the minimum age at twenty-one. There it should stay.

Esther Spaeth, Soph 6.

"The responsibility of winning this war rests, to a great extent, on the shoulders of the men and women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. If they are expected to do their parts in preserving democracy, why should they not be able to exercise the privilege of directing this democracy by vote?

Lucy Goldsmith, Fr. 3.

HEATHEN DAYS - H. L. Mencken, 1943

HEATHEN DAYS IS NEITHER A DESCRIPTIVE nor an appropriate name for this book: it should be called Happy Days. For Mr. Mencken, who has known be-reavement and, presumably, frustration, writes like a man in whom happiness is constitutional. He never seems to have been happy foolishly, which means without cause and on principle, like sentimental optimists. Neither has he wept like tragic philosophers over the evils of the world. On the contrary, his abounding health, his tireless energy, make him vividly conscious of the ever-present, so often neglected, comedy in life.

In the chapter "Vanishing Act" he reports his musings among the ruins of Carthage. The Carthaginians fascinated him because they made so thorough a job of disappearing from the earth. At Carthage, the Romans really spat on their hands and in consequence the remains of the city, once so rich and so puesant, are not greater in bulk and hardly greater in significance than the remains of the barn struck by lightning. The one Carthaginian author who is remembered is Sanchumathon, and he is remembered because a first-rate Greek mentioned him once and probably invented him. Mr. Mencken's musings amount to a comic history of Carthage reconstructed in the light not of archaeology but of human experience. He suggests that the country was, no doubt, ruled by "politicians, authors, intriguers and demagogues" and that these professional governors in ruling the state misruled it into oblivion.

In "Romantic Intermezzo" he calls the Democratic National Convention of 1920 at San Francisco, "the most charming in American Annals." He does not bother to say what the issues were or who was nominated, but mentions the most important element "the carload of Bourbon whisky, old, mellow, and full of pungent tang." To Mencken, the hero of the occasion is Governor Ralph of California who, in spite of prohibition, imported the Bourbon.

So in "Gore in the Caribbees," Mr. Mencken's acount of a Cuban Revolution in 1917, the revolution is pure comic opera, and the plot is his device for getting his report past the censors, to his newspaper in Baltimore. Though his volume ranges over forty-six years, it concerns itself with brief hilarious episodes picked out of Mr. Mencken's opulent memory and told with his immense delight in idiocies. Mr. Mencken pays amused tribute to certain figures he has systematically ridiculed, men like William Jennings Bryan, Huey Long, Father Coughlin and Gerald L. K. Smith. But of course *Heathen Days* must not be mistaken for the whole history of Mr. Mencken during the years in which these laughable incidents occurred. Before the full truth about him is told, somebody less comic than he, even if less competent, will have to have a hand in the job.

Propaganda?

ALL NIGHT LONG - Erskine Caldwell

SERGEI KOROKOV, RUSSIAN GUERILLA FIGHTer, felt the keen blade of his knife slither into the fat back of a Nazi sentry, dispatched another by a simple twist of the wire around the neck, cut another's scrawny throat in a straight line above the Adam's apple, bored another's body with steel-tipped bullets. . . .

By the use of such drastic methods, the red-blooded Sergei succeeds in leading his guerilla band over the Russian countryside in a mad campaign of subversive action against German troop trains, radio stations, and supply depots.

Erskine Caldwell's latest book sounds unfortunately like a piece of rather naive Russian propaganda. His guerilla fighters are altruistic, courageous, and heroic to a man; his Nazis, every one, nasty, snivelling cowards.

All Night Long will certainly satisfy the sadistic reader with its gory accounts of killing and massacre behind the German lines, but it has little to offer in effective character portrayal. Daring Sergei, brave friend Fyador, and the valiant girl Notasha — heroes all — somehow ring hollow to us; they lack warmth and realness and small human touches. This much-publicized novel of the war has been caustically described by one reviewer as "the most prominent war casualty of recent U. S. writing."

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On Bologna

THE TL RECEIVED A LETTER THE OTHER DAY L which said in effect: "On the average I find only onetenth of every Tower Light issue interesting and less than one-half tolerable. Evidently the difficulty other people have getting bologna these days does not extend to the Tower LIGHT staff." We are left almost speechless . . . but not quite. Bologna, referring to "hooey" in this case, is a relative term; relative, that is, to the individual. What is considered "hooey" by one person may be enjoyed by another. One man's meat is another man's poison. We cannot adjust the Tower Light material to meet the satisfaction of any single individual. What we are attempting to do is to include, as best we can, those elements which will make the publication the most interesting for the most people. It is your job to let us know when and where we err, in judgment, policy or what-have-you; but please be specific, not just blasting. We have been wrong before and will be wrong again; we petition you not to let us be wrong the same way twice.

Promise

TE WERE BEGINNING TO WONDER WHETHer any of the students was really interested in the Tower Light other than to criticize its faults and weaknesses. As we were pondering such thoughts we received a letter from a recent graduate who is now enjoying her real teaching experiences. Her enthusiastic praise of the issues she had received was, we can tell you, ointment to irritated skin. In striking contrast to the general attitude of indifference of the student body, she has utmost faith in our students to think things out for themselves and to keep the college publication alive with these thoughts. She writes, "It seems to me that in these days you should be able to capture very interesting thoughts, since folks our age are just beginning to explore the activity of thinking." We almost added, "She don't know us very well, do she?" - by us meaning the student body that floods the TL office with rich thoughts and with so many of them that we are thinking of putting out a sixteen-page issue again to provide space for them. Yes, we are dreaming.

We of the staff are beginning to feel, from the hearty response to our pleas, that the students have either exhausted their fertile brains, which we heartily doubt; or that they haven't begun to think because they don't know how to go about it, which is quite plausible; or that they're just too lazy to think, which is not at all impossible. Time and time again the staff has sent out a plea for student participation. Time and time again the uninterested student body has turned to the gossip column, diligently read it (we must give that credit at least), closed the magazine and complained, as we heard through the halls one day, that "the Tower Light hasn't a thing in it except the picture this issue."

It has been brought to our attention that since the college magazine is supposed to be an expression of student thought and since the students have no thoughts there is no need for the publication. The more we consider it, the better we like the idea. So if you want a magazine you'd better start doing something and doing it quick! The staff does not intend much longer to sacrifice its precious time and its energy putting out a magazine that isn't even appreciated. However, they say "Sticks and stones may break my bones but words can never hurt me." So we suppose some of our illustrious dunderheads will continue blissfully to ignore our threats. Incidentally, this is a threat. It might even be a promise. It is not a plea!

Women's Page

Flash: Hot Off The Press

THE BEST-DRESSED GIRL IN THE EASTER Parade will be from State Teachers College, Towson, Maryland.

She will wear:

A light-weight wool coral colored suit;

A "Wragge" beige top coat, thrown carelessly over the shoulders;

Navy blue cordey bag;

Navy blue pumps;

Crisp white blouse and gloves;

A hat of blue grograin ribbon and white frills, with a fine Navy blue veil.

With this suit, she can wear many different colored accessories. For very formal occasions she may dress her suit up with costume jewelry or if she is lucky enough to have them, a set of kolinskys will put her on the top of the world.

Intercollegiate Day

Saturday, March 20, 1943, our gym was arrayed with gay colored gym suits representing seven colleges. The colleges taking part were:

Notre Dame

Western Maryland

Frostburg

Salisbury

Goucher

University of Maryland

Being the perfect hostesses, the STC students participating in the athletics graciously lost to the visiting teams. However, I do believe we would have won if we could.

Western Maryland took top honors in basketball, defeating Frostburg in a nip-and-tuck game. The college from upper Maryland State acted like greased lightning on the floor and left your reporter aghast.

In badminton, Goucher defeated Western Maryland. Again our young ladies stood in the background in this event.

Pictures of the girls in action and resting were taken by reporters from the Baltimore *Sun* and Baltimore *News*. Also, our eminent Doctor Hartley could be seen running hither and you scaring everyone with the flash of his bulbs.

A delightful luncheon was held in the dormitory, followed by a short speech by Doctor Wiedefeld.

I may be slightly prejudiced but my compliments go to our own students and coach who made the visit so enlightening and friendly.

Cupid Conquests!

ENGAGEMENT!

Naecarma Collector to Fritz Goldschmidtt.

The ah's and oh's and wearing of sun glasses by the junior class is Miss Collector's fault.

Something New

The queer odors in the dormitory at this point are caused by pastel shades of paint. Turmoil exists. The second is on the third floor and the third floor is on the third floor. Complicated, isn't it?

News In A Fashion Magazine:

Jose Iturbi will make his screen debut opposite Katherine Grayson in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Private Miss Jones." To complete the film, Iturbi made nine round-trip flights between the coast and Rochester, New York, where he conducts the Rochester Philharmonic. No great hardship for a member of the Civil Air Patrol, with eight hundred flying hours already to his credit.

Reports from Hollywood are that the famous pianistconductor photographs and acts so successfully, he is now being groomed for romantic leads.

Theatre Note:

Moss Hart sent the following telegram to Gertrude Lawrence: "Darling Gertrude. The most horrible thing happened last night. I suddenly got an idea for a new play for you. What shall I do? Love, Moss."

Miss Lawrence replied: "Dear Moss: How perfectly frightening. Please let me know as soon as you have something on paper. Bless you, darling. Boss Lady." (Boss Lady is the "Lady in the Dark"'s pet name for herself.) (Since Harold Katz, Editor of the Men's Page, was called into the service, a new personality was needed to fill the position he occupied. We immediately turned to the Quiz Kid himself, none other than Maynard Webster, who accepted the responsibility gladly. (Think nothing of the knots on his head.)

Caution:

IF YOU ARE EVER OUT WITH RAY CULLEN DURing a blackout, either carry a hood for him or refrain from mentioning Charlotte Bitter's name, because he still lights up like a neon sign (Ned Logan, the Second) at the thought of Charlotte's beautiful blonde curls falling over that sleek black gown she wore to the recent Freshman-Sophomore Dance. We sympathize with Ray. Our eyeballs are still strained, along with Mr. Millar's, who glibly stated: "Wasn't all package, either."

(Note: It's also OK to dream about her, too, Ray . . . if you don't do it out loud. —My, Hutton! What big ears you have!)

Local Boy Makes Good!

It pleases us, dear friends, to announce that Ned Logan is out of the fog and now catches "H" consistently in CA and other places as well . . . excepting in E. F. D.'s History 401. (Oh, yeah!)

"Michelangelo" Refo Hits The Headlines!!!

Last month's Tower Light cover featured Carlisle Refo's brain-child (Foster Dowell: "It turned out to be an idiot!"), a sketch of a student leaping high into the air with a lot of books in one hand and a lot of baloney (the TL) in the other. Since then this question has arisen: Of what genius was moron Refo thinking when he penned the sketch? As someone has put it, the drip on the cover is too handsome to be Webster, too pale to be Logan, too intelligent-looking to be Cashman, and too energetic to be Narsus Hutton. We conclude, therefore, that the characteristics combined in the drawing (namely: idiocy and pretentiousness) can be found in but one person in the college; Refo must have been looking in a mirror when he drew it.

Hey, You Farmer!

We certainly are glad to know about you and Zimmy. Good luck, you wolf!

APRIL • 1943

Pleased

For your information, that sweet smile on the face of Dr. Foster Dowell is the normal self-satisfaction accompanying the successful management of his current course, "The Recopying of Furgeson and Brunn's European Civilization Since 1660," or as catalogued, History 401.

Tribute

This is an attempt to pay respects in some small fashion to our very own "Curly Bill" Hartley. How refreshing to have a really human and dynamic personality around! He certainly does make things light up!We like to imagine what would happen if the Doc and former Man's Man Harold Moser got together. Wouldn't that be the day! Well, we don't have Mr. Moser or much of the former male contingent, but we do have Hartley and we could have no better. He not only plays basketball with the boys, but he's right in the thick of it when the real routine back-breaking stuff comes along. Thanks a million, Doc! You're a regular guy!

Action Speaks Loudest

Roy Cashman is a guy you can't find much to tell about. There's not even enough gossip to interest the tripe dealers of the extremely efficient dormitory grapevine. Just keep on being the useful guy you are, Roy. We notice you; and as for gossip about you, just relax and give the dorm plenty of rope. They have very vivid imaginations.

Last Will And Testament

This is to say that if I should lose my life for anything printed on this page (not that the boys will mind, of course), I do hereby bequeath my worldly possessions to be divided between those who love me most: my mother, who must since she is stuck with me, and my dog, who doesn't know any better.

Aside:

Gosh, Reef, old man, doesn't it get a little confusing?

NO

THE REFINED AND SENSITIVE

AREN NESLEY DRAPED HER JET BLACK TURban over her soft, shining, copper curls, partially covering them. With sustained, graceful movements she curved her kolinsky scarf over the shoulders of her well-cut black wool dress, tucked a roomy, black patent leather bag under her left arm and with a curt, condescending "Good evening" to her secretary, left her office. It was later than usual when she stepped from the dimly lighted corridor into the still bright daylight. The late spring days were growing so noticeably longer that even at this late hour the street lamps were not yet lighted.

Since there was plenty of time before her evening engagement. Karen decided to walk home through the park. "Just for the spice of things," she mused to herself. It would break the monotony of riding home in a taxicab, and besides, she needed the exercise.

As she entered the now almost deserted park, a strange, nondescript little man waddled past her. He wistled a lively Irish jig in a gay, carefree style. Suddenly, like a huge boulder dislodged from its resting place, a poignant sadness and longing swept over her heart, a longing for the thing which was no more. Such deep yearning she had not experienced since those first few weeks when in her lonely, single-room apartment she had cried herself to sleep night after night, longing to return to the home which she had so heedlessly left. She had fought desperately against overwhelming odds until she had won her battle over her own sensitive emotions and over the other obstacles in the path of her success. She had achieved position of head designer at Bonwit's and had mastered her sentiments until . . . Karen sank dazedly down upon a nearby bench. Vivid pictures flooded her memory like an incoming tide. There were warm summer days spent in leisurely roaming the fields outlying the little Irish

settlement which she then called home. It was beautiful country, with low rolling hills and broad flat plains. She knew almost every landmark by heart and would delight in losing her way among the wooded patches only to find a new way home. She recalled the many pleasant summers before she left home to make her way in the world. They were beautiful summers of long, lazy, hot days and cool, restful nights. She reveled in the long solitary hikes through the blistering sun, and in the succeeding plunge into the refreshing pool beneath the graceful, gently stirring willow trees. Sometimes the long tramps were not solitary, for there was Michel, dear faithful Michel, who idolized her beyond measure. She winced a bit at thought of him. Even now there was no one to replace him. He had understood her every desire, her likes and dislikes, and had often encouraged her in her moments of despair. Yes, those were wonderful summers.

The winters were equally as exciting. Vivid pictures danced through her mind as she reluctantly relived her past. There were cold winter evenings when snow lay in deep drifts around the sturdy, well-built cottage. It was then that Karen spent long hours sitting beside a crackling fire roasting her toes as well as apples and chestnuts. On Saturday evenings, when the chores for the day were through, the family gathered around the fire and, as Father fiddled merrily, sang gay, spritely Irish tunes or sweet, lilting melodies of the homeland. Quite frequently the neighborly O'Tooles and Fogartys would drop in; it was then that keen Irish wit and persevering spirit manifested itself in the lively jigs and reels which were the endless delight of the younger children.

Then there was church on Sunday. It was invigorating to plod through the deep, crusted snow to the little village church with its towering steeple and deep, resonant bell

RETURN

PORTRAIT OF AN INCIDENT

pealing forth through the crisp morning air, calling its little flock to worship. Father was a devout Christian and mother was of equal religious fervor. Karen remembered them as they walked briskly arm in arm down Maine Street on the way to church. She and her sister and brothers were justly proud of their parents, who were of hardy pioneer stock.

After church there were those never-to-be-forgotten Sunday meals. Nothing, not even the meals prepared by Karen's chef and served so sumptuously, could compare with mother's wholesomely rich meals served plainly and simply.

Her mind wandered again and new pictures flashed before her. It was harvest time. The fields were golden with ripened corn waving gracefully in the cool breezes of September. She remembered her father as he cut the long stalks and piled them in neat rows up and down the fields. The corn shocks always reminded her of Indian tepees and when she was very small, she and her brothers would scamper in and out among the drying piles and would even bury themselves under the grain. Later on, when the brisk winds of October and the chilling blasts of November swept over the countryside, there were the husking bees. The neighbors delighted in this sociable means of doing what might easily become a tiresome task. Those were times of frolic for young and old alike. Wonderful, gay times, indeed!

Then there was spring, the season of newness. The birds returned to their nesting places, the trees blossomed forth in new array, and the air was filled with an earthy smell. Father and the neighbors prepared the ground for the new, tender plants, and complained if the season were too wet. Karen liked best to walk through the fields, soggy yet from freshly melting snow. She loved to wander down to the

brook and watch it breaking free from its temporary captor, the ice. It was then that she felt a new release, a new year to make the most of. Yes, it was in just such time of year that she had finally decided to leave home and make the most of her talents. Memory once again lunged a piercing dagger into the very depths of her heart as she thought of home. That home, because of mother, was always cheerful, whether it was a dismal, dreary day of late fall or a bright new spring day. Mother had never lost her cheery disposition even in hours of severe trial. She had been the mainstay of Karen's protected life. When she had gone (again Karen winced) there was no more light. The quiet, moody home gradually became unbearable; all was darkness and gloom. So it was that fifteen years ago Karen left that village of memories, left it to overcome grief that was eating at her heart. Yes, after a magnificent struggle she had come through triumphant; she had made her way to the top and had succeeded in forgetting almost entirely the home from which she had come. As she pondered these last thoughts, the dense haze which had beclouded her mind seemed to lift and she realized that it was growing steadily darker. The soft rays of the street lamps pierced the growing gloom, as in the near distance neon signs flashed their gaudy advertisements. She arose from the bench and continued on her way home. Home!A sumptuously furnished five-room suite in an exclusive hotel! It was a far cry from the old home, she thought bitterly.

Five minutes later Karen stepped from the elevator and walked down the hall to her rooms. She knew her longings were but pipe dreams; her desire, but a castle in the air. She would content herself with what she had and long for no more. She knew that for her there was no return.

Campus Chatter

STC Personality Of The Month:

CHE IS BLONDE AND VERY ATTRACTIVE AND the most looked-at person on the campus. In case you don't already know who we are talking about, her name is Shirley Henschen. We have selected her as STC Personality of the Month because of the new and interesting trends for which she has been responsible on and about the campus, among them all the whistling you have been hearing the hoys (God bless them, all ten of them) do in the halls these days. Indeed, if you notice any male staring very hard at something with a vacant look in his eye, that "something" will be Miss Henschen ten times out of ten. She is already an institution here at our college ("Or should be in one," her friends tell us), for if ever she becomes an instructress, she will certainly imbue our profession with a glamor it has never known. In our feeble attempts to analyze her character, we conclude that she is not, as some of the campus cats would have it, conceited; but is, of all things, self-conscious and has tendency to shy away from anyone she does not know unless directly attracted to them. Of Miss Henschen it has been said (and here we wax poetic) that if you see a sunbeam walking down the hall, only it isn't a sunbeam, it will be Shirley. In reply to which we quote Burton Lock: "She should be insulted by the comparison."

Let the Tower Light know of your choice for next issue's STC Personality of the Month.

Religion

DELIGION HAS BEEN AN INTEGRAL AND UN-R mistakeable part of man's make-up since the beginning of his existence; but we think we can foresee in the distant future its almost total and absolute disappearance. This may seem to be a rather startling statement; but how did religion come about in the first place? In the beginning, man devised a God or Demon for every phenomenon he could not explain. As time passed, science came into being, explaining more and more of these phenomena, encroaching more and more upon the field of the Mystic Causes; and, although for many, religion lost none of its potency, there began to be those who would not accept it. The rise of science, thus, heralds the fall of religion. Every advance of the one has been accompanied by an equal recession on the part of the other; a forward step for science has meant a backward one for religion. It follows that when, and if, all things are explained — and we have faith that they ultimately will be - then will religion perish, for lacking purpose.

CPEAKING OF RELIGION, NO ONE HAS EVER been able to discount the importance of faith and prayer relative to man and his existence, and now because of the impress of the Eddie Rickenbacker true confessions, such a discounting would probably be impossible. But did you hear this one about one of our former students? This student, now in the armed forces, was loathe to accept some of the ideas and customs associated with religion. A very close acquaintance entertained exactly the contrary viewpoint and was continually orating about the power of faith in God. "Faith," he would say, "can accomplish anything. Your prayer, no matter what it may be, will be answered, if you believe." To which one day our former student heatedly replied, "Very well. Let's both go upstairs and hang out the third-story window by our hands. You waste your time shouting 'Save me, God!' and I'll just hang on, and we'll see who falls

The preacher declined.

Klassroom Kwips

IT SEEMS THAT DR. ANITA DOWELL IS HAVing a very interesting time with the Junior Section in Health 301. One day she gave the class an unexpected written exam on various rather commonplace diseases. In answer to the question: "What are rabies and what would you do for them?" one genius wrote: "Rabies are Jewish priests and I would treat them with the respect befitting their station"!

Dr. Walther was discussing airplane engine trouble in the CA course just last week.

"Mr. Hutton," he asked, "what would you do if you were flying five thousand feet above the ground, and your motor was missing?"

"I'd get a new one," promptly replied Mr. Hutton.

To Dr. Lynch:

Mr. Crook told us to use ammonium hydroxide, but I can't find any. There's some hydrochloric acid here, though; will that do just as well?

Have you heard about Dr. Hartley's musical talents? When he was only two years old he played on the linoleum. But of course he has a musical family, since they all have ear drums.

Days of Our Youth

Last issue we left our young freshman after he had encountered Katenkamp, the inevitable two-legged pile of books that once darted down the halls of STC. As we conclude his wanderings we add that, despite his faults, we are very fond of this freshman of ours. Who wouldn't be? After all, he is a male!

66 OME ON," SAID MY FRIEND, "I'LL SHOW you around the building."

On the first floor I looked through one of the glass-paneled doors and saw a handsome woman, obviously a teacher, waving her arms wildly about in the air.

"Is she mad at someone?" I asked, rather frightened at such a display of temper.

'No, that's Miss Weyforth conducting the Glee Club."

"This early?" I inquired.

"Certainly," he replied, "they practice all the time."

"Don't they ever sleep?"

"Only during lectures," he replied casually.

I think he was spoofing me.

On the next floor we stopped before an open door.

"That," said my friend, pointing into the room, "is Dr. E. Foster Dowell giving a lecture.'

I looked in and saw a very loud, active and effective gentleman kicking a waste can from one end of the room to the other.

"Heavens!" I exclaimed. "What's this?"

"He's practicing for the soccer team," quipped my friend.

Next we went to the library. There was no one in the right wing. In the left wing we came upon great piles of books loaded upon one of the tables. When we got to the other side of this fortress, we found a young man with his face buried in an open book.

"Katenkamp?" I asked.

"Katenkamp," came the reply.

There was some kind of student meeting in the assembly today. They spent half an hour discussing the expenditure of fifteen cents for some thumb tacks. Dr. Dowell then took the stage with some comments on the foreign situation. He started kicking the table around on the stage so they moved it because furniture is hard to get and all. Dr. Dowell is a very good lecturer, I think. (I hope he reads this.) The as-

sembly was adjourned and then we had section meetings. A very great honor was bestowed upon me at this time. I was unanimously elected fire marshal.

× × × × × ×

I went to the cafeteria this afternoon to eat lunch with my street-car friend. We saw a whole gang of fellows standing in the foyer whistling, but I couldn't make out the tune.

"What are they whistling?" I asked my companion.

"Nothing in particular," he replied. "Shirley Henschen just went by."

I got a good look at her later. She came walking down the hall. I stopped and stared for a moment — and was twenty minutes late for class. I know why all the fellows like her. She has the most beautiful, the loveliest eyebrows I have ever seen.

In the cafeteria, I ordered some ice cream. A few moments later I was handed a plate. After I put on my glasses, I realized it wasn't empty after all. I don't think I shall buy any ice cream hereafter, for my doctor warned me against eyestrain.

My friend had bought a bottle of chocolate milk. He tasted it and allowed mc to sip a little, remarking, "That must be dishwater." It wasn't really dishwater, however . . . it just tasted that way.

FEBRUARY 6 -

In our history class this afternoon, Dr. Dowell was in a hurry to leave. As soon as the final bell rang ending the period, he charged straight through the doorway . . . only the door wasn't open. When we picked him up, we found that he hadn't been hurt at all. His glasses had been broken, but he said he wouldn't miss them a bit. The class is seriously thinking of buying him a telescope, and Dr. Wiedefeld has decided to put his lecture room and office on the basement floor, so there won't be any chance of his falling down the stairs.

I was in a fight a little later with that Jackson fellow. He tripped me in the classroom and I swung at him. Then the (Continued on page 8)

Book Reviews

THE VOICE OF THE TRUMPET. Robert Henriques, New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., 1943.

FROM THIS WAR HAVE COME MANY BOOKS—
essays and poems—but until The Voice of the Trumpet was written, no writer had adequately expressed the realistic detail of the actual thoughts of a soldier in combat. Henriques has not glorified war; instead, he has brought it home, with a punch that leaves the reader breathless. He has not written just another war novel; he has recorded the reactions of men summoned by the trumpet to climb an almost insurmountable mountain of difficulties.

The book begins and ends with a commando raid, led by Captain Smith. It is through his mind that the reader sees the panic, the toil, the almost unbearable suffering and fatigue that the individual experiences in the night, in a strange land, with deadly stars bursting overhead.

As the narrative progresses, one realized the significance of the symbols the author has used — the trumpet and the mountain. The characters talk realistically, cynically, from their souls; they are human. Hunt's exercise book, containing letters to his son, and Barnes' fiery passion for music and beauty are as much a part of the soldier's life as are his action or what befalls him on board ship or in the settlement.

The Voice of the Trumpet is alive with human emotion and struggle. One of its best features is its style; Henriques has melted poetry and prose together.

One cannot close the pages with the usual sense of finality, for its philosophy, its subtleness, its indescribable beauty, will linger in one's mind for days on end.

TORPEDO JUNCTION. Robert J. Casey. Bobbs-Merril.

ROBERT J. CASEY, A CHICAGO DAILY NEWS war correspondent, has written an informal history of the Pacific Fleet, from Pearl Harbor to Midway. Torpedo Junction is now humorous, now bitter, sometimes moving, sometimes reportorially calm. It is useful because it offers a reasonable evaluation of America's strength and weakness. No one who reads Torpedo Junction can continue to believe that the responsibility for the tragedy of Pearl Harbor should be borne entirely by the authorities in charge at the time. Casey argues convincingly that Americans everywhere suffered from the delusion of safety. If you have ever doubted that a fog of isolationism had obscured reality for us, read

the chapter devoted to Roy Vitousek. Vitousek's story is as incredible as it is damning.

But Torpedo Junction is not limited to a presentation of our weaknesses. In the daring, skill and gallantry of our navy, cruelly punished at Pearl Harbor, there lies a simple truth: Americans may be fools, but they can be fighting fools. Their fanaticism is less apparent than that of the Japanese, but it is more firmly rooted and will withstand any and all blows directed against democracy.

That place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Into a strict account, and, in my fancy,
Deface their ill-placed statues.

— Beaumont and Fletcher *The Elder Brother*, Act 1, Scene 2.

Days Of Our Youth

(Continued from page 7)

fight began in earnest. I blocked his first punch with my jaw, but he connected with the second. It was a battle royal, but my pants were getting dirty from the floor so I asked him if he had enough. I came off pretty good, I thought, except that I can't see out of either eye and have a little difficulty eating without any teeth. A friend, seeing my face, asked me what happened. When I told him, he said, "Man, you really took a beating!" "This is nothing," I triumphantly replied, "You should see HIS knuckles!"

Today each of us were handed a couple of sheets of scrap paper. I was wondering about this, but when I put on my glasses, I saw that it was the college magazine, the Tower Light. My personal opinion is that (Censored), and, furthermore (Censored). To top it off some fool is writing his impressions of the college under the title "Days of Our Youth."

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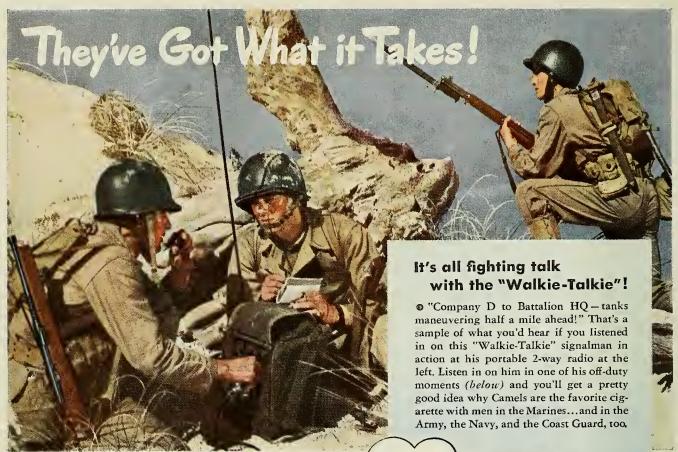
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Cover Credits

PERHAPS YOU HAVE BEEN WONDERING about the April cover of the TL; no doubt you got that far, at least. Well, it's no secret. New genius has sprouted (at last) under the benign influence of dear old S.T.C., in the form of a charming young freshman — Eileen Blackiston. The dorm students should be well acquainted with her, especially those who lack that artistic sense so essential in Mrs. Brouwer's Art 403. But she's a likable person even without her artistic tendencies.

It is always uplifting to receive fresh, new ideas or thoughts and it is equally as inspiring to come upon new art talent. Too many of us are prone to disregard creative expression in our absorption in our imposed job of acquiring a body of dull, isolated facts. We become overpowered by a pretty humdrum existence and so fail to achieve our own personal freedom and release through artistic expression. But we are becoming philosophic and far be it from us to imbue the student body with philosophy.

We prefer to give credit where credit is due and here is the time and place to say — Blossoms to Blackiston for subtle humor, expressive sketches and wholehearted cooperation.

On Privacy

AMAN'S HOME IS HIS CASTLE BUT THE TOWER LIGHT Office is apparently anyone's stamping ground. Recently, the tremendous desire of some non-contributing students for the newest issue of the TL has overcome all courteous hesitation, and they have rushed in to GET although they never come in to GIVE. This thoughtless invasion is all the more strange in the light of the assertion non-contributors sometimes make, that the "TL lacks interesting material."

If you wish to see the new issue at the first possible moment, make a contribution; join the staff. If you can't or won't make that effort, stay away from the office and help the staff by your absence, at least. Conform to the regular methods of distribution arranged by the circulation manager and get your copy from your section's TL representative.

The meddling of irresponsible persons who know nothing of TL business can make a great deal of serious and expensive trouble. Such trouble was recently averted only by a chance phone call which one of the members of the staff made to our alert and friendly printer, who happened to observe a note attached to a package of TLs. Help if you will; if you can't, please do not hinder.

Food For Thought

HAVE YOU STOPPED TO THINK WHAT A FIRE hazard our new assembly room might be? With but one exit, a rapid evacuation of the room in case of fire or air raid is almost impossible — without practice. Of course, the fact that we are college students and "know how to meet all situations" may greatly reduce the probability of panic, but we heartily doubt it.

Then, too, what is to be done for the sleepers, faculty and student, in the back of the room? Certainly, assembly time is an excellent time to catch up on lost and badly needed sleep, especially when you can't hear the speaker. Such has been the just complaint of the faculty as well as the students. And although we wouldn't recommend the continued practice of "assembly somnia" we are, nevertheless, glad to find that the ingenuity of some people has forbidden them to waste such valuable time.

Having brought these matters to public notice we now sit back and await the consequences.

We Knew It Could Be Done

You really had fun in the Glen the day we all pitched in and helped to give it a Spring treat, didn't you? Even though I had my hands full, and I do mean literally, I had time to see quite a few V-E-R-Y interesting sights. To mention a few:

Woodsman Supreme or The Man With The Shirt That Would Scare Even a Redheaded Woodpecker, we nominate Dr. Wm. H. Hartley.

How to look lovely and well-groomed with an armful of wood — Lucille Frampton.

Dr. Wiedefeld working along with us all and enjoying it even more, by the Smile on her face.

Dr. E. Foster Dowell brandishing a wicked saw.

Jacqueline Miller and Mary Hipsley coyly weeding flowers.

A few snapshots were taken unawares and if we get the hoped-for results, you will all be seeing them before long.

All in all, Clean Up The Glen Day was a huge success and a lot of fun. Credit goes to those who instituted the idea and to the student body for it's instant cooperation.

How To Live Out Of A Suitcase And Like It

YES, WE'RE HAPPY! WE SURE NEVER DREAMED that we'd ever have blue, yellow, pink, and green rooms. The change in the foyer was about enough to brighten our lives, but getting a new paint job for our rooms, color of our own choice, too, tops everything.

We didn't mind moving so much if it contributed to the noble effort, and it'll be nice moving into a newly decorated suite for those of us who are permanent residents of Newell Hall. If you are interested in the newest inside dope on what an "on the beam" college student's room should be, be sure to drop over when we get settled. From all reports, there are going to be quite a few redecorating jobs going on.

Going serious for a moment — being up on the third floor has made us wake up to the fact that there are lots of people we wish we'd become acquainted with sooner. Living in closer contact with more people makes you realize that there are some pretty swell people in the world if you only take time and trouble to seek them out.

As soon as I can even vaguely remember in which suitcase I left my many small objects which add a "homey" quality, please feel free to stop in the Blue Room and make yourself "to home."

Coast To Coast Hookup

The boys in khaki don't let distance stand in their way and seem to have turned the tables on the Northwest Mounties' slogan and made it to suit themselves — "We always get our girl" — as evidenced by

Marguerite Albers' engagement to Pvt. Henry E. Rupperts Berger

Evelyn H. Munder's engagement to Aviation Cadet John Roy Owen, U.S.A.C.

Room Service

The week-end of April 15 the girls of the dorm played host to county principals and supervisors. In these days of depleted male population it did our hearts good to see the dorm swarming with men.

We thought there would be a small riot when one of our guests asked if there was room service.

Very efficient as bell hops were the Drs. West, Hartley and Mr. Crook. (Did you split that last ten-cent tip, Dr. Hartley?)

Fashion Flashes

As spring peeks its head around the corner, our thoughts automatically drift to summer and, as much as we hate to admit it, the subject of clothes.

Crisp cotton frocks in various styles have been on sale for months now. The hip-length and dirndles seem to be among the favorites again this year. Here and there were spread two-piece butcher linen suits in bright colors.

Ideas given to this editor were to the effect that the girls strive to make over their summer "duds" from last year. This doesn't seem such an outlandish scheme and it might open up a new field to some students who thought that threading a needle was impossible.

The vari-colored playshoes have taken the cities by storm. We'll be "wearing out our cork soles" and not our shoe leather.

Here at S.T.C. signs of spring have been seen in the gay flower red blouses; white background with poppies or ears of corn splashed hither and yon; the umbrella skirts and straw shoes — the inevitable "harachies."

Have you noticed Judy's glow WIN she walks down the

Call Millman "\$2.05". She will appreciate it and revel in memories.

Gratitude

I SHOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY to thank publicly the staff of Mercy Hospital for the devoted attention they showed me during my recovery from my recent accident. While descending the south stairway the other day, I was accidently tripped by Refo and then shoved to make sure I fell in the right direction. For a brief moment I was the man on the flying trapeze . . . only there wasn't any trapeze. At the hospital they put me in a small room with an odd fellow who did nothing all day but look at me and grin and say, "Goo! Goo" I was attended by a large male nurse who kept telling me, "I know, you're Napoleon," and kept coaxing me to put on a funny-looking white jacket. The stay at the hospital cured me completely and also took my mind off the comments about the last "Men's Page." Those opinions are as follows:

Refo: (Censored).

Hutton: (Censored).

Logan: (Censored).

Cullen: (Censored).

Foster: "YAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!"

Dr. Wiedefeld: (Censored).

M. Webster: "I think it's wonderful!"

Was I Embarassed!!!

If any of you noticed Dr. E. Footnote Dowell running madly around in the streets of Washington (D. C.) a short while ago screaming, "I'll sue! I'll sue!", and wondered why, here's the explanation.

As the professor was passing by the U. S. Patent Office in Washington, a man rushed out, pulled him, and pleaded, "For how much will you sell your invention to the U. S. Government?" "What invention?" asked Foster. "Why," spoke up the man, "that snazzy droop-fitting life preserver with the two-gallon container in each knee that you're wearing." "That life-suit, sir," snapped Dr. Dowell, "happens to be my trousers!" So if from this time henceforth you see the prof bounding up and down our halls in a gatey-looking life preserver, and wonder, don't. Most of us have been wondering longer than you have and are still baffled.

The Straw That Broke The Camel's Youknowwhat

It has just been brought to my attention that a member of the faculty has committed a horrible crime. Of all the low states of existence achievable for man, this - this is the lowest. We are speaking of Mr. Crook who gave positive evidence of his guilt not more than a week ago in the presence of Dr. West, Ray Cullen, and Myself. From the evidence found we have no alternative other than to assume that Mr. Crook is henpecked — and not only that, browbeaten as well. When confronted with the idea of spending an evening out, Mr. Crook stated, "I'm afraid Beverly wouldn't permit it." Noticing our astonishment, he added, "You don't know 'Sweetie-Face' like I do." In addition, it has been reported that strange pounding and rapping noises accompanied by blood-curdling male screams have been heard emanating periodically from the Crook domain, and Refo has seen personally the Mrs.' wicked collection of baseball bats. Confronted with this evidence, Mr. Crook's only comment was: "One gets used to it. Man is a very adaptable animal." So if you hear any strange noise within a radius of one mile of the Crook domain, forget it - the Crooks are playing baseball again: he makes the errors, she makes the hits, and there are plenty of home runs!

Straight From The Shoulder

Just yesterday while the masculines masticated muslin in the men's bull chamber, it occurred to me that this was an opportunity to get some material for the TL. Rather than allow them to beat their gums about nothing in particular, I decided to drop the subject of war-time marriages into their laps. Addressing Narcis Hutton, I asked, "Have you found your solution to the war-time marriage question?" "E. Z." replied Hutt, "E. Z. That doesn't interest TL readers, though." (He doesn't say why, but you get it!). Then I asked Refo; he seemed to approach the issue from two distinct viewpoints and had nothing to contribute. Since Ray Cullen's reactions were extremely Bitter, they gave us no information. Dr. West just sat there and smiled. Suddenly one of the fellows turned to me and exclaimed, "You started all this; suppose YOU tell US what you think about war-time marriage, and also women in general!" Well, not to change the subject, or to insinuate that Doc West's not broad-minded about the use of perfectly good English - and a little French — but — what is that stuff they put in liquid soap that makes it taste so awful?

A Reply In Defense

Ever since the Tower Light has been "dumped into our laps" we have tried to get a rise out of the all-too-placid student body. Appeals, threats, even scathing insults have all fallen on barren ground. Then, much to our surprise and exultation, we published a very effective irritant, namely, two articles on religion. Little did we know that such a pointed retort as the following article would be forthcoming from the students. If we are glad that we published such controversial articles, we are overjoyed at the possibility of here presenting this student's indignant reply to those articles. The student body is really waking up!

T USUALLY TAKES MORE THAN A LITTLE BIT to make me angry. And this was more than just a little bit, this that made me sweat with anger. I did not mind it so much when, in the "It's Hep" issue of the TL, the writer chose to scoff at the existence of Hell, although Christ spoke of it in the affirmative. If he chooses to call Christ — and if Christ, then God — a liar, that is up to him. Belief or disbelief in such a place is up to the individual. But, when in the current issue (April) God Himself was attacked — and who else was it but He — then I can no longer sit by, passively.

In the first place, the writer in his amazing attempt at foresight into "the distant future" is so shortsighted as to be blind. Can he not see, has he not heard that men and women, now more than ever, are turning to God (a living, omnipotent Personality, not a makeshift explanation for every "mystic phenomenon") for help and strength in this hour? It takes a lot to move some people. It took a war of horrible magnitude to move many in our so-called Christian nations. Men, who never before bent a knee, humbly, in prayer, have shed tears of grief and repentance, of anguish and shame, when that son whom they worshiped in God's place left, khaki-clad, for a distant field of battle. The grief was too much to bear alone, the anxiety too great. The knees bent, the body dropped low, the voice cried out, "Oh, God, keep him safe." "Oh, God" - they, who had before gibed and said that God was all right for women and children, but they were MEN. Did those men in their hour of need turn to science for an answer? Did they toy with chemicals or read books on physics or botany in order to discover which road to take? One simple act proved which path held their

faith, which way promised help: a bent knee, a shaking voice, the words, "Oh, God."

Secondly, the writer in his enthusiasm to disprove, failed to prove. He said, "The rise of science heralds the fall of religion." I say the rise of science proves the power of religion. As you in zoology watched the development of that spot from a bit of white to a fluffy, fussing baby chick did you, could you say "My! how wonderful science is; how splendid the chemistry of the living" — without adding — "How marvelous the Power that is mindful of the growth of even the least of these?"

As you stared upward on that dark evening during the observation class, and as you viewed the fall, winter, or spring heavens, did you say — "How wonderful we are to know how many miles it is to the moon, to tell when the next eclipse will occur, or how many 'stars' fall earthward in a single night —?" Or could you say with David of old, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou has ordained: what is man that thou art mindful of him and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

I challenge you, writer, and those of you who nod your heads consentingly, I challenge you on the statement — "then will religion perish, for lacking porpose." Should it perish, it will not be because of the domination of science. Men have sought to stamp it out by threatening, burning, killing. Men have willfully turned from it. But it has yet to disappear. Somewhere, always, it is kept alive, side by side with man's dream of freedom — necessary, inevitable. And why? Because there is a purpose in its presence, whether you see it or not.

I do not know if you who wrote the exposition on religion also penned the one on faith. But to that I say: Don't insult God's intelligence! Someone hanging out of a window to prove a point or to be enabled to say, "I told you so" will not evoke God's sympathy. He does not work that way. He's far more subtle!

If you but knew the future, if you held in your heart the promises of the ages, if you were certain of your destiny, then you would not dare to shake your fist and say — "It will not live, this thing, religion."

For it is only by God's grace that you, my friend, have life in you, enabling you to speak so!

- ESTHER SPATH.

G. I.

RECENT VISITORS TO THE COLLEGE:

JACK HART, ex. '42. Visited us on March 23. He has just completed training at the Army Administration O.C.S. at Grinnell College, Iowa, and has been commissioned a Second Lieutenant. He will report this week to a Virginia Camp.

GENE WEBSTER ex. '42. Visited us on March 26. Gene is still at the Army Air Base, Fort Dix, New Jersey. He has been raised to the grade of Sergeant and he has aspirations for going to the Aviation Ordinance Officers School at Aberdeen.

George Hoddinott ex. '42. George and June Quinan were here for a few minutes recently but it was late in the afternoon and many of us failed to see them.

JOHN WHEELER '38. John had a few days' leave following the completion of his advanced training for special service at Washington and Lee. He has now reported to Camp Stewart, Georgia, where he will work in special service. Knowing John as we do, we know he will make a real contribution in this important field of service.

Joshua Wheeler '36. Josh is home now on a six-day furlough. He returns by air to Sioux City, Iowa, tomorrow and expects to go overseas in the near future.

JAMES TEAR '35. Even though Jimmy is stationed nearby at Camp Meade in the Medical Division, it took Josh to get him down to see us.

Both of these popular S.T.C. boys spent part of a day with us and it was good to have them here. We had not seen them together since July, 1941, just before they entered the service. They were interested in the changes around the campus and spent some time with Mr. Minnegan in the new gym. These boys have been First Lieutenants for several months — Josh in the Army Air Corps Administration and Jimmy in the Medical Corps.

RECIPE FOR A SOLDIER:

Take one draftee, slightly green. Stir from bed at an early hour. Soak in shower or tub daily. Dress in olive drab. Mix with others of his kind. Grate on sergeant's nerves. Toughen with maneuvers. Add liberal portions of baked beans and roast beef. Season with wind, rain, sun, and snow. Sweeten from time to time with chocolate bars. Let smoke occasionally.

Bake in 110 degree temperature summer and let cool in below-zero winter.

Serves 140,000,000 people.

- From the Evening Sun, January, 1943.

EXCERPTS OF LETTERS RECEIVED:

WILLIAM JETT ex '43. Writes from the South Pacific: "I received the bulletin and the picture of the new Gym — both were very welcome and very well perused. In the next one you may add that I have moved again. I might say that these are English-speaking people, except that there don't seem to be many around. And also, in fact that I have moved twice since last writing. There are many, many cocoanut groves here in neat, orderly rows. The jungles here are very dense, and at night sound like a fantastic zoo. I have heard such names applied to us as "The Jungle Swamp Cat', "The Waist Waders,' etc. and I am beginning to feel them quite appropriate to say the least. As yet I am quite healthy and in good spirits. I am glad to hear of such a fine spirit back there."

LUCIEN PETERS '42. "Last week I visited the West Texas State Teachers College at Canyon City. They had one building larger than our Campus School devoted to the field of science, and another smaller building represented their museum. The student teachers had a large Campus School which contained all the children of the town. Another interesting feature of the college was the individual barracks for the members of the varsity team. After seeing the children and students, I recalled all my experiences in teaching and how I really would enjoy returning to the profession very soon."

PAUL HARRIS ex. '44 and TED KATENKAMP ex. '44 — have both sent us notes from Camp Wheeler, Georgia, where they are stationed. Ted writes: "Paul is stationed in the same platoon as I am. We have just finished the first week of our basic training course. It is not certain that we will remain in the infantry permanently; we will be reclassified after the basic training period. . . . We came down with almost 200 boys from Camp Meade. Most of them were from the Enlisted Reserve Corps. Many were from West Chester State Teachers College, Pennsylvania."

JEROME PLEET '43. Writes from Camp Beale, California: "I really do miss S.T.C. I thought I had to get up early to get to school in time and then I was often late. Here I get up before 6:00 A. M. every morning and I'm never late."

Barkdoll Spellman '44. Writes from Camp Wallace, Texas: "This is a training center for men in coast artillery, anti-aircraft tactics. I was told by classification officers that I am eligible for officer's training. This was a big help to my morale. . . ."

P. S.:

IRA EHRLICH '43 is still at Meade, or was when we had the last report.

HARRY LONDON '43 is in Chicago at the Naval Training Center.

EARL WELLEMEYER ex. '46 is in Miami, Florida.

Campus Chatter

WANTED: MAYNARD WEBSTER

Men's Page, tells us that he feels exactly like a hunted animal since the last few issues of the TL have put in their appearance and others have noted S.T.C.'s Walter Winchell quite often lately slinking up and down the halls, studiously avoiding all the victims of his Men's Page Scandal Sheet. It is possible that Maynard will not continue to enjoy the robust state of health he has so far possessed. What was it we heard Cullen say just the other morning? "Bring on the tar and feathers," I think it was Never mind, Maynard, you'll look good in black and white!

EVENTS WHICH TAKE PLACE SIMULTANE-ously are understood to be events which occur at a single given interval of time. If we say that two ships left a harbor simultaneously, we infer that they both left at exactly the same moment. Let us examine a different case, however. Let us imagine two men placed exactly ten miles apart, one at a postition A, the other at a position B, and a third person at a point C exactly midway between A and B. If the two men at A and B were each to fire a single shot from a loaded revolver at exactly the same pre-designated moment, the observer at C would hear a single shot and would be justified in assuming that the shots were fired simultaneously. Let us now move the observer formerly at C to a position E, three miles from A and, seven miles from B. If once again the men at A and B were each to fire a shot at exactly the same moment, the observer at E would not hear them together, but would hear the one from A first and the one from B an interval later, and would be perfectly justified in denying that both shots had been fired at one and the same moment — even though they had been,

What, then, can we say of the term "simultaneous"?

PARADOX: SEE IF YOU CAN FIGURE THIS OUT.

"There is an exception to every rule" is a statement which has become a rule. If there are exceptions to every rule, then there is an exception to the rule that says "There is an exception to every rule." Therefore, there are some rules without exceptions. Get it?

WHAT SINGLE VIRTUE IS MOST DESIRABLE for a member of our armed forces?

Answers to this question would probably be many and varied, but in our opinion that soldier, sailor, marine, or airman equipped with what we generally call courage has the most valuable thing a fighting man can possess. Courage is not immunity to fear but the overcoming of it; the individual who has never been afraid of anything ought not properly be termed courageous, but he who has known fear and conquered is, indeed, admirable. We cited a few weeks ago concerning the death of a student airman who was killed in a parachute jump attempt. Four student pilots were aloft in an aircraft when the motor began missing. Since it was almost impossible to land that type of plane if out of control, the safety of the occupants demanded its immediate abandonment. The pilot, realizing that the plane itself would be a great loss, decided to attempt to bring it in and ordered the other three to use parachutes. One of these three went down the short rope ladder used in making parachute leaps-without his 'chute. His two companions espied him and were fortunate enough to drag him back, put a 'chute on him, and then allow him to make the leap. His parachute failed to open; they believe the unfortunate one fell to his death; the other two made successful jumps.

And the pilot landed the crippled plane safely — —

WHICH IS THE MORE FAVORABLY ENDOWED sex, male or female?

General surveys show that over 80 per cent of all the great personages of all history have been men, and that the most significant contributions in every imaginable field have been made by males. There is little, then, that we can say for women (Refo disagrees), even though we cannot discount their influence upon great men. However, we cannot give Pasteur's mother credit for Pasteur's accomplishments, or Caesar's wife for Caesar's wars; no more than we can say that any other part of any great man's environments is responsible for his achievements.

No, women, it seems, are *not* equal to men; and even though this is a dangerous statement in a place like Maryland S.T.C. and at a time like 1943, we are convinced that it is true.

(If you disagree, write and address your comments to "Campus Chatter, The Tower Light." We can't read anyway.)

Life Can Be Jolly

IT IS ALWAYS A TREAT TO HEAR FROM OUR boys in camp, to read of their experiences, and their thoughts on various conditions surrounding their new Armyregulated life. But it was with much more enthusiasm that



the Tower Light received from Ralph Barrett, our former art editor, several sketches of Army life. We felt sure that we would not be disclosing any military secrets if we shared



these two with the rest of the student body. Such spirit, manifested by so many of our boys, has done a splendid job of keeping up morale, both individual and group. We won't have to worry about our boys as long as they can find something funny in the ordinary drudgery of everyday living.

Museum Note:

Another set of Mrs. Thorne's miniature rooms are on exhibition at the Baltimore Museum of Art, from April 2nd to May 30th. In this all-American group are many of the interiors associated with the famous men and events in American history, from the 17th century to the present. Don't miss the homes of Washington, Jefferson, and T. Roosevelt!

MAY • 1943

Could Be! Or Is It?

It ain't It isn't

It don't

7. 1

It doesn't

I learned something and then it wasn't By gosh I wish I knew the dif 'frence 'Tween what is and 'tween what isn't!

Bluebirds are blue, sez you.

Aha! says I, that isn't true.

They told me only day before

That bluebirds just ain't blue no more.

They're brown in spots and in between

You see the blue that can't be seen!

I knowed

I knew

I thinked

I thought

I had been teached just how to taught

I doubt if two and two make five

Gee whiz, I hope that I'm alive!

— JEAN GRAY, SR. 1.

When The Magnolias Bloom At Towson

I'm looking forward to the day
When spring o'ertakes the winter's way,
And the magnolias bloom at Towson.
These trees, now bare, are not at rest
But are preparing beauty blest
When the magnolias bloom at Towson.
The tightly closed buds today
Will be tomorrow opened gay:
To lift their hearts to God above,
To prove that there is always love.
And 'til the time when they shall fall,
They give their best of life to all
Who know that God has placed us here
When the magnolias bloom at Towson.

— H. A. W.

A WEEK WITH GHANDI - Louis Fischer

HERE IS THE RECORD OF A RICH AND STIMUlating experience, a week spent in an obscure Indian village with "the biggest thing in India," as an English statesman has labeled Mahatma Ghandi — a week spent walking and talking and eating with a wise old man who can chatter as amiably about the imperfect bite of his false teeth as he can discuss brilliantly India's complex social and political problems.

Tremendous light is thrown on today's political unrest in India simply by this approach to an understanding of the personality of a man who claims to be — and assuredly is — the symbol of a nation's yearning.

Possibly the most appealing feature disclosed about this man is his complete lack of arbitrariness. He wants freedom from British domination, yet he will say in all fairness, "I am not sure that there will be order after the British leave. There may be chaos!"

Ghandi does not care if he is attacked as being vacillating and infirm in his beliefs. He is too old and impersonal and careless of impressions to try to create impressions or mold opinions. Matters he cannot deal with he frankly refuses to consider. In the event of Britain's withdrawal, could India be knit together by one government? Could its immensely increasing population be dealt with? What of employment? Of possible domination by another power? Ghandi does not know the answer to these problems. His paramount purpose is to get rid of British domination and to employ the civil disobedience movement as a means to this end.

The secret of his tremendous influence over the millions of Indian minds, Ghandi himself explains by saying that he has never done or thought anything new — only the truth — yet in so doing, he has struck a responsive chord in the millions of Indian hearts. It was an ordinary thing to say as Ghandi did in one of his first civil disobedience riots that he had the right to go peacefully in his own country, despite British orders — but then no Indian had ever said it so well before. In standing for freedom from British domination, Ghandi has become identified with the strongest current of Indian public opinion and, further, has become the most forceful exponent of that opinion. He expresses brilliantly the exact thoughts of many a starved Indian peasant. Moreover, Ghandi has acquired in the minds of Indians a glamorous aura of mysticism. But Ghandi does not like a religious mystic. He

is not all saintliness. His much publicized weekly day of silence, he admits, is only his device for having a day off. With unsaintly malice, he calls Katherine May (of "Mother India" fame) the "drain inspector"!

Yet, strangely, the cloak of mysticism does not drop from him with these candid human observations. He remains inexplicably ancient, venerable, and imperturbable — chip of the true India block, leader of Indian minds, and answer to Indian prayers.

WARNING TO THE WEST — Krishnala Shridharani

THE East is warning the West! Buddha said, "Only a friend warns, the enemy strikes." Mr. Shridharani, a native of India, in his frank and factual book, beseeches the West to understand the meaning of those simple words.

This war has become an elemental struggle of mankind. It has already taken several crucial and unexpected turns; and we may live to see changes of an even more fateful character before the dawn of peace.

Mr. Shridharani has "put his cards on the table" in this revealing book. He has bluntly explained the point of view of the Eastern civilizations concerning the end of this war. As a result of long years of living and working in the East he has been able to throw revealing light on the raging conflict of ideas in the East — a conflict which may cause racial warfare unless the Anglo Saxons change their thinking habits.

Shridharani is convinced that Asia has come of age and discusses the role which a democratic China and a democratic India will play at the close of this great global conflict.

He feels that it is the Saxon that will have to make the greatest psychological sacrifice when peace comes. For the Saxon will have to consider himself equal with all men, East as well as West. And this change will reshape the minds and lives of every individual of the West.

Mr. Shridharani's Warning to the West may well be read by every American today. Some parts tend to lag and become a little heavy but the book as a whole makes interesting and profitable reading and has a real message to give.

It is not a novel, but a book of facts that should not and cannot safely be overlooked by the average American — for it is not an empty warning but a warning vital and important to the entire Western world.

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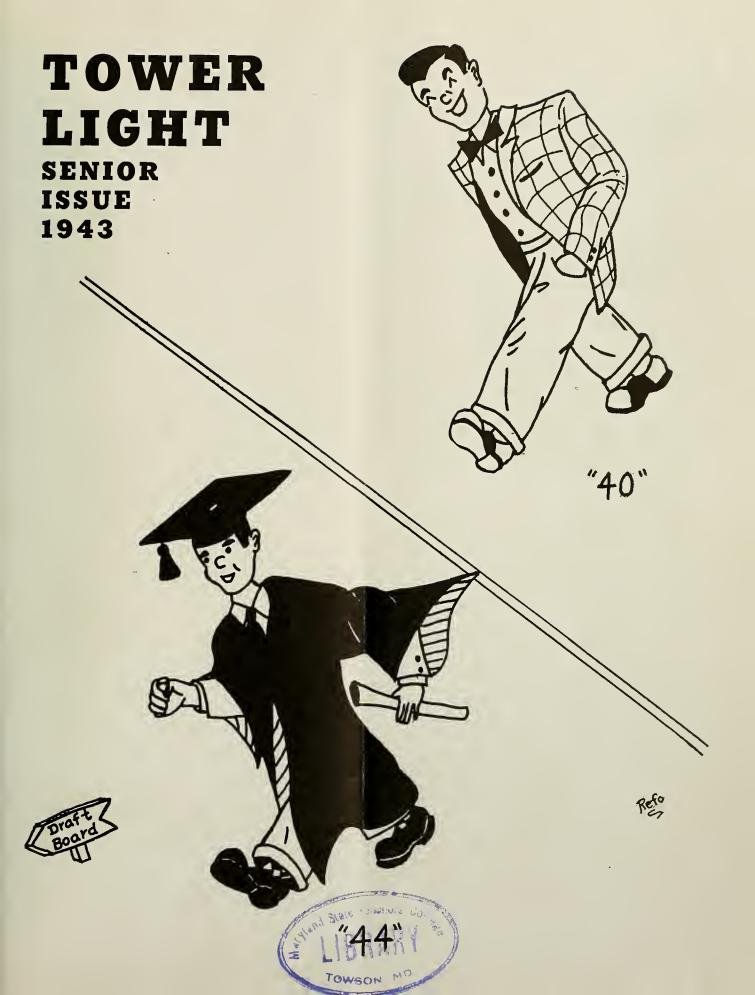
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> (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

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CAMELS HAVE GOT WHAT IT TAKES IN TASTE AND EXTRA MILDNESS. GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY'RE FIRST IN THE SERVICE!

CAMEN



WAR WORKER VIRGINIA DONNELLY, Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co., makes special radio tubes for communication sets. And, like the men in the service, ber favorite cigarette is Camel.



...where cigarettes are judged

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Vol. XVI, No. 8

June, 1943

We've racked our brains, worn out nerves, Travelled bumpy roads and dangerous curves; So, since we've slaved the whole year thru, We gladly give the Tower Light to you.

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Just For You

HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO THINK OF what goes into a fine piece of work? Think of the time and energy required to produce a masterpiece. What has that to do with me? Just this:

Nothing in life is worth doing unless it is done well. To accomplish this, each of us must accept and successfully carry to completion the tasks which affront us, regardless of the obstacles in our paths.

All of us at times have felt that some of the tasks assigned us were of little or no value and said, "This isn't worth all the time and energy I have put into it." Yet the task was of value and was worth doing well.

What would happen to the country if the men of our armed forces did not accomplish the tasks they were assigned? On the burning sands of Tunisia and the icy fields of Alaska and Iceland, our boys are carrying on their tasks, overcoming all obstacles in their paths. This is the way of a true American for he completes the task given him and the thought in his mind is to make this a better world in which to live — Just for us.

We are facing a rapidly changing world full of stormy paths. It is our responsibility to do our work with a determined will and spirit.

"And when our work is done,
Our course on earth is run,
May it be said, Well done,
Be thou at peace."

- PAUL S. REINECKE.

In Appreciation

WITHOUT THE GRACIOUS AND GENEROUS advice and cooperation of Dr. William H. Hartley (Curly Bill) this Senior Issue of the Tower Light would not have been this good. Thanks a million, Dr. Hartley.

To the members of the Senior Class who so willingly gave of their time towards making this issue a success, I extend my sincere thanks and appreciation.

To the Tower Light Staff who have so graciously cooperated with the Seniors, our sincere appreciation.

- VIRGINIA L. SCHOPPER.



ALMA MATER

Case History of Patient No. 1944

TO BEGIN WITH, WE WERE TRANSFORMED from overbearing high school seniors to lowly college freshmen. And what freshmen we were — the most enthusiastic bunch that S. T. C. had seen in a thousand years — well, nine hundred ninety-nine, anyway.

What were we like? How did we act? What did we accomplish? Here is just a glimpse:

Like so many others before us, we became confused when confronted with the problem of finding our way about on the campus and in the buildings. One genius on the very first day, mistaking the Campus School for the ad building, spent an entire week with the kindergarten . . . and is a better person for the experience. Then there was the college rookie who became a Grade A diver in two seconds when he tripped on the stairs.

We regarded the upperclassmen with awe for two weeks; then we took over. Unlike many others, we took to classes like ducks to water. On demonstration night we were superb. Our dances were wonderful; our skits were the finest; we were magnificent in every respect . . . only we lost. When June came, we had complete freedom. On the final day, everyone was reluctant to leave . . . but two students were killed in the rush. A couple of girls cried as if their hearts would break . . . they just missed a street-car. All of us dearly loved the old school, but it wasn't our fault when the bomb under the ad building failed to go off.

In September, we all came charging back, Sophomores at last, ready and eager to accept the responsibilities of the new school year. We can distinctly remember that first class. Everything went so well no one even heard the final bell ring . . . we were all asleep. Thus began another triumphant year. In the fall we won Play Day (after a bit of miscalculating on Mr. Moser's part). We likewise were victorious on Demonstration Night that winter; and except for the fact that we didn't make any money and that nobody came, our Sophomore dance affair was a complete success.

Those were days we really enjoyed; that year was one we will ever regard proudly and with fondness. Eventually we were Juniors, but not ordinary Juniors; for we were the first students to attend a summer session here at S. T. C. Our two months' vacation had diminished to a mere two weeks, and

then the summer session was under way: 8:30 classes, evenings spent (of all places) in the library, blood, sweat, and tears . . . especially sweat. That semester we had Dr. E. Foster Dowell five times a week; never mind how we survived. We really enjoyed that course; and in the end, all forty students except thirty-nine were convinced that the professor was a genius. Those were the days when nobody came to the assemblies but the speaker; it's different now, however . . . the faculty shows up.

In September we returned as ... Juniors? Seniors? Well, we didn't really find out until later that we were Juniors. But things really started out with a bang; someone broke Dr. Walther's moving-picture machine, and he couldn't have classes for a week . . . (We finally got him, fellows) . . .

In February, many of us went forth to teach . . . and to learn. It was then that we really found out how well we had been prepared for our profession. We did magnificent jobs; we were superb; we were wonderful, except that we didn't know what to teach or how to do it. We felt pretty small at first, but after it was all over, after the grind had reached an end . . . we felt even worse . . . Those of us who did not go student teaching carried on here at the college; and I mean "carried on." We were victorious once again on demonstration night and became the first class to win that single honor two successive years . . .

And soon it will be time for us to depart; and, believe me, we shall be slow to leave; however, let us warn all underclassmen to stay out of the halls on graduation day . . . stampedes are no fun . . .

CLASS SONG OF 1944

To Alma Mater we will faithful be Your sons and daughters pledge their loyalty Through all the years our love will grow for thee, In every way our praises we will ring; We, Teachers College, honor to thee bring, Gloriously forty-four will ever sing!

(Tune - Sibelius, "Finlandia")



Glorified Gossip

We caused a sensation by forgetting to be JUST good sports. We came within a hair of shellacing the upper classmen at Play Day, and almost beat the pants off everyone at Girls' Demonstration Night . . . Logan got off to a good start, too! — a Junior named Mary Waugh. Logan came to get an education . . . HE DID. (Bet he'll never forget the South Parlor (pool room, girls) and connected episodes, either.)

Corny (excuse me) Yeoman 3rd David Lloyd Cornthwaite, Jr., had big ideas about little Ginny Fiske. Outcome? . . . oitiful, but you can't keep a true wolf down. The Soph. yr. produced new fields of endeavor. He found a new outlook, too, after taking a cold shower in (of all things) a clothes hamper. Well, he may have been coaxed just a little, but he started most of the wet towel battles which spared none, the cad!

Now let's look at Bark Spellman's activities as exponent of the Wolf Patrol. The only thing that got around more than Bark was his City ring (and maybe the night watchman). Before Little Jug (Martha Talbot) got that coveted ring and the heart that goes with it, no less than THREE other gals had it. They were Battenfeld, Floyd, and Dei . . . Diefin . . . Diefen . . . let's just say Minta for short.

We didn't just have male wolves; there were the more dangerous female species. Take Loretta "Herp" Herpel. That chick was seen in one day's swing shift operation to be with THREE different men. (Those are the things that used to be around in fair numbers and were the only ones wearing trousers.) The morning shift — Harry Stull (remember him?); noon — Bud Gray; evening — (It's about time) Harvey Carlisle Refo, Jr. (What do you mean, quite a letdown?????). That is something . . . and then Roosevelt thinks he is busy!!

Let's not forget Dottie Jones and W. W. M. That, if you have forgotten, is William "Anthracite" Mines, who was here with his sister, Catherine "Bituminous" Mines. After Bill came — OF ALL THINGS — HARVEY CARLISLE REFO, JR., again. My goodness, Reef, don't you even sleep?????

How could we omit Marian Forbes, who is a bit remarkable. Corny put his hands over her eyes and said "Guess who?" Before we could stop her, she had called out the name of every sailor who had had shore leave since 1937. What a whale of a morale builder!!

"Rosie" Rosenbaum, alias 'Pantspresser," now Army En-JUNE • 1943 gineer, confined his efforts mostly to the outside, but Shirley Redden knew he was there.

Then there's Betty Mussington and Harry Fishpaugh of the Army Air Corps, which seems to be a bit of a combination which has lasted after an early start 'way back then. How about that?

We will now bow our heads, face the West, and observe one minute of silent reverence for the McCauley-Papanya romance, which featured the greatest battles ever seen in these parts (that is, until Rost and Talbot came in with the September, 1941, Freshmen). Poor John!! He sowed his wild oats early and WHAT A HARVEST!! Oh, well, he's in the clear now.

Then there was the Sophomore year and the Faculty Follies. That was the time that Corny let Don 'Man of the Flying Trapeze" Minnegan's dummy down too soon and almost gave Don and B. P. Millar separate hemmorhages. Then, too, there was Windy Foster, the hero who exhibited his massive pulmonary cavity in that bewitching sweater — (just like Anne Sheridan . . . only different). While he was secretly drinking his beer (thanks Ginny Snyder!) we reassured our Advisor, Mr. Crook, the villain, that we would protect him from E. F. D. His gratitude was undying. Also during that year we got rambunctious and took Girls' Demonstration Night while speculation was running high as to how long Mrs. Crook could stand the super handlebars hubby carried around under his beezer. Finally she "done it," for which we are all thankful.

Then, too, as we said before, the Freshman Class gave us Mary VirGENIUS Rost and Little Jug Talbot. Still, Webster's hair was always gray, and he and Bark always spent their summer vacations at Sheppard-Pratt. Bet you thought the girls had something to do with it. Silly people! . . . YYAAAAHHHHHH!!!

The JUNIOR YEAR was interesting. That's when we took that trip down the bay with Miss Blood and the Geography turned into an Industrial Arts lesson when Maynard Wehster showed how to tan Leather-bury. Miss Blood didn't mind, and JaLee was very nice about it, too. Maynard was up and around again by the early part of September!! A bit of wolfing was in evidence there, too, when Mad Russian McCauley came up with a "cousin" after only three minutes of sailing. A credit to the family if we are to go on the ridiculous assumption that Mac was telling the truth. He was also most anti-social, too, and after we had taken the time

(Continued on page 13)

HI YA, SOLDIER! HI YA, SAILOR! SO YOU'VE changed your civvies for the khaki!

This is a familiar refrain to you by now. There are many boyswho started with us as Freshmen who are now Uncle Sam's right-hand men. They left at first, one at a time, then by twos and threes. The job that they are doing is a hard one, but the boys from our class have gone and are doing their work with a will.

Remember these boys of the Class of 1944? Certainly you recall Bill Ackley? His smile was appealing to every girl and many a one fell for his charm. Having finished his training at Great Lakes, Bill is stuffing sailors with pink pills.

Then there was James Cheatham. Jimmy was a quiet fellow but oh, he had a lovely touch to the piano (or doesn't a certain underclassman know that?).

Remember Lloyd Cornthwaite? When Corny left S. T. C., the girls' enrollment decreased, but certainly went up in Washington. It must be that Navy uniform.

Why, of course, then there's Paul Harris. He was the Student Council President and quite a popular person among his class. Paul is now at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, awaiting call to O. C. S.

Who was that fellow who wore those conservative ties and socks? Oh — he was Harold Katz. He could make a three-cornered shot with a cue in any pocket you chose.

Then there was Theodore Katenkamp, backbone of the S. G. A. Usually found in the library, Ted was the scholar of the class.

Remember the boy who was quite the heart-throb of all the girls in our Freshman Year? Why, that was Julius Rosenbaum. Perhaps Rosie, who was our star runner, wasn't the best math student in the class, but he certainly knew his Figures.

Our all-around athlete was tall, dark and handsome Bark-doll Spellman. Bark had a weakness for a tiny blonde (but could you blame him? Got his D.D.A. degree and is now practicing surgery for Uncle Sam.

Last but not least was little John McCauley. He could sneeze at the most appropriate times but in the wrong classes. Mac was our Romeo in disguise but what a disguise!

So now you have our Honor Roll. THIS IS OUR ARMY, MR. JONES. Johnny's off to get a Zero.

GOOD LUCK AND GOOD SHOOTING!

R EMARKABLE CHILD . . . FINE STOCK . . . SHE weighs 17½ POUNDS . . . a very large child for her size, old for her age, too!! — Those of you who have never

been in the men's room may not recognize these comments but you should know who the proud papa is, anyway. That's right, it's Compton Crook, the Senior Adviser, and a first-rate one, too. When we entered this maze of Ph.D.'s and wondered what in the world to do about organizing the class and all of the other stuff, it



was he who always gave us the "straight dope". It was he who kept us in touch and out of dutch with the administration. No matter what the problem, we knew that we could go to Mr. Crook and depend on the words of wisdom which emanated from beneath that handle-bar cow-catcher (no longer there, thanks to Mrs. C.). Some underclassmen call him cute because of his G. I. haircut and well-trimmed mustache, but we heartily disapprove of such a word to describe a 5 foot 11 inch specimen of real muscle with brain power in addition (a quality usually lacking in underclass girls). Through our three years of associations with him, we have come to know him as one willing and anxious to share with us his knowledge and time; and when a job was to be done, a guy content to roll up his sleeves, pitch in with the rest of us and work like the very devil until it is done and done right. Without his help our record would not have been so impressive, without his companionship our stay not so memorable. Now that he is in the service of his country and we must carry on without him, yet ever sure that he is doing a fine job out there, we want, in so far as words are adequate, to express our undying gratitude to the man who has been a real guide and inspiration to us. Best of luck and a million thanks, Mr. Crook!

"No metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful."

- C. C. COLTON.

KATHRYN ARNOLD — "KITTY"

Chief Marshall . . . May Court . . . potent personality . . . 4.0 (Navy term for "tops").

JANE BAEKEY — "Jante" Expert on the latest hair-do's . . . frequent trips to Havre de Grace . . . always persistent in her endeavors . . . deep brown eyes . . .

SUZANNE BAKER — "Sue"

Now it's Warner . . . tennis champ . . .
sunny disposition . . . tall and graceful
. . . wedding bells . . . Senior president.

ELIZABETH BEATTY — "Beatty"

The athletic type . . . sewing . . . math and science . . . plays the clarinet in the orchestra . . .

CASPAR BONIFACE — "Bonnie"

Ace photographer . . . whiz in the study room . . . speed demon in soccer and baskethall . ..



KATHLEEN BUHRMAN

Old timer of the diamond clan . . . bridge shark . . . Foster Dowell's most devoted fan . . .

NOLAN CHIPMAN — "CIIIP"

Tall (but definitely) . . . lover of poetry . . . "The Raven" . . . famous for his sweaters . . .

RACHEL CLARK

Delightful accent . . . usually in the library . . . alluring smile for everyone.

HELEN COFFMAN

Ever ready smile . . . always willing to help the distressed . . . cooperative . . . tries anything once . . . good sport . . .

BEATRICE CONLEY - "BEA"

Small and slight . . . definitely Irish . . . a very capable and efficient executive . . . her chief interest is at Camp Wheeler, Georgia . . . Kappa Delta Pi . . . SGA Vice-President . . .

SHIRLEY CONNOR

One of our tall damsels . . . quiet, but lots of fun . . . studiousness shows results . . . the right kind of a friend.



EVELYN FREEMAN — "Evie"

Famous for her long bob and high roll . . . busy little bee of the crowd . . . knows the right people . . . charming . . .

BESSIE CRONHARDT — "Bess"

Secretary of the House Committee . . . energetic . . . faithful worker . . . thriving on the dormitory food . . .



JEAN GRAY — "GENIUS"

Bug and bird lover . . . President of the SGA . . . dopey . . . extremely exacting . . . Kappa Delta Pi . . .

MILDRED CRUM — "MILLIE"

Giggle, giggle . . . mild, easy going ... cute little turned up nose ...



IRENE GULLAN

Ouiet . . . unassuming little Irene . . . long tresses . . . bewitching eyes and smile . . .

ROSALIE DELLAPE — "Rosie"

Petite . . . jet black hair . . . vivacious ... always on the go ... chief interest is Jimmy . . .

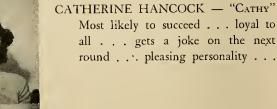


RUTH HAMILTON

Most attentive student (during class) in the whole Senior Class . . . very original . . . how she can imitate certain characters . . .

MARION FORBES

Conglomeration of pins . . . center of the fleet . . . quick thinker . . . attractive . . . gets around (you bet!).



Most likely to succeed . . . loyal to all . . . gets a joke on the next round . . . pleasing personality . . .

MARGARET FREDERICK — "Fred" Enjoys sports . . . sings beautifully ... frequent giggle ... roller rinks are her favorite "hang-out" . . .



BERNICE HERBST — "HERBSTIE" Jitterburg of Senior 4 . . . scholar of the class . . . the Rembrandt of STC ... shows frequent pictures ...

LORETTA HERPEL - "HERP"

Vice-President of our class . . . May Court . . . tall . . . thin . . . typical collegienne . . . clothes galore . . . quick on the answers . . . popularly approved . . .

MILDRED HEYN - "MIL"

She's got everything . . . third finger, left hand . . . favorite topic is Dick . . . (Chubby) . . .

MERILYN HIGDON

Our fiery Titian . . . screwball . . . huge hunk of ice . . . fun in the class-room . . .

DOROTHY JONES — "Dot"

Vice-Chairman of AA... May Court ... loves movies and swing music ... good dancer ... can't make up her mind ...

VIRGINIA KIMBALL — "KIM"

May Day maid of honor . . . natural curly hair . . . is found in Richmond Hall (and not in the parlor) . . . saving herself for Bill . . .

VIRGINIA LEE LEATHERBURY "JaLee"

Is found dancing in the foyer . . . many friends . . . excels in athletics . . . chairman of the AA . . . vitality plus.



ALICE LEIGHTON

Noted for her ability to worry over required work . . . kindness and friendliness . . . aims to do the best at all times . . .

ANNETTE LESTER

Tiny . . . not even five feet . . . a warm friendly smile . . . pretty black hair . . . she's interested in H . . .

EDWIN LOGAN — "NED"

Blushing beauty of our class . . . active in soccer, baseball, and basketball . . . famous for his first-fare walks . . .

VIRGINIA MacCONNEY — "MICKEY"
Tall . . . willowy . . . May Court . . .
Chairman of the Dorm . . . happy
go lucky . . . do you need a fourth
for bridge? . . .

EUNICE METZGER

Secretary of Natural History Group . . . hiker . . . wavy hair . . . happy . . . hazy . . . lack-a-daisy . . .

SELMA MEYERSON — "PEPPY"

Wavy red hair which she loathes to cut ... never in a hurry ... one of the Big Four ... sincere ... who's the heart interest? ...

SUSANNE MURATORE — "Sue"

A decided blonde . . . a great favorite with all . . . always on the go . . . excellent fiddler . . .



H. CARLISLE REFO — "REEF"

Senior Casanova . . . ever since he was a Freshman has liked things tall with brown hair and blue eyes . . . Admiral King's future right-hand man one of the cottage boys . . .

BETTY MUSSINGTON — "Muzzie"

Short . . . dark tresses . . . Oh, Harry
. . . full of fun . . . one of the crowd.



BEVERLY ROUSE — "BEV"

Nice smile . . . is found with Ruth . . . who is the heart interest? . . .

MARY KATHERINE NEWCOMER
High scholastic standards . . . Kappa
Delta Pi . . . favorite pastime is bird
study . . . is usually found in the .
library . . .



PHRONA SAMBURG

Small . . . dark locks . . . attractive . . . a late arrival for class . . .

ADAH LEE OWINGS — "DIMPLES"

Good athlete . . . happy-go-lucky . . .

Army widow . . . famous for her sense
of humor . . .



RUTH SCHAEFFER

The Morgenthau of the class . . . always helping others . . . energetic . . . cheerful . . .

ARLENE PEEPLES — "INKY"

Secretary of our class . . . letter writing . . . loves to collect pictures and cartoons . . . a grand pal . . .



VIRGINIA LEE SCHOPPER "GINNY"

A candidate for "Information Please"

. . . millions of sweaters . . . "Oh, that's just fine." . . . sports officers' insignia to match every outfit . . .

ANNA PRUESS

Sweet and charming . . . Kappa Delta

B: May Court it's Best for

Pi . . . May Court . . . it's Bert for her and how . . . special interests mum, wow . . .



BESSIE SEIGEL — "BEA"

"I haven't done a thing!" . . . the
Y library . . . Cherie and Sandy . . .

"Have I a terrific schedule?" . . .

ELIZABETH SHOEMAKER — "Shoe"
Senior Representative of the SGA...
badminton expert . . . friendly . . .
full of fun . . . sympathetic . . .
considerate . . .

RUTH SISKIND — "RUTHIE"

Kinda cute . . . always rushing hither
and yonder . . . usually found with
Beverly . . . loves to walk the first fare.

MILDRED SLAGLE — "MILLIE"

Independent . . . very frank . . .
never lets anything get her down . . .
intelligent movie fan . . . artistic . . .
likes athletics . . .

VIRGINIA SNYDER — "GINNY"

Tall distinguished brunette . . . plenty of vitality . . . excellent dancer . . . a decided leader of the crowd . . .

ELIZABETH SPURRIER — "BETTY"

Vice-President of the Glee Club . . .
leader of the Chimes Guild . . . SCA
choir . . . popular soloist . . . a ready
smile . . . mail (both kinds) . . .

RUTH STRAUB — "RUTHIE"

Cute smile . . . pleasing voice . . . nice and thin . . . natty clothes . . . conscientious . . . slightly on the quiet side . . .









Very musical . . . favorite color is blue . . . is seldom that way . . . noted for losing her belongings . . .

DOROTHY TUCKER — "Tuck"
Enjoys a good time . . . is the nightingale of the dorm . . . thoughts frequently wander to Florida . . . hopes to see a certain soldier a general in the Army . . .

DOROTHY WADE — "DOTTIE"

Loves to go to plays and dinners . . .

May Court . . . favorite color is lavender . . . loves Saturday night parties.

MAYNARD WEBSTER — "GLAMOUR" Walter Winchell of the class . . . theme song is "Virginia" . . . weekend calisthenics . . . a future admiral.

DOROTHY WELLER — "DOTTIE"

Secretary of the AA . . . nature lover
. . . athletic . . . V-mail addict . . . always that friend in need . . .

EVELYN WEINER — "Ev"

Best tonic for the low in spirit . . . infectious laughter . . . famous for her V-mail . . . wit galore . . . "Somebody lend me a book" . . .

JEAN WHITEFORD — "JENNIE"

Lots of fun . . . very conscientious and responsible . . . humorous remarks are a speciality . . . week-end trips to Washington . . .

WINIFRED WILHELM — "WINNIE" Particular interest in U. of M. activities . . . drummer in the orchestra . . . loyal friend . . .

VERA WILLHIDE

Long red hair ... incessant talker ... is found most anywhere ... quite a leader in the crowd ...

ELIZABETH WINEHOLT

Vice-President of the Dorm . . . outstanding athlete . . . Western interests . . . member of the diamond clan . . .

MURIEL WOOLF — "Muz"

Friendly . . . needs more than twentyfour hours in the day . . . always going downtown . . . one of the Post Office's best customers . . .

ANNE WRIGHT

Master of all ceremonies in the Dorm . . . half of the famous twins of the campus . . . orchestra . . . keen sense of humor . . .

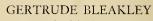


JULE WRIGHT

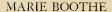
Seen at Dorm functions . . . orchestra fun to know if you can tell which is which . . . knows something about everything . . .

HELEN BENDER — "Rusty"

Her heart is in Hawaii . . . big blue eyes . . . pleasing personality . . .



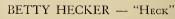
Fond of badminton . . . forever writing letters . . . nonchalant . . . a grand sense of humor . . .



Quiet . . . always willing to help . . . shy smile . . . a very pleasing voice.



Ping-pong fan . . . dynamiting Grand Canyon . . . enjoys all athletics . . . what's his name?



My favorite blonde . . . interest is? . . . sweet tempered . . . wonderful sense of humor . . .



LUCILLE KATZ — "REDS"

Yea Army and Navy too . . . exotic fingernail polish . . . reddish hair with a tendency to curl . . .



On the quiet side . . . tall and thin . . . plays a good game of ping-pong . . . athletic . . .



IRMA SCUDDER

One of the "Missus" of our class . . . delightful Florida accent . . . loads of fun . . . easy to get along with . . . another blonde . . .



Camera Dodgers

We regret to say that the following prominent members of our unforgettable class, did not have their pictures taken. It is only befitting that we add their names to our roll. Many of these people are in the midst of student teaching. Need we say more?

JEAN BENSON

MADELINE COOK

JEAN FISHER

JANE LOUISE HANN

AGNES HICKS

LESLYE LEIBOWITZ

PEGGY ANNE MacDONALD

LUCILLE ROSEN

SOLVEIG STEFANSON

DOROTHY WEBER

WARREN WENDLER

MERIAM WRIGHT

GLORIFIED GOSSIP

(Continued from page 5)

and trouble to collect thirty voices to serenade him in his secluded spot in the bow of the boat. He didn't even want to introduce her until Anna Pruess broke in with the terse statement, "Don't let us disturb you, John. Just go right on with what you were doing." I still think that it was our singing of "Oh Johnny" that really brought him to terms.

That same year found us in Washington, D. C., with that dean of all wolves, Foster Dowell. There was an educational trip! Lots of things were learned about National Parks, surplus women problems, making friends, and influencing people, and — oh yes, — how silly of me to forget, Political Science, or books, or laws, or something trivial.

That summer also brought with it the dorm Company system, not to forget that great tribute to the judgment, morals and self-control of our girls in the form of new regulations. You remember, they said that escorted young ladies might entertain guests only on "lighted sections of the campus," and the pay-off which read, "Students are not permitted to entertain visitors in automobiles at any time." Think of the things they might do in automobiles! They might hold hands, or even NECK. How horrible!! (Note: The men's comments are of necessity excluded from this discussion.)

As you would expect, the senior year was the big year. That year saw Jane Baekey's aspirations along certain welldefined lines. (Attempts fruitless) Logan, the wolf, was on the loose again when Mary Rose Reeves made her grand entrance into the college with appropriate fanfare. "Four Roses" made the hit, and poor Logan made all of the errors. Schopper gave out with those long walks to Greenmount Avenue in the mornings with her "Bill" and raved so about how wonderful he was, etc., etc., etc., etc. He must have been, because Schopper certainly used superlatives! Mil Heyn brought her "beautiful bruiser" to the Senior section party at Bernice Herbst's house, Woo! Woo! Ah, yes, perhaps you have heard of Herb Wendler's gal in West Baltimore. Well, take our word for it, Muscles forgot the old homestead that night and really showed his true colors. He came out with that Harrison Street tweed coat, NEW shoes, New sweater, NEW hat, NEW checked socks, NEW brightly colored shirt (as only Herb would wear), and a NEW tie that made the Katz creations look drab. I won't say that he wolfed couldn't do that . . . he's too darn big — but Bernice's sister still has the knife she carried, and "Queenie" (who in the world is Queenie?) still carries scars from when Herb got inside her outer lines of defense.

Confines of time and space restrict our additional capers, but from what is here, you can tell that we got around.





Last Will and Testament

WE, THE CLASS OF '44, having come to the end of our stay at S. T. C. feel reluctant to leave our friends and acquaintances without some expression of our gratitude for their companionship and aid. For this reason we have endeavored to leave to those we love best, those things which will contribute most to their success and happiness.

Miss Woodward-Honorary membership in Kappa Delta Pi.

Miss Weyforth—A job as calisthenics director.

Miss Blood-No. 3 blast furnace at Sparrows Point for demonstrations.

Dr. Crabtree—Ten number 17 ration coupons.

MR. CROOK—A scooter for office-classroom travel.

Miss Daniels-A wrist watch (compliments of Miss Woodward).

Dr. E. F. Dowell—A soap box.

Dr. Hartley—An arithmetic book in the event that his better 9/10-better 1/10 combination becomes an improper fraction.

Miss Joslin—2 acres of land and a cow for her farm unit (experience teaching, you know).

Dr. Lynch-2,000,000 bugs (insects, not students).

Mr. MILLAR—Season's pass to Ford's (when it opens).

Miss Scott—A jeep for her city visits.

Mrs. Stapleton—Two pounds of peanuts for puppets.

Dr. Walther-2,000 Tower Lights and a waste can.

Miss Weagley-Anyone who can add!!

Dr. West-Au astrolabe that stands up.

RAY CULLEN and BETTY DRAWBAUGH—Genuine Hawaiian grass skirts for each.

ALL STUDENTS-Individual lawn mowers.

SHIRLEY HENSCHEN-Ry-Krisp, that's all, just Ry-Krisp.

Sue Travers-Refo's window seat.

NARCIS HUTTON—Wendler's bottle of hair tonic.

ZIMMY—Hutt.

CHARLOTTE BITTER—One dozen assorted Midshipmen.

DORA ALICE GLASS—A 9x12 picture of Jim Cheatham which she has been begging for.

Peggy Baker- More of those "skin on bologua" shorts.

GINNY ROST-2 pairs of socks . . . with heels.

NORMA BRETALL—One box of aspirins.

ALICE BLACKISTON—A date with Hutton. (Don't tell Niles or Zimmy!!).

EILEEN BLACKISTON—Unless the Marine lands to take the "Situation" in hand, nothing will help!

Ann Landis—A red wagon in which to carry her books when student teaching.

JUDY FLOWERS—Weeds, tons of weeds.

ELEANORE SCHUTZ—An "Entente Cordiale" with Judy.

Betty Mullendore—A first aid kit for Air Corps use should Edwin and Dan meet in Florida.

ALL CLASSES—An advisor like Mr. Crook.

MARY SHEPLEY—A block and tackle for raising standards.

HERMAN JACKSON—No less than 10 Southern High girls.

SENIOR STAFF-Eight padded cells.

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Vol. XVII, No. I

Остовек, 1943

Editor's Lament

Getting out this paper is no picnic.

If we print jokes, people say we are silly;

If we don't they say we are too serious.

If we clip things from other papers, we are too lazy to write them ourselves.

If we don't we are too fond of our own stuff,

If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate true genius.

If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.

If we make a change in the other person's write-up, we are too critical.

If we don't we are asleep.

Now, like as not, someone will say we swiped this from some other paper.

WE DID.

OCTOBER • 1943

That Warm Feeling

THEY SAY, ROUND THE WORLD, THAT FOLKS criticize people. Marylanders are noted for their courtesy to and warmth toward visitors. Perhaps this is true in many respects, but a good distance out the York Road stands a majestic building which, some have said, is the coldest place on earth to new faces. Does that statement appall you? Well — a few are perturbed but the majority are so wrapped up in themselves that they haven't the slightest idea that there are 57 new freshmen among us. This upper classman was approached by nine "little green" freshmen (I mean nine), and asked quizically, "Is there something wrong in this school? Have we done anything wrong? Why won't people talk to us?"

Surprised? I thought you would be. Well, that's what the new freshmen think of the majority of upper classmen. Could you bring your noses out of the books and letters long enough to make some new students feel at home? In the dining room, lockers, the bookshop, mailboxes, any place? The so-called wise advise of the older students mean so much to the newer ones.

It isn't easy to down your own classmates, but something had to be said.

How about it, upper classmen? Show the freshmen that you are really O. K.

Lighting of the Way

THE POOR, NEW FRESHMEN WERE BEING slighted! They had not been given the most impressive of the Freshman Week celebrations, "The Lighting of the Way." Since one is not really a full-fledged member of S. T. C. until one has gone through this induction service, it was decided that the ceremony must be held, despite wartime restrictions or handicaps.

For the first time in the history, the induction service was held during the day, in the Administration Building, in the auditorium. Though a moonlit October eve is the perfect setting for the candlelight procession, a semi-circle of candles around the auditorium makes a beautiful substitute. The freshmen, as a whole, seemed duly serious and impressed.

Campus Chatter

THE TERM IS YOUNG BUT THERE IS ALWAYS news circulating around the campus at S. T. C. So here is the glimpse this month:

COLLEGE SPIRIT IS HIGH THIS FALL! BUT haven't you noticed that something is sadly lacking? Yes, that's it. We miss seeing those muscular specimens of manhood gallavanting around the corridors. A disturbance, you say? Still, such an added touch. At least we don't hear about the water buckets in the Men's Room. But wake up, girls — three surviving men are teaching in the Campus School — sigh! And hats off to our new freshmen cohorts!

A LL SUMMER THE VICTORY GARDENS WERE the main topic of conversation. Dr. Tansil not only talked about her vegetables — she grew them, too. On display in the main corridor are some samples of Farmer Tansil's crops — potatoes as big as they come, considering the products of some gardens, these potatoes are real objects of beauty! (Any similarity to Victory Gardeners at S. T. C. is purely accidental.)

STROLLING DOWN HOWARD STREET ONE DAY not so long ago, we noticed the proud visage of Mr. Newall gazing placidly upon us from behind a very prominent window in a local department store. Also on display were those famous technicolored pictures of May Day, 19—. The College has made the headlines again, even if it was only to sell gullible co-eds the latest in college duds.

A LONG WITH THE NEW TERM, NEW COURSES, and new "headaches", old S. T. C. has some "new blood" flowing through its veins. Things have been looking up since our new "gang" (all seventy-five of 'em, plus one male) of freshmen registered this September. It's getting to be more like College now, since the cafeteria is crowded and more than three or four rows are filled at assembly. So come right in, fellow Towsonites, and make yourselves at home. We hope you're going to like us and want to stay!

WEDDING BELLS ARE IN THE AIR AND WE'VE lost a grand friend. But as much as we miss Miss Stitzel — sorry — Mrs. Reichard, we do wish her happiness and success. We hope she won't be too busy to come back once in a while to visit the struggling "Book Worms" here at home.

Fashion Note for Girls: By the way, the bride wore a

street-length French blue crepe dress trimmed in gold and completed her outfit with black accessories. Her white prayer book gave just the needed touch to the ceremony.

R. MILLAR HAS CALMLY INFORMED HIS STUdents just who would pull the funny (?) stuff in his classes this year — Millar, himself. He set the pace with this one: "Novels are only to be read, but plays — well, plays are to be seen. In fact, some plays cannot only be seen and heard, but sometimes SMELLED!"

S PEAKING OF PLAYS, WHO HAS BEEN THROWing cold water on our own Playshop? We would like to see them turn out with new talent, new faces and perhaps a good, earthy drama, like "Life with Father," or "Arsenic and Old Lace."

IFE AT STATE TEACHERS' HAS UNDERGONE drastic changes in the last year. Both faculty and students are making heroic efforts to condition themselves to wartime demands. Especially to be commended is our Junior Class. Our juniors, with little or no teaching experience, are taking full-time jobs with flesh-and-blood youngsters — forty-five per class room. At least the juniors are in there punching — 100%.

MR. MOSER, MATH AND PSYCHOLOGY WIZard, is again striding down S. T. C.'s corridors. After doing research in psychology at Duke, he's back with a few more tricks in his bag. In fact, he has been so enthusiastic with his hypotheses during his lectures, that one student found it necessary to persuade him that the moon is not made of green cheese. Mr. Moser, you'll have to handle those sophomores with kid gloves; they've never had psychology before.

WE'VE HEARD TELL THAT "VARIETY IS THE spice of life", and what could have been more appropriate than the Towson Recreation Association's Show. Their Ten-Act Variety Show was on the beam, and if you don't believe us, ask Bernice Knell what kind of a time she had. For awhile there we didn't quite know whether the high school boys or the performer would win, but both made their presence known in a big way! Ten acts of tricks, mystery and music were a real success. How about playing hostess to our community more often?

G. I.

Citation Awarded Former Towson Student

ON SEPTEMBER 1, 1943, THE TWO OAK LEAF clusters, in addition to the Air Medal, were presented to the parents of Lieutenant Cox for his meritorious service in the Air Corps. As Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph H. Carr gave the medals to Mr. Cox, he said: "What is his, is yours."

Lieutenant Cox, who has been interned in a German prison camp, recently sent a photograph of himself and some of the other men in his camp home. One of the German guards had the picture developed and Luther sewed it onto a card which he mailed to his parents. His mother had several enlargements made and sent one to the College. The picture is now displayed in the showcase outside the Registrar's office. A similar picture appeared in *Life* Magazine.

We certainly have reason to be proud of Lieutenant Cox.

Recent Visitors to the College:

Herman Jackson ex. '47 (you all remember the freshman jitterbug) visited Dr. Tansil during the last vacation. He had just finished his training at Great Lakes.

*

Looking very trim in her WAVE uniform was Ensign Janet Clautice who paid us a welcome visit.

*

We were happy to see Ira Ehrlich and Sidney Blum, both of '43, at the August Commencement.

*

Most of us saw Pfc. Harry Fishpaugh, ex. '44, around the school on Registration Day with Betty Mussington. He is in the Chemical Warfare Service attached to Air Corps at Gadsden, Alabama.

*

Also among our very recent visitors were Ensigns Herbert Silver and Lou Cox.

*

Pvt. Robert Bishop of the Army Air Corps created quite a sensation over the Campus School October 5, when he paid them a visit.

OCTOBER · 1943

In Memoriam

RESOLUTION FOR WILLIAM JETT

- WHEREAS, William M. Jett, in his relation to the State Teachers College at Towson as student and leader of student affairs, attained a position of especial prominence and respect in this College,
- WHEREAS, his belief in and adherence to ideals of democratic leadership were in accord with the finest traditions of this College,
- WHEREAS, his qualities of open-mindedness in respect to dissimilar opinions and his initiative in formulating various ideas into a practical plan for the benefit of all have definitely furthered the democratic ideal in this College,
- WHEREAS, we are in complete accord with these beliefs for which finally he fought therefore, be it
- RESOLVED: That as a student body, we will endeavor to perpetuate those principles so highly prized by him; and be it further
- RESOLVED: That this resolution shall become a part of the permanent annals of the Student Government Association of the State Teachers College at Towson.

(Signed)

August 24, 1943

The Student Government
Association of the
State Teachers College
at Towson.

RESOLUTION FOR W. ROLAND FOWLER

- WHEREAS, W. Roland Fowler, during his enrollment in this College attained an exceedingly high standard of scholarship,
- WHEREAS, his achievements in scholarship were the result of such sincere endeavor, clearmindedness, acuity of thought and earnest mental attitudes, as this College holds to be highly desirable for its students, be it
- RESOLVED: That as a student body we shall endeavor to incorporate the ideals of sound scholarship which W. Roland Fowler held, into our own philosophy of learning; and be it further
- RESOLVED: That this resolution become a part of the permanent records of the Student Government Association of the State Teachers College at Towson.

(Signed)

October 5, 1943

The Student Government Association of the State Teachers College at Towson.

Strictly Teminine

Pleasure Ban Lifted— Still No Men

TROM MERE OBSERVATIONS WE ALL KNOW that most of our "men of the campus" have left us, but let us take a look at the few that are here. There are Carlisle Refo and Maynard Webster, who expect to be in the Navy as soon as student teaching is completed. Ned Logan will definitely be in there by November, while the two freshmen state "We just don't know."

In spite of the men shortage we girls are still thinking quite a lot about "how we look." The new hair-do's are all practicable and yet stunning, and many of the costumes are very "easy on the eyes."

Among The Ladies

SEEN ABOUT THE CAMPUS: Collison's coral suit.

Les' luscious cashmeres.

June Stephans' skirt from Mademoiselle.

Alice Lee Jones' new heart-shaped buttons.

The darling little pins many of the juniors are wearing on their sweaters instead of the usual neck attire.

It's quite fashionable now to

"Use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without."

So, of course, there's still the "semper faratus" sweaterand-skirt combinations with "good-looking" saddles and loafers. The new socks have only two and a half inch top while our skirts are practically pleatless. But in spite of it all, we still manage to look neat, trim, and attractive.

Cupid's Conquest

4

MARRIAGES —
Shirley Hicks, who is now Mrs. Henny Willet. Shirley Kolodner, now Mrs. Paul Sacks. Kathleen Buhrman, changed to Mrs. Edward French.

Anna Pruess is another, Mrs. Albert Jones.

Dottie Myers recently became Mrs. Richard Pulse, also an ex. of "Ye ole College."

Marriages are 'way ahead of engagements this month . . . but we see that

Virginia MacConney now has a beautiful diamond.

The very latest is our own Ruthie Paul to Albert Pruess.

They Are Saying

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT:

B. Mullendore has asquired a Pennsylvania Dutch accent - ask her why.

Ned and Betty are seen in the library "most every afternoon." Could Cupid still be around?

That Refo just can't make up his mind.

That a certain sophomore has just received some foreign money; could it be from Africa?

Note to Dr. Hartley:

The competition is greater now, isn't it?

Note to Mr. Moser:

Is your theme song, "I'll Never Smile Again"?

Exclusive!

THE GIRL'S DORM HAS A NEW RESIDENT DIrector and who wouldn't want small, friendly, enthusiastic Miss Kahl for a part-time Mother? She is a graduate of the Hagerstown High School and went by scholarship to the University of Maryland where she received a B.A. in history. She continued there for a master's degree - she will have it as soon as her thesis is typed. Guess what she wrote her thesis on? "British Opinion of Hitler." That's a topic! This summer she was an assistant in the dorm at University of Maryland and from there she comes to us. To top it off, she likes us; campus, glen, students and all!

THE TOWER LIGHT

"MR. LINCOLN'S WIFE", by Anne Calver. New York. Farrar & Rinehart, 1943.

I CAN still remember an inspired moment several years ago when I stood staring at a little picture on a school bulletin board. It was a faded photograph of Abraham Lincoln; the only one I had ever seen. Photographers in those days were an orthodox lot, who knew of only one pose for their subjects. Many of my ancestors have been recorded in that classic position, standing, gloomy-faced and glassy-eyed, with one hand resting on a convenient table and shiny shoes pointed daintily outward. My grandmother used to tell me that the characteristic stuffed appearance was due to iron props behind them. I don't know whether or not there were iron rods under the Presidential coat but, in any case, Mr. Lincoln had achieved a very remarkable thing.

In spite of the photography of those days there was an expression on his face and an air about him that came up to the most sentimental description of him. All the famous gentleness was in the dark eyes, and the tall figure showed not the slightest sign of arrogance. This was the Honest Abe who triumphed over ungainliness, lack of education, bitter public opinion, and a nagging wife.

Did I say a nagging wife? In saying that I do what so many others have done. I gaze across the years with a judging eye — cold, unfriendly, and critical. They did that to her in her life time, and made her one of history's most miserable women.

She walks the pages of Anne Calver's Mr. Lincoln's Wife, and again she is judged. We see her as a charming girl in dainty sprigged muslin; as a shabby lawyer's wife; as the gloriously bedecked First Lady - "Mrs. Lincoln presented to admiring eyes a spectacle of regal elegance. Gowned, as always, in the very height of the mode, she wore a handsome creation of heliotrope brocade, its decolletage lace" -And at the last, we see the widow a threadbare replica of past finery. And we wonder why she couldn't have done better. Why couldn't she have at least subdued her lashing tongue? I betray no feminine secret when I say that most of us would like to try a hand at being the woman behind some great man. Irritated feminine readers may feel like shaking the maddening Mary at times; but annoyance gradually gives way to pity, and pity to understanding. For this is a close-up, and as is usual in a case when all the facts are known, we realize that none of us could have done much better. Certainly a Mary Todd could not have done much better.

She was one of the many daughters of the venerable Kentucky Todds who visited sister Elizabeth in Springfield to catch one of the numerous Illinois bachelors. But Mary was a problem to her matchmaking sister, for she insisted upon loving that strange, changeable Mr. Lincoln, In fact, Mary insisted upon loving him for the rest of her life. When she married him after a courtship notable for its uncertainty and disappointments (there is some question as to who courted whom), she thought she was going to help him. Poor, futile creature, she soon learned that he didn't need her. He had needed her or anyone else. And so she made fine linen shirts which he never wore, and sorted his alarming collection of books and papers, only to have them turn up in their usual weird places. She pleaded and implored. She corrected his table manners and lectured about his neglected financial affairs. He was invariably agreeable. He said he hadn't a doubt but that she was right. But he still wrapped muddy boots in clean shirts, ignored the butter knife, and failed to collect his professional fees.

And Mary, too, wondered why she couldn't do better. Why was it that she always said the wrong thing? More and more often during the Washington days she would see that strange, wary look come into the eyes of people as they looked at her. She even saw it in the eyes of her children. She would know then that she had done something wrong, though many times she never knew what it was.

Anne Calver's book has a large share of the usual charm that goes along as a matter of course with stories about Abe Lincoln. And it's a fine new experience to see him as first of all a husband. But this is Mary's story. It is the story of a woman's struggle to tear down the wall between her puzzling husband and herself. When you've read it, you may not love her, but you will have a great deal to say next time you hear someone remark, "Oh, yes, Mary Todd. She led Lincoln a merry chase."

"CELESTIAL HOMESPUN, THE LIFE OF ISAAC THOMAS HECKER," by Katherine Burton. Longman, Green and Company, New York, 1943.

THAT adherence to the Roman Catholic faith makes possible for the individual the most abundant development of those qualities of character which are distinctly American was the theme of Isaac Hecker, staunch Catholic (Continued on Page 6)

(Continued from Page 5)

and ardent American of the middle nineteenth century. Battling against the widespread American conception of Catholicism as the "foreigners' church" and a despotic and antidemocratic institution, Father Hecker preached the length and breadth of America, reasoning away with fiery eloquence the barriers of distrust and prejudices that stood between many Americans and Catholicism.

Democratic principles permeated even the Paulist missionary order he founded, where individuality was to be an integral and conspicuous element in each life, where a man was free to join or leave as he pleased, governed only by the working of the Spirit in his own heart.

A certain confusion and obscurity is evident in the thinking of Father Hecker, perhaps occasioned by his failure to definitely outline the allegedly close relation between the spiritual life of the new convert and his increased ability in successful social and economic living in a democratic society.

Most significant in the light of these later doctrines was the early spiritual life of Hecker, prior to his conversion. There is strong appeal in this story of a boy who floundered about in the maze of philosophic theory of his day, believing vaguely but persistently in spiritual laws under this outward framework of sight and sense, spiritual laws which, if trusted, however blindly, would lead him to eventual union with God. There is an element of universal experience in his restlessness and discontent with not knowing the Truth which reaches from eternity to eternity, and his diversion into the spiritual by paths of asceticism and mysticism is an experience appealing in its very individuality.

A true insight into the teachings of Hecker's mature years is glimpsed when he write, "Today I have taken the final vows — and I am free. Free — having never understood that word until now!" We are reminded of the words of Jesus, "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

It is plain that this freedom which Hecker experiences and which he preaches so passionately far transcends, even while it includes, that set of rights and privileges we want as a nation. A definite need is becoming apparent among us — a need for something. Is it spiritual freedom? — to give us energy and noble purpose sufficient for the outworking of our godlike capacities.

Hecker's theory that the Catholic church alone is able to give unity in freedom to our American people — composed of conflicting elements — that it alone could give substance and reality to the bond of faith in democratic principles that in a certain inadequate sense already unites us, is at least a suggestion in this day of uncertainty.

Enlistment

I WALKED up the white marble steps and I was scared. My knees were trembling uncontrollably. My mouth felt dry and my hands were clammy. I walked into the cold, dark corridor and for a minute I hesitated. The seriousness of the situation made my throat ache.

A woman was sitting behind a desk that had an information sign over it and so I walked over to her. I explained why I was there and asked where I should go to join up. She smiled and I felt a little more relaxed. I listened to her directions, thanked her, and walked down the spacious hallway to the left of the entrance.

I found the elevator at the end of the hallway and rode up to the fifth floor. The colored elevator boy smiled a toothy smile and told me to walk straight down the hall until I came to a water fountain.

"You all bedder git a drink wahdah too whiles youse dere," he advised.

Then he told me to go "foah steps moah and dere you am."
When I reached the fountain I'd lost my nerve again, so
I took deep gulps of water to give me courage and then I entered 512.

An elderly woman asked me if she could help me and I told her I wanted to join the organization. She stared at me and asked my age. I had both feared and suspected that this would happen and now it was here. I told her the truth and explained to her that I had my parents' consent and blessing, but she was still doubtful. She asked me several times during the interview if I were sure I wanted to take this step.

I couldn't accept failure and so I started to explain how I felt that I should do my part. I wanted to feel that I was a vital part of this thing, too. I explained how all the fellows I knew had joined various branches of the service and were overseas or in camps and I didn't want to feel like a slacker when everyone else was carrying a fair share of the load. She gave me several pages to fill out and bring back within a week and also some literature about the organization, for my parents.

Moms and Dad read the books and were duly impressed. I filled out the papers and rushed back with them the next day. A different woman was behind the desk in 512 and she took my papers and walked into the inner office. She came out 10 minutes later and I felt that she had been gone for hours. I looked at her snappy uniform and wondered how I'd look in one like it. She looked at me pityingly and I knew then I had failed.

"My dear, we've tried to make an exception in your case. You have splendid qualifications but I'm afraid the age limit is too important a factor to be overlooked. We'd like to have you in our organization but eighteen is just a little too old for the Girl Scouts."

Professional Page

Victory Camp

A T S. T. C., this summer, Victory was our slogan. In the name of this cause, many of our busy students and untiring faculty members gladly gave of their precious time to assist in the Towson Victory Camp, a part of the splendid work being done by the Towson Recreational Association. Those of us who worked in this camp count it a privilege to have had a part in such a worthwhile project.

You all know the appalling conditions the war has created for today's children. At Towson this summer something was done to alleviate those conditions. Two hundred children in our community were provided with recreational facilities, varied and rich enough to fill the place delinquency had been filling at an increasingly horrible rate.

At the camp the program of singing, playing, reading and painting and the walks, treasure hunts, marionette shows, and plays left little time for the games too often the favorites of children of today. Aerial combat, commando raids, sniping, and all the other horrible destructive war imitations that seem to attract our youth so strangely were replaced by constructive activities. The gratitude of the sponsors of the camp has been expressed to all those who helped make the camp a success. I wonder if the sponsors have received the praise due them for this most worthy project?

Our Juniors Are Drafted

PATTER— Jargon or lingo of any profession. (Quote Webster's 5th.)

Problems - Well! You know, or do you?

Pioneers — The junior teachers you will meet in the article.

Therefore the patter is the jargon of the pioneers and the problems are the hurdles of the pacemakers. In this issue of the Tower Light, we are going to introduce the brave (and very much supervised) juniors who are blazing the trail in the various counties of Maryland. Of course, we know them intimately (four or five terms of blitzkrieg acquaintanceship) and because they so willingly took up that famous phrase: "Veni, Vidi, Vici," we wish to present them to you.

Questionnaires, blanks, ration books, entrance tickets, coupons, and stamps are today the vogue. However, no brown meat stamps or No. 18 coupons need be surrendered by a

pioneer in order to gain publicity in this column. She need only be interviewed by our correspondent, who may also drop in on you anytime at all — so beware!

Although we hear ever so much about the junior teachers these days, we seldom see them. They have a big job and they are using their time and energy to tackle it! However, your correspondent found them quite willing to take a few minutes out of lesson plans, activities, and outcomes, etc., to tell of their experiences.

The first of these pioneers to be persued was Eleanor Shutz. Eleanor has forty-one children in her first grade and enjoys teaching them music, reading, and arithmetic. She has found the supervisors and evening discussions most helpful. (Score one for the supervisors!) As for living in the dorm, she says "It's wonderful to be with the girls who have similar classroom problems." As all modern America should, Eleanor finds time for her work and social life, too. More power to her! I asked her how she felt when she heard of the junior teaching idea; and her words tell you clearly her reaction: "It is little compared with what our boys are doing. We are needed badly." Hearing her talk, I almost wished I could be with that courageous band of girls.

I soon pulled myself down to earth and with pen in hand, rapped on the door of Virginia Brooking's room. Her experiences are too numerous to tell for her forty-three charges keep her stepping. Virginia thinks it would be helpful if the library and the bookshop were open one night a week so that the junior teachers might get books and teaching materials. How did she feel about teaching so soon? Virginia says: "I was scared to death but willing to try." To any who may follow in her footsteps she councils, "Learn the rules of the school in which you are going to teach and plan to enforce good habits."

To reach our next pioneer, I resorted to that wonderful invention, the telephone. My objective — tall, stately Josephine Krotee, once a conscientious student in the halls of S. T. C., now a determined junior teacher in Middle River School. Jo has forty-one children in her first grade and, from all your correspondent gathered, is delighted with the situation. "How about the supervisors?" I asked her. She doesn't mind them too much and, in fact, finds them very helpful. Miss MacDonald has been bringing joy to the children with singing and Miss Joslin delighted them with one of her stories. Miss Grogan captured their hearts when she stopped in and taught a new game.

Josephine has found that all courses taken at S. T. C. helped her. A few of them, like music, practicum and lan-(Concluded on Page 8)

Personality and Prudence

Personalities

MANY OF YOU HAVE SEEN THE NEW FRESHmen who entered in June, but do you know them? From the following descriptions we are assured you will be able to pick them out. Taking one of the sections at random, we have:

- 1. Nancy Cronhardt. Don't get her started on her relatives Yea, Gettysburg Deb's hair-do.
- 2. Harry Zemel. Our O. A. O. boy Hails from City Nuts about history, nuts anyway! Poses for Burma Shave ads "High on a Draft-y Hill."
- 3. Peggy Zieman. "Maggie Mae" Green eyes, blond hair President of Freshman Class interested in Navy.
- 4. Lorraine Diefenbach. "Diff" Vice-president of Freshman Class "Saving Herself for Bill" Western Maryland her favorite hangout talented musically.
- 5. Winnifred Alexander. "Winnie" Red-headed, freck-led—Has very good health, eh, Dr. Buckley?
- 6. Barbara Harper. One smooth dancer, ask Curly Bill Hails from Annapolis Her man's in the Navy.
- 7. Kathryn Koenig. "Kay", with her jivin' and her sultry singing, keeps the ol' joint jumpin' A Sparrows Point product overworks the mailman.
- 8. Jane Gailey. Three bells finds Jane heading for the mailbox for a letter from Tom — She adores riding and does alright, too, on her very own hoss — Auburn hair.
- 9. Ruth Nolte. Nurses nuts at S. & P. Believes in hard study (?) Very punctual; never, never late for class That is, never too late for class.
- 10. Norma Lee Merson. Loves to wade in the glen Section Chairman Brown eyes, curly hair Finances the library.
- 11. Katherine Wolfrom. "Katy" local girl pigtails Quiet A ping-pong addict.
- 12. Eva McDonald. Section Treasurer of Section Quiet except at the lunch table Favorite color, red Scotch to the bone.
- 13. Doris Kolotsche, Studious A musician "Air Raid Sireen" Carries the torch for a sailor at Great Lakes Training Station.
- 14. Jeannette Sauter. "Nettie" Treasurer of Freshman Class Loves an argument Unmanageable hair Very impartial (?)

Prudence

DEAR PRUDENCE:

I have been a student at the S. T. C. for the past two years. During these years I have devoted my time almost completely to my special interest in history — namely, my instructor. From the moment he would enter the room with his cheerful, "Good morning, kiddies", to his final parting words, "Don't do anything I wouldn't do", I would be fascinated by his dramatization of historical facts, and in the duller moments, by the beauty of his sweaters and socks.

But into this scene of historical romance and glengyle plaid appeared a new character in my life. My affections turned from the vivacious, curly-haired type to the sedate calculator.

Prudence, this is my problem. Should I spend more time on my history or my math?

Yours prudently,

ANN ONYMOUS.

DEAR ANN ONYMOUS:

We suggest that you develop your interest in English, for that field, too, offers many possibilities.

Footnote -

(Dear reader, do you have any questions? Prudence will be glad to help you answer them. Please bring them, in writing, to the Tower Light office.)

Our Juniors Are Drafted

(Continued from Page 7)

guage arts, helped her especially over the first hurdle. So students, mind your P's and Q's in all courses.

"Do you find time for yourself and for social activity?" was the next question I popped at her. "Not too busy," was her reply. In fact, she even found time to chatter with me.

To those of you who may some day be faced with this same opportunity to aid your country and yourself, Josephine gives this bit of advice: "Go in and make the very best of it that you can."

These are but a few of our colleagues whose initiative and courage is enabling them to do a remarkable piece of work. These are the pioneers, the pacemakers. Through their trials and tribulations we shall learn. The torch which they have lit and are now carrying, we shall carry in the future. The light of education burns brightly. America — '43 marches on!

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November, 1943

Compulsory Electives

SENIOR — OH, WHAT EMPHASIS IS PLACED ON that word! How we pray to reach that stage, when respect shines in the eyes of underclassmen and we have an opportunity to choose at least part of our studies. But, hold on there. That latter statement is a little bit on the "shady" side. Not "shady" in an ethical fashion, but "shady" in that it is deceiving.

True, a piece of paper comes around saying: "What do you want, music or art?" Just as if a menu in a restaurant should read simply "ice cream or cake?" The ice cream and cake are appealing, but not after you've had a lot of them already. And our art or music comes at a time when we've already been fed up to the gills. I wonder what would happen if, on being asked "art or music", some bright and uncowed individual would say: "Neither — have you anything else to offer?" Would our brave individual find himself or herself "in a spot" — or would someone else be red in the face?

Outsiders say our background is meagre. Why can't something be done to give us an adequate background? In a recent class a student remarked that she had always studied History up to World War I but had never gone beyond that period. Certainly, we should have a basis for an understanding of World War II.

What about the students' lack of background? Can't something be done? Something worth while?

Who's Who Among American Colleges and Universities

ACH YEAR THE PUBLISHERS OF THE BOOK Who's Who Among American Colleges and Universities sends some 600 letters to as many institutions of higher learning throughout the nation inviting them (Scot free!) to select a certain number of students — in proportion to the enrollment of the institution — to represent the college in the publication. Our College is among those invited. This year, again, we received our letter requesting us to select twelve people (only Juniors and Seniors being eligible) whom we felt to be the most outstanding students on the campus. A committee was formed to do the selecting and, by an unbiased point system, selected the apportioned twelve. These are the Who's Who of our campus:

Seniors — Kitty Arnold
Beatrice Conley
Jean Fisher
Virginia Leatherbury
Elizabeth Shoemaker
Dorothy Weller

Juniors — Kitty Cragg
Cecilia Hoffman
Josephine Krotee
Esther Spaeth
Eleanor Schutz

Hail and Farewell

URS WILL BE THE LOSS OF A CRACKERJACK professor and a sagacious friend when Mr. Millar takes leave of his ever-admiring students and faculty. Mr. Millar will enter Civilian Public Service for the duration. After three months of preliminary training he will be placed where his special talents will be applied to most advantage.

I wish there were words to express how the student body feels about his departure. To have someone back you to the utmost against seemingly overwhelming odds, to meet full understanding of the so-called "younger generation" is indeed a great inspiration.

When Mr. Millar was told that his departure would be made known to all in the Tower Light his reply was:

"Please — nothing too flattering — I detest it."

To this we answer — It can't be done, anyway. Our appreciation and admiration are too great for mere words. We can say that we shall sincerely miss that rich voice which, like love, wearies not ever; that "sonsie bawsn't face" and, most of all, of course, the fitly spoken words. How can our British Prose and Poetry and our Freshman composition ever be the same without those revealing diagrams of the progression from the abstract to the concrete?

To the sincere but prosaic "good-bye" of our fellow students we add — Good luck and God bless you!

Campus Chatter

TNWITTINGLY, TWO OF THE SOPHOMORE SECtions took up our editor's challenge in the last issue. Yes, it was done of their own accord! One fine Wednesday afternoon class they each gave their Freshman Class a Hallowe'en party — just a good old get-together to find out who's who. From the foyer and the barracks came peals of laughter, subdued only when someone thought she had told an uproarious joke. Of course, Doc. Hartley and Mr. Millar were right on the scene, crooning at the tops and bottoms of their voices, respectively. It was fun! And they even know each other's names now.

BIG SIGNS, LITTLE SIGNS! SIGNS GALORE HAVE been posted all over the building this month. What's the big idea? Well, I'll tell you — the S. G. A. entertained us with a real old-fashioned movie party — no admission, either — on Wednesday, November 10. We sat through the thrills and chills of a superman picture and the roars and rants of Charlie Chaplin. Warning, girls: Don't take the "Cross-Eyed Lover", one Ben Turpin, too seriously. Remember your "boy over there." He probably can do just as well as Ben in the moonlight!

BY DECEMBER 17 WE'LL START WORKING FOR the Government. Almost the entire student body has volunteered this year to aid in the emergency of getting out the Christmas mail. Since it will be new work for most of us, enthusiasm is running high. Indeed, we won't even mind too much giving up our Thanksgiving holiday. This is our Christmas gift to Uncle Sam.

THE NAVY RATES AT S. T. C. OUR MEN ARE off to find their sea legs this month. How will those who are left behind in the cottage ever get used to so much quiet and no line-up to see who gets the bathtub next on Saturday nights before date-time? We will miss them, the little cherubs. Miss Yoder will hate to say good-bye to Logan — he keeps her busy just running in and out the Library reminding him he's not in the corner drug store with his gal.

The Navy can be sure we are giving them our best men. We're not selfish, we're giving them all!

THE DORM STUDENTS ARE SPONSORING GOOD neighbor policy toward Great Britain and not long ago they scuttled a shipload of "Jack Tars" who washed up on Newell Hall's front door steps. The dorm kids fed 'em, danced their feet off, and appreciated their British sense of humor. Before ten o'clock everyone knew all the sailors' songs forward and backwards, and was speaking with an English accent. Righto!

TO THE DINING ROOM — REGISTER HERE — by candlelight and discussions with such notable personalities as Father Flanigan, Mrs. Stanley Cook, Count Alex de Ghize, and Lieut. Richard Miles, R. N., - marked a redletter day in the history of our College — November 3rd and 4th—were the days set aside by the Congress of Parents and Teachers of Maryland to hold their annual meeting, and we were the fortunate college to be chosen as hosts. While the College was on the receiving end of some memorable experiences, we can't forget - the warm friendliness of our leading hostess, Dr. Wiedefeld; that wonderful fried chicken dinner dreamed up by Miss Baker; the artistic decorations and stage settings created by Mrs. Brouwer (Plus the Freshmen); Mrs. Stapleton's students' inspiring portrayal of Lighting the Way, and the gay melodies of Miss Welforth's Glee Club (how about the applause for Elizabeth Spurrier?)

All this climaxed by Mayor McKeldin presenting Father Flanigan with the key to our *fair city* — made the first week in November the "Spotlight" of the year!

ARE YOU DOING YOUR SHARE — THAT'S THE theme of the Community and War Fund drive this year. Each section in the College is trying to reach its quota and doing a good job of it. At the same time, War Bonds and Stamps are being sold in the corridor at 2:50 and 12:50 each day. So come on, everybody who hasn't given to ease the suffering or bought a share in Uncle Sam's victory — give to the War Fund and buy a Stamp a day.

Our boys are giving everything. What are you giving????

THE LORD MADE THE HEAVENS AND THE earth. Then he made man and then he rested. Then he made woman, and "neither God, Man nor Devil has rested since."

Do you	know	what	our	men	instructors	really	think	about
women?								

M	lr.	Moser:				_	
---	-----	--------	--	--	--	---	--

Dr. West (speaking of Junior teachers): "Sweet young hings."

Mr. Millar (not as an authority): "No matter what I can say, women are here to stay."

Dr. Hartley (as a side remark): "The best thing I like about women is my arm."

Dr. Walther: "Some of the best people I know are women, but then I don't know everyone."

Now we know (or do we?)

G. I.

Au Revoir

T'S A WOMAN'S WORLD! (AT LEAST, THAT IS the current trend at S. T. C.) Three more of our men must heed the call of Uncle Sam. At present they are being conditioned in the malestrom of student-teaching. Ned Logan, Carlisle Refo and Maynard Webster will leave at the end of the quarter to study at Northwestern University. There, at the end of four months, they will receive their commissions as ensigns in the United States Navy. Those of you who are upperclassmen remember Henry Astrin, '42; Harry London, '43, and Nolan Chipman, '43, who completed this course at Northwestern. We know that Ned, Carlisle, and Maynard will carry on just as successfully as their predecessors did. Best of luck, fellows!

Recent Visitors to the College:

HARDLY A DAY PASSES WITHOUT AN S. T. C. alumnus or friend now in the service visiting us. Within the last months, an unusual number of former students were here.

Captain Hoddinott, ex '43 and his wife (she was the former June Quinan, '43) were carried back to their College days at "ye olde Alma Mater" when they joined Jr. 6 in Dr. Walther's psychology class. Captain Hoddinott enjoyed disputing Dr. Walther's statement concerning the relative size of flies which the men in the Army have to swat.

Private Jack Hackman, ex '45 of the Army Air Corps, has been seeing a bit of the sunny South through the eyes of Uncle Sam. Apparently this new life agrees with Jack because he certainly looked tops.

It was just like old times in the school library when Private Theodore Katenkamp was here visiting us. Ted is now an A. S. T. Cadet at the University of Connecticut.

One of the boys representing us in the Navy is Narcis Hutton, A. S., ex '45. Narcis, on leave from Drew University, where he is following the V-12 program, visited the Lida Lee Tall School to see some of his friends who are student-teaching there.

Lieut. John Horst, '42, also numbered among our visitors this month, was sporting silver bars in place of gold ones he wore on his last trip here.

In addition to this list of notables were Sgt. Milton Baer, '39; Ensign N. Wilde, Ensign Lee McCarriar, Cadet Sgt. Jerome Pleet '43, and Sidney Baker and his wife.

NOVEMBER · 1943

Conservatives—Please

There once was a college professor,
Who turned out to be quite a "dresser."
His suits were so loud
The students all howled:
"Our professor is quite the impressor!"

He imagined himself picturesque
As he smilingly sat on his desk
He "strutted his stuff,"
But the kids called his bluff,
He thought he must surely resign.

With his "glad rags" he soon did dispense,
And when this new plan did commence
His students all cheered,
His muddled mind cleared,
For the prof really did have some sense.

His clothes are no longer too bright.

In fact, they're considered just right.

Professors take heed,

As this epic you read,

And you always will be a delight.

P. S. — Just kidding. I like professors with loud clothes.

— E. M.

Ballad in the Key of "GI"

This the song of a GI muse Lumbering along in GI shoes, Sung to a sort of GI tune Under the GI southern moon.

GI'm loaded with GI clothes GI'm tired of GI hose GI'm tired of GI issue — And oh, my darling, GI miss you!

GI long for a GI pass
Far from the GI dusty grass
I'm so darned tired of GI whirls
With the usual crop of GI girls.

GI adore you darling mine (GI'm tired of this GI rhyme) But GI'm happy and I'll tell you why Ours is a love that's not GI.

Strictly Teminine

Who Can Tell Me:

WHO EATS MORE SWEET SWEETS FROM THE Bookshop than Dr. Hartley?

Who spends more time signing in the faculty reserve book than Edna M. Merson?

Who are seen more together than Ellen Perrine and Olga Solomon?

Who finds more "emotional outlet" in playing piano than Maynard Webster?

Who has more male "civies" on the string than Ann Landis?

Who is more concerned about the amount of books a student carries than Mr. Moser?

Who is more patient with late comers than Miss Woodward?

Who has more observations than Jr. 6? Who is quite interested in Camp Ritchie?

They Are Talking About:

THE HIT DR. HARTLEY'S "MOVIE PARTY" certain man from Philadelphia . . . Useful science projects ... The first snow flurry of the year ... The men visitors the second floor of Newell had the week of November 3rd and the expected I. R. C. guys . . . The bridal shower given to one of our alumni November 1st . . . The many colds of the Junior Teachers (no kidding) . . . An expected formal dance at S. T. C. (with men) . . . The annual (almost, anyway) Community Sing on December 14th . . . The new Art Club . . . The hike to be held in December . . . The English accents of some of our colleagues (wonder where they acquired those?) ... How successful the State Convention was, especially the Glee Club singing, "Congratulations Miss Weyforth!" . . . How Jane Perry always addresses her letters to Bainbridge, Maryland . . . A Hopkins man was on campus - could he be looking for Helen McCutchin? . . . Shirley Terl's new "hand-made" mittens . . . The Kappa Delta Phi tea and all its new invited guests . . . How well the S. C. A. Choir sang at Vespers November 10th . . . The steak dinner at the dorm (with cake a la mode and coffee, too!) . . . The recent increase in Chimes Guild membership . . . The hoped-for Thanksgiving dinner . . . How quietly Armistice Day was observed . . . Miss Weyforth's enthusiasm over the Major (the scale, we mean) . . . There seems to be a sudden epidemic of sun glasses; it's to avoid "beam-blindness" from Kitty Cragg's and Leslye Leibowitz's smiles since their men have been home . . . All the girl students were getting into a huddle about how charming Dr. Anita Dowell looked at the P. T. A. Convention . . . Enthusiastic first-nighters at "Oklahoma" . . . Dr. Tansil and Dr. West . . . Ev Munder's practical hopechest addition . . . Betty Clark's recent visitor from New York, the Navy no less . . . What S. T. C. is going to do now without Mr. Millar and his "witty remarks" in and out of the class room.

Cupid's Conquest

RINGAGEMENTS —
Virginia Lee Leatherbury to Lieut. "Bud" Brohat.
Martha Kratz to Lieut. Richard Schuck.
Sally Tantarri to Arthur McClelland.

Have You Heard That:

JACK HACKMAN, an alumnus, just can't seem to get those Jones' girls straight?

Ray Horton is still seen at S. T. C. (only it's a certain sophomore this time)?

That Julia Focas received a lovely fan letter from a soldier in Virginia as a result of having her picture in the paper? The picture was one of Julia harvesting peanuts from an S. T. C. victory garden. Maybe the photographer should come around more often!

That Marilyn Brozer, Freshman 2, has been added to our list of Cupid's Conquests?

That Helen Howard's heart belongs to just one? Note the silver wings!

Nite Life

DAY STUDENTS DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT they are missing in the way of dorm life. You know your own family's peculiarities — but have you ever tried living with a whole building of other people's oddities? It's really an art. Night life is particularly interesting. You ought to see any man's dream girl come down the hall in tin curlers and huge men's pajamas. It just kills a person's (Concluded on Page 6)

THE TOWER LIGHT

"SHOLEM ASCH, THE APOSTLE," translated by Maurice Samuel. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1943.

SAUL OF TARSHISH WAS A YOUNG MAN, ARdent in the faith of his Jewish forefathers — a Hebrew of the Hebrews, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a strict Pharisee in his observance of the rabbinical law, so jealous of the honor of Jehovah God that his heart burned in hatred and vindictiveness toward the Jesus-believers of Jerusalem. In the year following the Crucifixion, Saul's stinging lash, backed with the fierce conviction of self-righteousness, that is always an effective motivator of violent deeds, spread terror among the Christian converts in Jewry's stronghold.

How astounding then, that one day the stiff-necked, zealous young Saul should kneel abjectly in the dust of the Damascus road to call upon the despised and lowly Jesus for salvation! This same Jesus whom Saul had once called blasphemer of the Most High, he now hails as the effulgence of Jehovah's glory, the expression of God's substance.

The Scriptures say: "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature. Old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new." Saul now becomes Paul, the forgiven one. What things he has before held dear and counted credit to himself — his zeal and religiosity — these things now he counts deeds of no avail. New appetites, affections and desires are his.

In the very shadow of the synagogues of Jerusalem, in the pagan temple of Antioch, in the palace of the King Agrippa, wherever the Messiah has been despised and rejected of men, wherever He is not known and esteemed above all earthly things, Paul preaches a flaming new gospel of remission of sins, of worship to God, through simple belief in the divine Sin-Bearer.

Drunk with the power of the Holy Spirit, radiant with the heavenly vision, oblivious to threats and hatred, to imprisonments, ills of the body and thorns in the flesh, Paul preaches to Jews and Gentiles deliverance from the maze of ritual and sacrifice deemed necessary to please God, deliverance from the bondage of sin into the spiritual liberty which is in Christ Jesus, deliverance out of darkness and ignorance into the marvelous light of God.

We stand amazed at the exalted conception of Christ which Paul achieves through years of maturing faith. To him, the Messiah is at once God and man, God incarnate, man divine. In Him, there is a wonderful meeting of diverse excellencies, He being the image of the invisible God, the Creator of all creatures, all the Beauty, Glory, Wisdom, and Riches of the universe, yet for us becoming the abased, the afflicted Lamb, the scape-goat of all humanity, devoid of all loveliness, laden down with all the impurity of all men, bearing the burden of mankind's sin in His own body on the tree — smitten by the Father — for sinful men. Yet while He did become the lowliest of all things, He is the only one who can give meaning and fullness and perfection to frail human existence.

Sholem Asch has drawn a significant picture for us — of the rich pageantry and ritual, of the deep Jehovah-faith of orthodox Jewry in the first century A. D., of the turmoil and hatreds engendered by the springing up of the strange new cult of the Messiah in Jerusalem. Our present vast organization of professing Christendom can be evaluated only in the light of these simple beginnings in the souls of heart-believers in Jesus of Nazareth. In this chronicle of the apostle, we have a picture rare in any generation, of personal religion founded not on externals and transient circumstances, but on simple childlike all-absorbing faith in unseen things.

"DAYLIGHT ON SATURDAY," by J. B. Priestley, Harper & Brothers, New York and London. 1943.

OUT OF THIS WAR HAS SPRUNG A NEW RACE; a race whose men and women are grimy-faced and similarly dressed, rich in money and poor in time. They are the ones who hold the key to the difference between our wars and Caesar's, whose millions of hands shape the tools of heroes. They are the defense workers. And the sprawling sheds in which they accomplish these wonders are equally extraordinary. The bizarre camouflage of the outside only half prepares us for the inside, where night and day, winter and summer, are the same. The bleak walls shelter a world of extremes. Blaring music competes with screaming machinery; yesterday's clinging, delicate girls work beside burly men, and debutantes share work beside "hill-billies." And what a story they make! Go to the Army for facts about a country's young men, but go to the defense plants for the story of the civilians of a wartime nation. For here is the proving ground for civilians. It provides a detailed picture of a wartime people fit to delight the heart of anyone interested in the human element of war. Ask the questions what has drawn them there?, and how much of themselves do they give to their work?, and you find, in the answers, an indication of the extent of the war effort and of the kind and amount of emotion which prevails.

(Continued on Page 6)

(Continued from Page 5)

J. B. Priestley displays this noisy and impressive drama of the defense plant in "Daylight On Saturday". The particular plant described is an English one. It resembles our American plants in almost every way, except that it has existed longer and has known more of the emotion of war than ours have. It has gone through the black Dunkirk days, and the supreme effort made within its walls almost equalled that of the soldiers. During the terrible months of siege from the air, the indignation and determination of the workers drove them to new peaks of production. But the war slowed to a tiresome walk, and a vague confusion. It is this hum-drum time which has been chosen for the setting of "Daylight On Saturday", and it is a good choice. It presents the workers as they are during a long, weary war, not as they appear in brief flashes of excitement or the white heat of trium o or despair. Because of this, it gets at the real attitude of the home front.

Priestley takes his readers into the plant and introduces them to the workers. From the many types to be found, he has carefully picked representatives. Types common to both the English and American scenes are presented with a clarity and detail which can not fail to interest the reader. The highest officials of the factory are introduced, and their feelings for their exhausting tasks, and for their employees are displayed. Mr. Cheviot is the deeply weary general manager. His simple life and his groping, bewildered good will toward the huge mass of humanity in his plant do not suggest his position in the new ruling class of industrial leaders. His two chief assistants, Elrick and Blanford are notable for their differences. Elrick is a hot-tempered self-made man who has risen from the ranks, while Blanford is a cool, smooth product of the upper class, whose idea of the perfect society includes a powerful ruling nobility. Blanford's feelings are too deep to be called snobbery, and Elrick's temper goes too deep to be called pettishness, but the two misunderstand each other violently.

The workers themselves are of all different sorts, from many and varied backgrounds. There are the old skilled workers who have been quickly promoted as more unskilled labor came into the factory. Their positions as leaders of flippant girls and irresponsible youths is a little pathetic and sometimes ridiculous. Perhaps it is they who leave the best idea of their place in the war effort. Under them are the thousands who are bewildered at the strangeness of their new role. And there are many who are too dull or self-centered to even attempt an understanding of the war. Little Nelly Ditton is a brainless sort of girl who longs for a beautiful face and an ability to play the piano. She dreams of these things as she makes airplane parts. There is a large group of married women who have left their housework

to make airplanes, but their minds still revolve in the old familiar circles. Joyce Deerhurst is another who refuses to forget the old life and standards. She is a gentle little shopgirl who cannot be shaken from her selfish insistance that everything concerning her be absolutely "nice". Freda Pinnel is the suave, exquisite representative of the upper class. She has descended to factory work simply to amuse her easily bored self.

The idea behind presenting this myriad of strangely assorted characters to the reader was not to argue that defense workers in general are selfish, wealth-seeking individuals. Nor is it a sugar-coated picture of all the people working together for a noble end. Mr. Priestley allows himself only the minimum of sentiment, and then the reader is ready for it. The last few pages describe Mr. Cheviot standing before his plant watching the vast stream of humanity come blinking into the daylight of a Saturday afternoon. He resolves to let no peace-time complacency lull him into forgetting his duty toward all these people. He sees them all as they essentially are, and as the reader must be seeing them, too a vast collection of small desires and longings which add up to one mighty effort. He knows that they are fighting for themselves and for other folk like themselves everywhere, and that it is at the time when they feel this most that they do their best work.

Nite Life

(Continued from Page 4)

faith in human nature. There are some people who even believe in the old-fashioned flannel nighties — eh, Kay? (That's all right, they're warm. I know, 'cause I wear them, too.) These new freshmen are really the ones for fancy housecoats. Little dark Jackie parades in bright red with white dots for trimming as she goes down the hall to meet Cecil, our ravishing blonde, in a pink dream. Then there are always those that like blue satin p. j.'s (I know of two in the building). Others scorn honsecoats and feel that a Navy towel will suffice. Of course, Norma Lee has a pink satin robe and a lady across the hall has a black flowered satin one.

Then the hair! Those beautiful tresses displayed to the sun are rarely seen by the electric bulbs around here. Some use tin curlers (now made of plastic) and some use rubber curlers. Some use bobbies (lucky girls) and others use pins. This summer we even had rags. The creams and lotions are even worse than that. Most are pink, but some are green and then again it may be red. What we girls will do for beauty!

The third floor even has exercises under the professional (?) auspices of Miss Hurley. You sheltered day students just have no idea how much of a strain it is to witness night after night these refugees from a freak show. Visit us some night and find out for yourself. How ugly we girls will be at times in order to be beautiful at other times.

P. S. — To those few poor boys, pardon me for boring you.

Professional Page

A Wonderful Opportunity

TUNIOR TEACHING IS A WONDERFUL OPPOR-J tunity! This, Miss Brown's opinion, is in complete accord with the result of the question asked our faculty supervisors: "What advantages and/or disadvantages do you think junior teaching has over student teaching?" Miss Woodward and Miss Brown think that the time is too early as yet to pass judgment on student teaching. To compare junior teaching and student teaching would be most unfair. For as yet there is no particular way (junior, cadet, or student teaching) which has proved best. For some junior teachers, this experience is best because they may work as fast or as slow as they please. For others, junior teaching may not be so happy. Junior teaching throws more responsibility and harder work on the teacher. The juniors are on their own resources in the matters of discipline and teaching. (There is no practice teacher constantly on hand to require good behavior of the pupil, just the supervisors dropping in.) In addition, some junior teachers are in schools with very little appropriate equipment.

ACCORDING TO MISS MacDONALD, THE JUNior teachers have the advantage of having specialists (college teachers who go supervising during the week) in each field giving them direct aid. The juniors have the advantage in that they receive a great deal of help in securing material and making plans. This may be a disadvantage in that they do not have to hunt up the material.

AS SEEN BY MR. MOSER, JUNIOR TEACHING has two distinct advantages and one disadvantage over the conventional student teaching. Because they are learning to think of their work in terms of a definite pupil rather than attempting to conform to some hypothetical theory or situation (the concreteness of application is preceeding the abstraction of theory) and are thus in a position to "know what they want of their instructors", and because they are forming their own theory as they go - from practice instead of constructing a system of theory in a more or less vacuum, the junior teachers are profiting by their present positions. On the other hand, these teachers are discovering that the "executive side of teaching is so time-consuming that they are finding it difficult to make as thorough a job of planning as they would if they could share this planning with another instructor." This situation is being overcome, as Mr. Moser pointed out, by the fact that the college supervisors are freely assisting and helping to prepare the material used in the teaching centers by the juniors.

R. HARTLEY, SPEAKING METAPHORICALLY, adds: "They're learning to swim by being pushed off the dock which, for a few hearty souls is the quickest way to learn, but for others, it will leave them with lifelong inhibitions and a fear of the water." But whether the juniors find the learning easy or difficult, they will benefit and are benefiting by the experience in several respects. "They are having the advantage of individual help from a large number of supervisors rather than just one. They are receiving literally thousands of dollars worth of the time and experience of the instructors which they wouldn't have gotten at the College. They are experiencing an increased respect for the methods courses - for the value of the 'know how' as well as for the profession itself." In addition, "the situation is proving to be a stimulating experience for the instructors themselves in that they are working on practical problems with the students. As a result, it is bringing about an increased spirit of comradarie between the instructors and the students." Finally, Dr. Hartley feels that the junior teaching setup has given the school, the supervisors, and the students a feeling that they are helping out in the war effort. "And that's most important!"

TN THE OPINION OF DR. WEST, THE JUNIOR **1** teaching idea is definitely one of the best steps ever taken. It may well lead to a great change in the whole teaching setup. We've always wanted to precede some of our theory with actual experience because we find that the people who have had such experience understand and appreciate the points that we are trying to put across, and they are better students when they return to the College. Dr. West brought out this fact that the junior teachers are not as well prepared as those who go out after student teaching, but that, on the other hand, they are learning more subject-matter in what they are doing than they would in the College classrooms. "Time is a very important problem to the supervisors," he continued. "The time we spend with them in the field is too limited; it takes more time to work with twenty students out there than to work with sixty in the College classes. But probably the greatest problem is the providing of materials and getting the students to see their possibilities. I definitely want to compliment the junior teachers," Dr. West went on to say. "For when we who have taught look back to our early years, we realize what a good job they are doing."

TOW THAT THE COUNTY STUDENTS HAVE gorged the trail of junior teaching, what do you think of city students doing the same? Drop your letters, giving your opinion in the Tower Light office. They will be printed next month.

Personality and Prudence

Personalities

HOW MANY NEW FRESHMEN DO YOU KNOW? Now is the time for the upperclassmen to become acquainted with them. Taking a few new personalities at random we have:

- 1. Jeanne Sowder beautiful blonde hair tall and dignified wizard on the piano twin brother in the Navy hails from Hagerstown.
- 2. Annette Hermalin just sweet sixteen naturally wavy raven tresses dislikes home work (who doesn't) Jenny Lind of Fr. 3 weakness: tall, dark, good-looking men.
- 3. Elizabeth Hurley vivacious height of fashion always in hot water favorite pastime: dancing Yea, Bethesda, Maryland.
- 4. Elizabeth Rost a busy bee of the War Activities Committee sister of Ginny E. H.'s roommate and partner in trouble Till!?
- 5. Cecil Moran petite trim blonde "page boy" also from Bethesda which is it: West Point or Annapolis?
- 6. Belle Crolley very quiet from stenography to school teaching husband in North Africa.
- 7. Merilyn Brozer tall and dark-haired engaged to dental student at U. of M.
- 8. Thomas Crist lone male of the September freshmen rosy cheeks or bashful blush? How's Clara M.? Alma Mater: Catonsville High.

Now, how about the freshmen getting acquainted with some of our seniors? Here are a few back from student teaching:

- 1. Marie Booth conscientious and quiet industrious manner of speaking shows individuality enjoys student teaching big brown eyes interests lie in poetry, dancing, and athletics from Saint Mary's County.
- 2. Norma Bretall Kappa Delta Phi sparkling smile goes out of her way to be helpful Tower Light co-editor respect for classmates and faculty very good in athletics and rhythmics a quiet student.

Prudence

DEAR PRUDENCE:

Would you tell me some ways by which I could more easily recognize some of the members of our faculty and student body?

— A. Freshman

DEAR A. FRESHMAN:

Perhaps this will help -

If you hear someone campaigning for President on the Prohibition ticket — that is Dr. Hartley.

If you feel someone staring at you, turn around — that is Mr. Moser.

If there is one person who fails to make the boards of the auditorium squeak — that is Miss Bersch.

If you are amused and entertained by the antics and realistic interpretations of a certain person, then, dear Freshman, you are exposed to Miss Weyforth.

If you seem to be hunted by the F. B. I. for forgetting your periodical — that's no G-man, that is Miss Holt.

If for some reason or other you have acquired a good deal of "literature" — your contributor is Miss Joslin.

If you see someone who looks as if she hoarded No. 18 shoe stamps — that's no black market, that is Dr. Crabtree.

If you hear someone always expressing her own opinion, that's not part of the open forum — that's Miss Woodward.

If you see someone with a green bag slung over his shoulder, that's no hobo — that is Mr. Millar.

If you hear the Morse Code sounding off, that's no Air Corps Cadet (darn it) — that is Dr. Walther.

If you have any troubles, don't take them to Mr. Anthony — take them to Dr. Lynch.

If you see an ink bottle coming down the hall, look behind it — that's Miss King.

If you see someone else holding the gavel at S. G. A. meeting, Cecelia hasn't grown overnight — that is Esther Spaeth.

If you have seen some haggard-looking individuals (more haggard than the rest) — they are the juniors who have just returned from student teaching.

If you see someone who reminds you of "home and mom" — that is Mrs, Stapleton.

If you are lulled to sleep by the strains of a Southern drawl, wake up — your instructor is Dr. West.

If there is someone who takes great interest in the fact that you are "falling away to nothing" on your near 5000 calorie diet — that is Dr. Dowell.

If you know someone who spends as much time in the library as the books — that is Mary Shepley.

If you feel a breeze at three minutes after nine — that is Lois Mae Fallin on her way to class.

If you see someone with a kind, sympathetic look on his face, someone who gives you little work, someone who ignores your lateness every day — that, dear Freshman, is NO member of our faculty.

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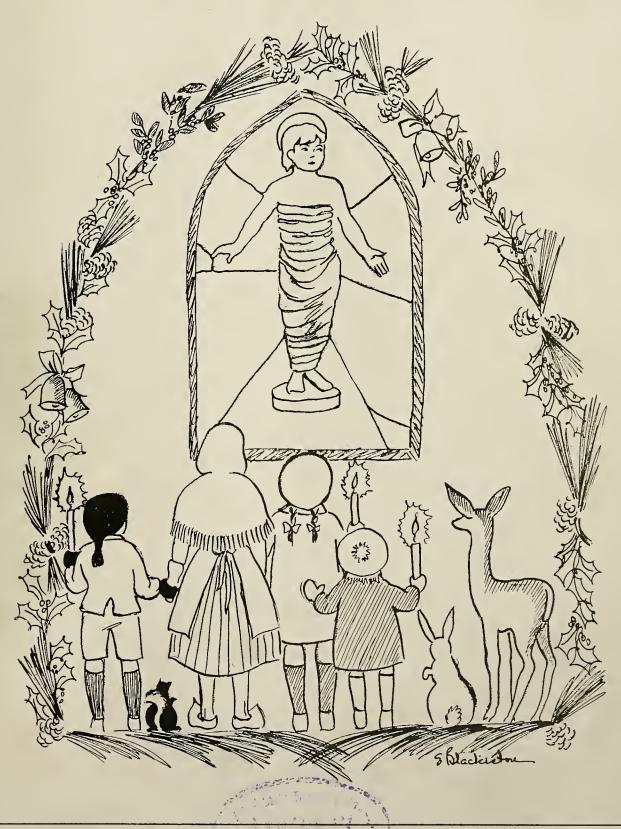
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SAUTER

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DECEMBER, 1943

Ah, Wilderness or Junior's Complaint

HERE WE ARE, BACK FROM STUDENT TEACHing, wiser for this first experience but feeling a little strange at taking rear seats in classrooms, a leisurely ten minutes between classes, and a full hour for lunch. Stranger still is the sea of unfamiliar faces. But worst of all is the lack of recognition of our true status. To be recruits and looked at with a sort of condescending air of "Why, we've been here at least eight weeks more than you have" is too much for us! To be mistaken for new freshmen — we who have already

had our first term of student teaching; we who have sacrificed our social life at the College to learn the fine art of teaching children; we who have — but we are speechless now. We can only sigh — Ah, Wilderness! and hope for a time when something can be done to alleviate the pain of returning from student teaching to an unappreciative student body.

Housecleaning

Their Eager Search after knowlede, the students of S. T. C. seem to have lost all conception of certain necessary household duties. Most important and perhaps most dreaded of all such duties is housecleaning. Yes, dear students, there is such a thing and we'd better do a good deal of it right away. We don't happen to be talking to dorm students, either. Dorm or day, city or county — one and all are under fire now. Cobwebs have gathered on or in our ceilings, our elhows need re-greasing, and although it may use a shoe stamp, the lead had better be removed from our feet. Such is our pathetic condition. It must be, for what else could warrant the following remarks from two members of our faculty?

"I'd rather teach the sixth grade than such an unresponsive group of college students."

"I wouldn't like to teach the first grade but would rather teach dumb college students."

We refrain from printing the names of the faculty members lest any students take an aversion to them for speaking the truth. No doubt other less outspoken members of the faculty are of the same opinion. And no wonder. Take a look around you. Look at yourself! And then start housecleaning. We need a reconditioning to the finer things that life has to offer. War may take away our shoes, lessen the meat in our diet, raise the cost of living, but it need not deprive us of our education. Democracy does not permit war to interfere with that opportunity. But it is up to us to get that education which our democracy still makes possible for us to obtain. Let's make the most of this opportunity and GET TO WORK!

Campus Chatter

WE DON'T WANT TO BRAG — AND THOSE who attended the Freshman Talent Assembly will bear my statement out — BUT S. T. C. has been invaded by the largest army of talented people in years! There are literally ten or fifteen up-and-coming Tschaikowskys, an equal number of prospective Lily Pons and even one baton-twirling man. So wake up world, and put some of those Hollywood talent scouts wise — or S. T. C. will be accused of hoarding!

COME ON, CHILLUN', LET'S SING! AND THAT'S what S. T. C. did en masse at the Community Sing Assembly not long ago. We had a good old "hair letting-down" time and sang plenty of the old favorites and new tunes of the last and present war. We really should get around to doing this more often so don't forget the Christmas Song Festival (plug). By the way, Esther, what happened to "Pistol Packin' Mama"?

THERE'S REAL MEAT (?) FOR WINDOW SHOPpers in the downtown displays, so characteristic of our "It only comes once a year" holiday season. Stewart's is still ringing in the Christmas season with heart-warming bells and the May Company is tempting every child and harassed mother in town with their Three-Ring Circus. And if your heart is more levitously inclined be sure to get a look at the jolly, laughing Santa Claus at Hochschild's — he's granting every boy and girl in the armed forces a furlough for December 25th! Wouldn't that make it a real Christmas for everyone?

BY THE WAY, WE WONDER IF MISS JOSLIN HAS seen that eye-catching display of dolls from every land at the Pratt Library? This is their contribution to the Good Saint's Day. We could ramble on for pages but the Editor says no. Just don't miss Hochschild's Christmas: our men in the service in other lands — it's a masterpiece! All right, WINDOW GAZERS, it's all yours — COME AND GET IT!

TNDIA — KEY TO VICTORY, WAS THE STIRRING theme of former missionary Miss Dorothy Speer in our recent assembly on India. Miss Speer has made friends with India and she knows her people; in fact, she knows them so well and has such infinite faith in them as a nation that she firmly believes that through India, victory will be ours!

Fashion Note: Sit up and take notice, gals, if you want a dress that's easy to make — take it from the Hindus, they really know!

T WAS NAUGHTY, BUT NICE. AT LEAST, QUITE a few S. T. C. girls thought so. Many of us braved a storm of criticism and went to see "Tobacco Road." When the lights went on during the intermission, I shyly peeped out of the corner of my eye to see who was there. Helen McCutcheon, Anne Landis, and other girls with intellectual curiosity concerning the "drahmah" were present and looking mighty perty.

EVERYONE CRASHES A PARTY ONCE IN HIS life, so for the night, we became members of the I. R. C., and peeped in on their dance at Hopkins. Would you believe it — the girls we see around our halls in sloppy sweaters were as glamorous as Hedy, in black *Vogue* creations. And that's not all; they were the belles of the ball. I think our I. R. C. members have the war sewed up in the bag, because they had no trouble at all making friendly treaties and such with the lads at Levering. Right, Elle and Zimmy?

Our FACULTY MEMBERS HAVE TAKEN TIME out from red pencils and science papers to have some fun. And you should see what they did. They created brilliantly colored pottery — cups, vases, wine jugs and other masterpieces. When they were on display in the hall near the library, they nearly caused a traffic jam!

(Continued on Page 8)

THE TOWER LIGHT

Strictly Teminine

Wishful Thinking

WISHFUL THINKING AMONG US "GALS" . . . What "one thing" do girls talk, think and dream about most? In every song they sing, every other sentence they say, and, above all, in every future dream? Why "a man", of course. So let's take a look at some that S. T. C. admires:

Edna Mae O'Keefe states: "Someone very good in sports — broad shoulders — very considerate — excellent manners" — and he must make her happy. He will "Keefy."

Mary Jones says: "Brown eyes — black hair — nice white teeth — Army Air Corps (but definitely) and a good conversationalist who can dance." She doesn't want much, does she?

"Kay" Koenig wishes for: "Blue eyes — six feet tall — must dance and love to eat — (her cooking, too) — and I like him to boss me." For how long, Kay?

All we could gather from Judy Flowers was: "Definitely in Chemical Warfare." Watch those formulas, Judy!

Betty Jackson's man will have "a nice complexion—blond, curly hair — a good job — plenty of money — and, above all, a black Buick." (What's more, he has.)

Evelyn Pearl's ideal: "Tall — dark — sensitive — a good sense of humor — music is a must and he has to be a doctor." In that case, "Eve", you are in the wrong profession.

Evelyn Munder looks for a fellow who: "Smokes a pipe — Army Air Corps a must — and the kind of boy you can have a good time with in Club Charles or Sloppy Joe's, and she prefers one 'avec' a car." Take him away, Munder.

Alice Lee Jones states that: "he must be a gentleman (at all times??) — tall — a good sense of humor (but definitely) — and one who smokes a pipe and likes reading books, but never a school teacher." Why not, Jonesy?

Larry Merryman's must: "Be in Army Air Corps (watch her, Kitty) — six feet — dark, wavy hair — dark-brown eyes — nice convertible — plenty of fun — can jitterbug and straight, plus having a good 'batting technique.'" Explain yourself, Larry.

Barbara Harper's man: "Tall — fairly dark — and a gentleman. He doesn't have to be handsome; in fact, just a plain home fellow will suit me fine." You start us wondering, "Barb." Sue Travers wants one who "smokes a pipe — is tall — a good dancer — likes things she likes and he must be a Marine so he can 'keep the situation well in hand.'"

Helen McCutcheon relates: "Tall (6 foot 3) — shoulders (muscular) — Army Air Corps Crew Cut and eyes that tell me — just a 'smooth job.'" Not bad, "Cutch", not bad at all!

P. S. — Miss O'Keefe says they don't come like this any more. Agree with her? If not, send your requisitions to the editor.

(Maybe the December 11 Dance proved to be the solution.)

What They're Saying Around the Campus

THE DANCE ON DECEMBER 11 . . . WHAT'S your gown like? . . . dressing at school? . . . spending the night in the dorm? . . . evening gowns on the street car . . . that's the only way now . . . lucky dorm girls . . . hope Mother doesn't ruin it mailing it . . . think the boys will be nice? . . . why aren't you coming?

How'd you like Student Teaching? . . . I loved it . . . it's hard work . . . I'd be scared to death in front of a class . . . my kids are so cute . . . how do you like my brogans? . . . everybody is wearing them . . . lot of conferences . . . Miss Barclay, could you give me some book on — . . . the teachers are swell . . . my principal is tops . . . you'll like it, too.

Another diamond . . . Edith Reynolds . . . she says a surprise . . . I wouldn't care if mine were a surprise or not . . . I wish I had one . . . best wishes, Edie.

The picture mania . . . who started the picture coupons in the first place? . . . which do you like best? . . . it doesn't look like you . . . your eyes look funny . . . I like the one with the hands . . . film is hard to get but appreciated . . . wait till you see the one of Doc Hartley and the gals . . . blackmail?

February exams are coming . . . watch your step, Missy . . . I'm worried . . . I'm not . . . I got a deficiency . . . I'm scared of English — Psychology, Geology, Music, History, etc., etc. . . . who isn't?

For the Literary Lovers

"JOURNEY IN THE DARK"

By Martin Flavin. Harper & Brothers. New York and London, 1943.

A NOTHER NOVEL HAS TAKEN ITS PLACE among the host of others which specialize in a psychological twist calculated to please a psychology-minded age. In the old days authors like Dickens used to describe their character's appearance with painstaking care, but the modern author's attack consists of straightaway turning his hero inside out and inviting the reader to take a long look at his innermost feelings and thoughts. And, best of all, the "why" of the thing is never neglected. "What made him that way" is often the theme of the story.

* * *

Martin Flavin has chosen a theme that will strike a familiar feeling in many people — everyone, in fact, who has ever experienced the bright green pangs of envy. Most of the time one doesn't know when or how it starts but through the years, as a personal set of values is being built, things creep in that have no place in such worthy company; but there they are, nevertheless, and often they dominate a whole life time. Perhaps it's something that one wanted oh so much as a child, and never could have. And so a rich man may feel triumphant when he buys his son an expensive bicycle, simply because the most humble one was beyond him in his own youth. But usually the feeling cannot be narrowed down to such a simple desire. More often it is a whole way of life that has stirred the imagination long ago, and forever after the things of that dream life become more desirable and more valuable than anything else.

* * *

The obsession of Sam Braden and his long journey in the dark toward the glamour he envied is the story of Martin Flavin's new book. The start of the envy that shapes Sam's life is lost in the nebulous beginnings of his awareness when he first begins to realize that his family is painfully poor, and that therefore he can't have toys that the Wyatts, for example, can have. The "the Wyatts, for example," is repeated so often that soon the Wyatt family becomes a standard for all comparison and an example of complete perfection. He

dreams of what their lives must be like. Their approval means more than anything in the world, yet he hates them with all his young passion. And he hates himself for being so completely fascinated. This tortuous fascination is given expression in a puppy love for Eileen Wyatt. When he is still very young Sam dreams up an imaginary character for the colorless Eileen, and it becomes a myth that he believes in for most of his life. And he gives vent to his hatred for the family by swearing to become rich some day, just "to show them." The fact that they would probably be pleased to see the poor little lad make good does not dampen his enthusiasm in the least. Most boys decide to become rich some day, but they either outgrow it or lose courage in the face of such a difficult undertaking. But Sam's obsession is due for a long stand, and so he gears himself for the highly specialized task of making money until he becomes an expert in the field. This is a very lonely job and when, in Sam's case, it is finished, he finds himself no nearer his goal than he was in the beginning. His awakening is a glorious one in which he surrenders at last his old fears and desires. It is perhaps a little miraculous, but very satisfying nevertheless.

* * *

Books with messages usually have a character who acts as a guidepost. "Journey in the Dark" has such a man in Mitch Ballow. He is such an engaging character that he deserves mention for that, if for nothing else. He is Sam's best friend, and we see him at all ages, performing startling and hilarious antics with his glass eye. Sam's little son is completely won over to Mitch when he removes his glass eye, hands it to the amazed child and remarks, "Take this, my boy, and look around."

* * *

As I hurried through the first pages of "Journey in the Dark" I was constantly reminded of other books. Here we have a bargain basement "King's Row", I thought. Later on there were reminders of "My Son, My Son." But I soon lost this impression in complete absorption in the plot that unfolded. I am always interested in stories of the early twentieth century, and Mr. Flavins book is a fine description of those days. It is a full-dimensional portrayal of American life, and of the life of one lonely man.

of the Campus

"Rebellion Please"

"Christmas is coming," our instructors all said, "So, I think we'll just have a test —
Or a final exam could be given instead —
Ah, yes! I think that would be best!"

"Be sure that you read the 'this, that and this'
And know about 'why, when and where';
And this next, fine reference you really can't miss!
Or, at least, I don't think you dare!"

"Oh, yes, and there happens to be one thing more.

Make sure that you read this guy's stuff!"

The directions go on 'til you're out the door,

As if you had not had enough.

"The test will include all the work of this year.

I don't think that's asking too much?

Know all of the people — both normal and queer.

Were they French, English, Greek, or Dutch?"

"Write this and write that and the facts memorize.

Refer once or twice to THAT source.

Just when were they born? What color their eyes?

You know that or else FAIL the course!"

"And then when you've finished what I have just given Write a paper BANG pages long!

And then to make sure that you really are livin'

Put footnotes just where they belong!"

You plan what you'll do the whole holiday thru, And try to fit in your school work. 'Tis then you discover your plan just won't do, And you find you're going berserk!

Christmas is coming, but you never would know, For there's homework with which to cope, And to all invitations you'll have to say "No"

Oh, yeah! if you do you're a dope!

I'm not against homework, don't misunderstand, The virtues of study I've seen! But, please, will you tell us, we students demand, Gosh sakes! What does HOLIDAYS mean?

- E. Morris.

War?

"... BUT DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A WAR going on?" As if I didn't know there was a war. I had a brother at Pearl Harbor on December seventh that year; he was duty officer of his ship at the time of the attack and saw the first swarm of planes interrupt the peaceful solitude of our boats lying there. Three planes dived for his ship, but his men got the planes first. The cold, black eyes of those yellow-skinned Japs and the bulky University of Hawaii rings on their hands haunted him for days.

The Arizona and the other ships sank immediately. Yes, but not because the officers were all inebriated, as rumor had it. The men asleep on the ships with the portholes open had not risen. The officers on leave had not returned. Others were at church. Defenseless. And the bombs went down the smokestacks.

Our men drowned like rats. Their bodies and those of the enemy floated in the same oily, debris-cluttered water, and their blood stained the same dewy grass. What accurate planning. Timed to the split second.

For four days not an officer changed his clothes, shaved or slept. But the true story of Pearl Harbor will never be written, for those who saw it want to forget it. It was a nerveracking horror. Let us turn from the Pacific hotbed to Towson. They say there is always a humorous side. I peeled chopped, and cut onions all that afternoon, on purpose. The scalding gushes of tears raced over my cheeks. Mother didn't know the tears were due to anything but to my lack of knowledge in preparing onions. We didn't tell her about the war until the next morning.

That week of hell was bad enough right here. Exactly seven days later the two best words in the whole English language came, "Am safe." How we all thanked God. Do I know there's a war going on?

The worst time of all was the opening of the Christmas presents after Midnight Mass, a Hicks tradition. We all dreaded the time; it was the first Christmas that a big arm chair would be empty. We each have a chair for our presents. The gleeful bits of prattle were completed too hastily. My box was gold striped and the bottle was labelled *Shanghi*. Harry had picked it out in Panama and had written on the card, "Do your best to shanghi him into it, Sis." It seemed as if he were there with us. He was, really. He was opening his gifts at two, our time. His box had arrived on Christmas Five

As letters came through with tardy regularity, I got ink-

(Continued from Page 5)

lings of where he was going. He'd write, "I may be running into so and so" and I knew where so and so was.

Then, along about April Fool's Day, there was an addition to the family, another niece, Mige. Since May, when my sister and her family joined her husband, they've been learning first about Ohio ants, then about Georgian customs and accents. They are now deep in the heart of you know where. But, I don't know there's a war — humph!

As the dry sultry days blew in the crisp, invigorating ones, a new draft bill was passed. My little brother is eighteen. He leaves in February.

Now everyone is dreaming of a white Christmas like the ones we used to know, with parents and kiddies happy about Santa Claus' coming and sleighbells tinkling across the smooth flaky snow, with stars winking at you and the wind bustling you home to hang the mistletoe, with Christmas cards mailed to nearby homes, not Iceland, England, Africa, Australia; with presents popping with kisses and smiles, not mildewed with tears. When those Christmases return, they will be better than they used to be. All the places around the turkey will be filled, and one more place may be added (I'm dreaming, too.) Glances will be picked up and returned with laughter. The faint hymn of the carolers, "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men", will ring clearly. All the day will be merry and bright because there will be peace on earth, good will toward men. And a blanket of snowflakes will be warming the earth with innocence and friendliness, giving us our white Christmas. Yes, I know there is a war. You know there is a war. But beyond and over that knowing, we're hoping and wishing, dreaming and praying and working, that all of our Christmases will be white - soon.

"To What Degree, Patriotism?"

(A Christmas Story with a 1943 Background — Dedicated to Civilians.)

TOIDN'T SEEM LIKE CHRISTMAS EVE BECAUSE Americans don't usually associate Christmas with hot, dry, blood-stained sand. On the bumper of the huge supply truck sat the "Kid", softly crying. He looked like a lost little boy, with his tousled head on his arms — except that lost little boys don't wear grimy khaki shirts. There had been a smear of oil on one cheek and every time he wiped his tears, he only extended the smear more. The older men of the outfit, with their faces turned away, were all deeply engrossed in a discreet nothing. The colonel was lighting his pipe for the third time in 10 minutes, and there was a

faint mist in his eyes, although no one in the unit would even have suggested that the "hard-boiled" colonel was crying.

The Kid wiped his eyes again, and dug the heels of his heavy service shoes into the sand. He tried to concentrate on his shoes but, again the tears rolled unheeded down his flushed cheeks. The older men were quiet — they were trying to imagine how they'd feel if they were eighteen years old and away from home at Christmas time.

The Colonel's pipe had gone out again; the men were still sitting on the monotonous sands; the Kid, still on the bumper, had dropped off into a troubled sleep. The drone of a plane was heard in the distance and, for a deathlike moment, no one breathed. The Colonel was the first to recover.

"Put out all fires and man your guns!" he ordered in a strained voice.

The men obeyed instantly. Every gun was manned. Every light and fire extinguished. Every heart beating with a dreadful expectancy. The Colonel looked down at the Kid for a moment, knelt and shook the lad by the shoulders. The youngster stirred and opened his eyes.

"Ye-yes, sir?" he dazedly mumbled.

"Private Franklin, take the truck with the radio apparatus and be ready to send a message if necessary."

The Kid got to his feet and moved toward the station. The plane motors were drawing nearer. The Colonel was perplexed. He couldn't tell yet whether the planes were enemy or not. For days, things had been quiet, and it was likely the yellow heathen were waiting until Christmas to do their dirty work. The planes drew closer, the sound of the motors became clearer. They were Japanese planes.

The men on the ground felt like trapped rats yet no one moved or uttered a sound. The first bombs hit at the edge of the encampment and sand fell like rain. The vibrations made even the heaviest of the big supply trucks lurch from side to side. Blinding flashes of light and heavy, pungent smoke covered the little group.

The planes moved on, leaving the little camp in embers. There had been only one direct hit — the body of the big supply truck had been cleanly blown off its framework, and the fragments had hurtled down on the little unit. Several men were injured and were patiently awaiting first aid.

They found the Kid flat on his face, still at the radio truck. He was alive, but unconscious, with a piece of shrapnel in his shoulder. The medicos gently turned him over and sliced off his blood-splattered shirt. The Colonel, emptying the pockets of the shirt before it was discarded, clamped his teeth hard over the stem of his pipe and stared.

"Well, I'll be —," he exclaimed. "All this kid has on his person is his identification papers and a pack of War Bonds!"

G. I.

Star Men

TWO MORE FORMER TOWSON MEN HAVE gone over the top again as far as their studies in the armed forces are concerned.

Ted Katenkamp was one of the two men in the A. S. T. P. unit at the University of Connecticut who made straight A averages for their term work. Keep plugging, Ted.

Herman Jackson was one of two men who were named honor men in their classes at the Hospital Corps School, U. S. Naval Hospital, Great Lakes, Illinois. At the end of his six weeks' basic training course Herman's average was 96.4. He is now rated Hospital Apprentice, second class. After he has completed additional training at other naval hospitals, Herman will be assigned to general duty at sea or other school stations.

Ex Epistulis

DETE GALLEY, EX. 45:

"... We have just returned to camp after a two-and-a-half-week special training program in conjunction with the Navy. . . . Upon returning to camp we were literally swamped with letters, since we had no mail service on board. Fellows were comparing the quantity of their mail much as we used to proudly boast the number of Valentine cards received in elementary school. The hunger that the fellows showed for their mail certainly demonstrates the important place correspondence plays in a soldier's morale!"

(We can take a hint; can't we, girls? We'll keep writing!)

HENRY ASTRIN, '42:

"... The present students have the very thing for which the Allied Nations are fighting, and they have it right on their own campus! They are able to conduct private enterprise, work as a democratic body; they are able to work as they please for something they earnestly desire and battle against anything contrary to their well-being. Our students, in short, are able to profit by actual experience on a line far from the fighting front, . . . people are individuals and a democratic type of government is the only workable kind for a nation that chooses to call its people such. . . ."

Addition to G. I. List

PHYLISS WALTER, '43, IS THE LATEST NEW-comer to our list of former students who are now in uniform. Phyliss is now ranked as apprentice seaman and is training at the U. S. Naval Reserve Midshipman School, Northampton, Mass.

His Christmas

Can you imagine spending your Christmas On a firing line in the East, Or in some muddy trench hole While waiting for the fighting to cease?

Or try to picture a Christmas
Without any Christmas tree —
One where there are no children,
No presents, laughter, or glee.

Visualize in your mind a field of dying men — With very few nurses to aid them,
Nor any more to send.
Then try to think what they're fighting for,

Fighting to make men FREE.

FREE to work as they once did,

FREE to stand up and say,

"I believe in my own God and I'll worship
in my own way."

You have a home to go to tonight,
A place to lie down and rest,
And what's more you're planning your Christmas
With trees and lights and the very best.

Our boys won't have this
Or anything that can compare,
But you can bet your life
They won't let us down "over there."

Now can you picture a Christmas
On that far-away battlefield?
If you can, I'm sure you'll do one thing —
Buy more War Bonds and Stamps "over here."

- E. W. S.

Personality

Personalities

HAVE YOU UPPER CLASSMEN TAKEN OUR ADvice in getting acquainted with our freshmen? We hope they don't feel quite so strange now. From our observations they seem to have found a place in our student body.

- Marie Urey: Light brown hair petite was in traintraining to be a nurse — works in the library — does well in athletics — ask her about Ramley!
- 2. Clara Mae Crouch: Tall, lovely, long inky tresses vivacious blue eyes witty future kindergarten teacher. Yea, Catonsville!
- 3. Marion Smyrk: Attractive Navy "Leaguer" at home in any company proud possessor of Navy wings enjoys dancing plays piano.
- 4. Margie Yokel: Blonde screwball "slap-happy-golucky" Margie — well dressed — loves dogs and follows dog shows — from Seton High.
- 5. Lynnette Schneider: Long blonde hair quite shy studious and, consequently, bright father in Army hobby is collecting mineral specimens and fossils (take heed, Dr. West) Jefferson High, Roanoke, Va.
- 6. Peggy Crump: Always laughing dancing eyes member of News Dissemination Committee lots of fun ooh! Coast Guard!
- Ruth Mullendore: Lovely skin fashion plate quiet but dynamite — interest lies in Alabama with the Army.
- 8. Dorothy Ecker: Brunette small strictly home-loving from sprained finger to sprained ankle tennis and dancing nothing like Westminster.
- 9. Florence Foss: Very quiet giggle which is it, the Navy or a civilian? daughter of Catonsville sister Carol how about Calhoun, Florida?
- 10. Ruth Meggin: Light brown hair and beautiful eyes "Where did you get that pocketbook?" enjoys dancing from Westminster who goes to W. Md.?
- Corine Harmison: Short dark hair bubbling over with laughter — talks constantly (with gestures) sings well — Westernite.

Campus Chatter

(Continued from Page 2)

UR COLLEGE DEBS ARE LEADING THE TOWN again, and the cotillion at Hopkins as well. Seems that lots of the seniors at J. H. U. rushed some of us. Result — we donned our best swishies and led the promenade around the Alcazar.

WITH ALL THE HUSTLE AND BUSTLE DOWN-town for the Christmas rush, we are convinced that everyone and his cousin shopped on Thursday nights and Saturdays. Pushing, shoving, bargaining, and complaining, all played a large part for the preparatory Christmas festivities. As usual, the Towsonites did their share, for at least half of the student body was represented in all of the large department stores. We must give them credit, for the girls make fine salespeople. But we hope this Christmas working hasn't introduced any alternative to teaching!

AGAIN WE HAVE OUR OLD FRIENDS AND UPperclassmen wandering through the halls, for the first semester student-teachers are back. Fortunately, the girls very willingly share their experiences, so that everyone has a clear idea of what to expect during her practice period. Still, their great dilemma is deciding which of the two requires more brain-work — teaching in centers or learning in S. T. C. — we'll know all too soon.

TAKE COMMUNITY ENTHUSIASM, MIX IN SOME S. T. C. rivalry, beat until thoroughly smooth. Then let it rest, add an auditorium full of participants, a college glee club bursting with song, a super-orchestra sharing its talents, and the festivity is complete. The result? Of course, the Community Song Festival of December 14th in S. T. C.'s auditorium, which was a walloping success. As we all left for home, we were completely imbued with the spirit of Christmas, the spirit of joviality and peace.

WASN'T IT FUN? DIDN'T THEY DANCE SUperbly? Weren't you sorry when twelve o'clock struck? Yes, our Christmas Dance for the men in the service gave everyone a good time. We're certain that the men enjoyed themselves as well as we, and are looking forward to another similar party.

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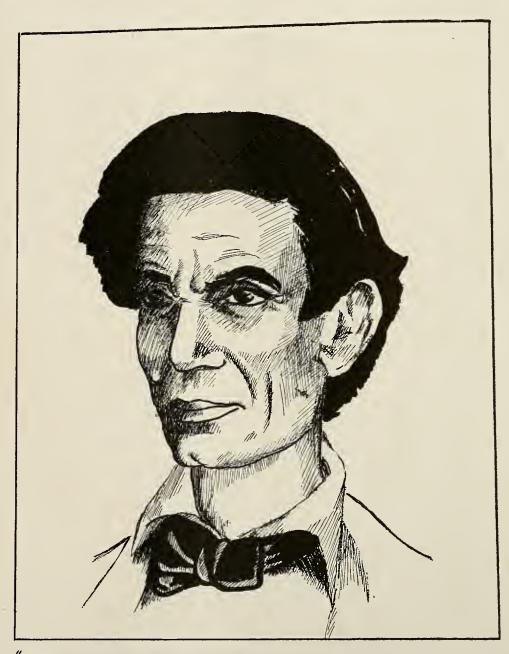
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THE TOWER LIGHT



Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

2. Bladeicton



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SAUTER

Vol. XVII, No. 4

January, 1944

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

Our CAMPAIGN FOR WAR BONDS IS ON IN full force now. And we have a very definite goal in mind. Of course, we want to help win the war and we know that the money we invest in war bonds will do the trick. But it's only human nature to want to see more concrete results. What could be more concrete and closer to our hearts than a swimming pool dedicated to our own boys who are fighting to preserve our democracy?

Already teams are lined up, raring to go. It isn't much to ask — only ten cents. Of course, some of us may be in-

terested enough to contribute more. More power to you. Remember — A jeep today; a swimming pool tomorrow.

Just to liven things up a bit — not only in the College but in this magazine also, we thought you might like to meet a young lady who is doing her best to win the war. Just because this is a teachers' college magazine let us say that War Bond Bonita, for that's our young lady's name, is a sensible young woman who is staying in college to complete her education as her share in the war program. Of course, she's buying war bonds, but aren't we all? Let us hope so.



BUT I ONLY WANT TO SEE WHAT MY WAR BONOS ARE BUYING.

This is just a glimpse of our new friend. They say that first impressions count most. What do YOU think of her? Would you like to know more about her? Then watch for her in the next issue.

Campus Chatter

RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW! REminds me of Auld Lang Syne, bells, and horns, and great expectations for a better New Year. Resolutions came into everyone's mind — even our faculty took time off to make some. Several resolved to:

Cut out wearing red socks and green tie on the same day. Be more gentle with the puzzled students when they can't solve a 2 + 2 = 4 example.

Give no term tests.

Treat the kiddies more often when he meets them in the bookshop (treat them how, prof?).

DAISY MAE may still be chasing Lil' Abner and Daisy June still has hopes of catching Clem (she can run faster than he can), but they do not run alone. 1944 is Leap Year (as if you didn't know) and the women are on the loose again. This plus the man shortage equals anything can happen. Of course, we don't want to alarm the men here at the College (you two) but you can't say that we didn't warn you. Remember — "All's fair in Love and War", and LEAP YEAR. (And this is War and Leap Year.)

Signed Sadie Hawkins.

UR CURRICULUM HAS UNDERGONE A THORough examining lately. For the last month the members of the faculty have been dashing to meetings at every opportunity. We feel certain that they have striven valiantly to make all the possible improvements in their power. Even the Student Curriculum Committee has been buzzing around taking a census of school opinion. Now we realize that the students themselves may perhaps influence the decisions of the instructors.

of School Spirit. The A. A. just couldn't stand the complaints any longer so they popped up with an assembly of basket ball games in which members of every section had an opportunity to use some of their bottled-up energy and spirits. And what a rootin-tootin' time we had, with much indiscriminate yelling and screaming and more or less directed shouts for Bit to make a basket and Bett to guard her girl. Dotty Weller's committee really raised some of our dormant spirit to a new high. So, instead of griping, kids, let off your steam in another competitive activity.

A! THOSE MEN ARE HERE AGAIN. THEY keep popping up in our column somehow, but who tires of hearing about our Navy? Ned, Ref, and Web really did justice to their last week-end home. Ned and Ref shove off for training at Northwestern and Web for Notre Dame.

Of course, they came to S. T. C. and kissed the girls goodbye.

THERE WAS A HOT TIME IN THE OLD SCHOOL that day. "Spin your partner, turn around; bow to your neighbor and act like a clown." Yep, the old-time barn dance was in full swing on January 18, making the foyer look like an old-fashioned community house for dancing. Indeed, today, when men are a scarcity, the girls make handsome dancing partners. The Freshman-Sophomore party started off with a roar and finished up with a BANG! Oh, to have lived in the days when barn dancing was THE fashion.

best one for the Job. If I'm elected, I will abolish homework, classes, compulsory assemblies, and student teaching." No, we aren't dreaming, and this isn't a preview of Utopia. The S. G. A. is just doing a little old-fashioned campaigning for the S. G. A. and A. A. elections and in true political form, too. It's a woman's world (almost) here at the College and the gals are doing a splendid job. (Who said, "I bet the women write this page"?) Whew! We just made the T. L. deadline with the final results, too. Congratulations to the S. G. A. officers — Esther Spaeth, president; Kitty Cragg, vice-president; Helen Martin, secretary, and Mary Carroll, treasurer. Three cheers to the A. A. leaders — Mary Perrin, president; Evelyn Munder, vice-president, and Irene Berger, secretary.

RADUATION HAS COME AND GONE, LEAVing congratulations and farewells in the air. That Saturday afternoon was an important date in the lives of those fortunate seniors. They probably started teaching on the following Monday morning, with great inspiration. Inspiration? Yes. The Glee Club sang so beautifully that we know the new teachers were encouraged. Well, June graduation is not too far away, even now.

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW TERM BRINGS NEW headaches to the valiant workers in the registrar's office. They must work with such brain twisters as this:

If Sue came to summer school and is % junior and % sophomore and if she flunked "Psychology of Ants", what is she now? There are two possible answers. She is scrambled eggs or if she happens to be a contortionist she will be called a junior. Say, this is a problem for Houdini to solve. But remember that no matter whether you are a scrambled egg or a contortionist, you will graduate a year sooner and not only help the war effort by teaching but also have an extra year's pay to chalk up on your side.

From "Over There"

THE FOLLOWING LETTER WAS SENT TO DR. Tansil from Capt. J. R. Wheeler, who is now serving in the Air Corps somewhere in England. We are featuring it in the T. L. because of the beautiful message it contains for all of us:

"Dear Doctor Tansil:

"Yesterday I received your September News Letter. While training in the States I always looked forward to the News Letters and felt that I surely appreciated them to the fullest possible extent. Now I find that I was mistaken. I can't begin to tell you how much it means to those of us fortunate enough to serve overseas to get the news from home and from our fellow alumni through your letter.

"All of us continue to hold the College and the days spent there as a very important part of what we're fighting for. We are looking forward with great anxiety to the glorious postwar reunion mentioned in your letters.

"For this reunion we shall call them all back. There will be ex-soldiers, sailors, marines, Waves, Wrens, Wacs, all back from the experiences of war. From the home front we shall muster the former faculty members and fellowteachers without whose untiring efforts in the factories, offices, and on the farms, the victory of which we are now positive, would have been impossible. Neither shall we forget the present faculty members and teachers throughout the State, who, in the face of opportunity for higher salaries and shorter hours, have chosen to stay on in the classroom where Distinguished Medals, Civilian Service Ribbons, Army and Navy E's are unheard of. In these classrooms they are keeping alive the very things for which we are fighting. And, too, there will be those of our number who have chosen to perpetuate the American home and family to keep this, the most vital American Institution from destruction in a wartorn world.

"All of us together, then, will spend a day of reliving our experiences of the two, three or four years spent at Towson. The hours spent in the Glen, May Day celebrations, Glen Esk, athletic contests, Men's Revue, Richmond Hall, Newell Hall, Demonstration Nights, class room, and many, many more will again become alive in the air as they are now alive in the heart and mind of each of us.

"But as we reminisce, there will be among us vacant chairs. There will be certain smiles, laughter, and expressions that will be missing. Of all these, the most conspicuous absence will be that of our most noble leader, Doctor Tall. Others will be those who fail to return from the battlefields of the

air, land or sea. Already this list is starting to grow. And gathered there in our moments of sorrow for those who made the supreme sacrifice, we shall be proud to say within ourselves and to the whole world, that we were their friends.

"And so, when the evening of this glorious day closes upon us it will be for those who were absent that we shall go back to a new world, a free world, with a determination that the sacrifice shall not have been made in vain and neither their children nor their children's children yet to come will ever be called upon to endure the curses of another war.

Sincerely,

Josh' Wheeler."

G. I. Visitors

WITH EVERY PASSING MONTH WE FIND that the list on Dr. Tansil's Visitors' Book grows. The names recently signed there are familiar to most of us:

Who was that running to greet Miss Yoder? You guessed it! Ted Katencamp was stalking his old grounds again.

Jack McCauly stopped in to see us before he was transferred down South.

Paul Harris, a classmate of Jack, was not forgetful of the Olde School when he was on leave from the Army.

Mickey Sharrow, Sid Blum, and Harry London (back from the North Pacific) all turned up on the same day. Hail to the Marine Corps, the Army, and the Navy, respectively!

Pete Galley, on leave from Camp Pickett, Virginia, dropped in to say "Hello and goodbye."

Ozzie Spellman, now a second "Looie", caused many ohs and ahs from the new freshman. (Of course, we know that Martha has him.)

John Bareham runs over once in a while from Johns Hopkins.

SERVICE FLAG

There's a service flag in the window
That tells to all who may see,
There's a lad who's in the service
Who will fight for democracy.
But the flag doesn't tell of the heart-break
Of a mother who's lost her son,
For a smiling face will disguise her tears
Till after the war's been won.

To the Literary Lovers

LONGING: A SONNET

Blessed England, oh, that I might see thy shore; That I might hear thy waters pound thy rocks; See those famed chalky cliffs toward heaven soar; See those thy ships that linger at thy docks.

Could I but walk thy drowsy village lanes;
Or set my anxious feet on London streets;
To stand there washed by thy immortal rains
That from thy heavens drum with endless beats.

Could I but hear thy lov'd people speak
Thy language — holy, pure, and undefiled;
Could view thy Old Town — ancient, great, and meek —
In which thy greatest, Shakespeare, lived and smiled.

Could I — then from me happily would depart

This longing that has burdened down my heart.

— Esther Spaeth, Junior 6.

PATTERNED AFTER WORDSWORTH: LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

I sat alone there late at night,
The world about me dark and chill,
Devoid of hope, desiring light,
Diseased. I sat quite still,

As though enchanted, hypnotized By some great beast. My soul Was heavy, for I realized The vastness of my role.

I seemed to sense a crying out
As of a man in agony —
His voice once strong, now dying out,
Too weak to speak to me.

I heard the cry; I felt the pain; I knew the need; I knew the cure, The gift is free, if they would fain But take it, childlike, pure.

There is no price, no gold can buy, No works can earn this gift. It's free! "Believe," He said, "no longer cry, But come, believe on me."

— E. S.

TO A CHAPLAIN

With us in every major battle,
Come bombs, torpedoes, hell or high waters,
In fox-holes, army camps, headquarters,
On foot, on ship, in plane, or the saddle,
Submarine, or a jeep with a rattle,
Keeping a close lookout on sons, daughters,
Husbands, fathers of those at home quarters,
Relating stories of home and battles.
He is our Chaplain — loyal, good and true,
Bringing the sunshine, even curing the rain.
He prays for all, each Gentile and Jew,
Encourages the wounded with the plain
Ever effective Lord's Prayer, and too,
There for the weakest call — that's our Chaplain.

- M. A. Amoss.

THE DAWN

Is this the darkness just before the dawn — In which we blindly stumble and cry out? The road seems long and dark and full of doubt — Oh, give us strength to fight and carry on.

And through it all one light, one hope, one dawn, Is born of strife and pain and hearts most stout. We watch the skies and send our trust in shout To those who know the price of "Carry On!"

But one day through the mist and streaming tears A peace will come to those who wait and trust — A dawn to those who wait and "Carry on!"

Oh, glor'ous day, break through the darkening fears And in your light let stand the brave and just; A silhouette of those who reached and held the dawn.

- Katherine Flezanis.

TO SMUG PEOPLE

Every time I look at you,
It seems to me I've seen —
A kitten on the kitchen floor
Lapping up some cream.

— Е. М.

THE TOWER LIGHT

of the Campus

Water Front

Travel talks are usually picturesque and interesting, especially if they are about some far-off tropic isle or bleakly beautiful northern coast. Few of us native Baltimoreans, and even those who are quite familiar with Baltimore but are not natives, would think twice about the picturesqueness of our harbor. (Those of us who "observed" it during the dead of winter will no doubt lack enthusiasm.) One of our students has seen the harbor in a new light that the more materialistic would fail to recognize. As we read the following description let us forget that we have ever been to the harbor and know the "inside story".

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, WITH ONE HUNdred and twenty-seven miles of deep harbor, has one of the most picturesque water fronts south of the Mason and Dixon Line. Baltimore, in 1935, was rated third in foreign trade tonnage, and is, essentially, a commercial city. It is, thus, not surprising that we have an intriguing and fascinating harbor.

Before the war, boats of every kind and description came up the narrows of the northwest branch of the Patapsco River, and weekly sailings were scheduled to Norfolk, London, Havre, and Hamburg. Docks and piers, at which boats load and reload, line the water's edge. Tugs — black and red, smoky and clean — chug patiently up and down the Patapsco; huge cargo ships, too, their spars and funnels towering over wide hemp-and-goods covered decks. High, floating dry-docks lap peacefully at the waves, as they tug gently at their moorings. The lumber docks are piled high with fragrant timber, loaded like match sticks, ready for the hold of some great ocean-going steamer.

After passing up Boston Street, one reaches Canton Hollow, where many long, gleaming ships anchor near canning and packing houses — where the odor of freshly shucked oysters blends with that of phosphorous from untidy piles of grayish-white discarded shells. At the end of the Fallsway there is a long dock at Pratt Street. Plump, thick-skinned green watermelons, quantities of tempting foodstuffs from the Chesapeake's shores — peaches, berries, rich vegetables, oysters, crabs, and all the products of farm and sea find their way, during their proper seasons, to the long dock. They come in small truck boats; striking power boats, or

sail boats with their sails drooping or billowing, as the winds dictate, and their shiny brassware catching the gleam of the sun. These boats, piled with colorful food cargoes, furnish a picturesque phase of Baltimore's harbor life. Often a boat is named after the sweetheart or wife of its captain — "Evelyn Marie" or "Josie Lou."

The hucksters bawl with swelling lungs, "Fine watermelons," or "Fresh oy-sters," "Git yer oy-sters here." Even these eager solicitors appeal to the eye — one is fascinated by their tattooed arms, their jaunty sailor caps, their grease-smeared blue jeans and bright-colored jerseys and neckerchiefs.

Such is life on gay, sunny mornings and afternoons, on the dock itself. But what of the water front during stormy weather and foggy nights, when the sea mist rolls in like a cool, damp, woolly blanket? Then is a time of joy and excitement, of rough, riotous life enjoyed to the full. Monster ships, dark and forbidding in evening shadow with huge piles of merchandise waiting in their holds for return of day, and further loading, are awesome indeed.

The hard work over for the day, a "jolly tar" can follow the beckoning invitation of flamboyant neon signs — "Joe's Bar" or "Nick's Tavern" — "Try Our Welsh Black Bottle!" Along the shiny wet cobbled streets, occasionally lighted by dimmed, amber street lamps, the way to the dock and dark, mysterious hulks of waiting boats is traced by these signs.

Booming waves, cold-looking, deeply, melancholically green, crash against the scum-covered pilings of the wharf. The fog hovers in waves over the water, and the eerie, mournful sound of wailing fog horns, the occasional hoot of a ship's whistle, and the muffled "Clang-clang" of buoy bells are the only sounds in all the silent, hushed world. The consciousness of being alone is overwhelming. Through rifts in the cottony fog, one out on the water occasionally sees a lighthouse's beam or the scarlet-orange tongues of flame shooting from slender shipyard funnels.

The occasional "rat-a-tat-tat" of riveting machines, echoing across the water; the constant hum of work on shore, day and night, offer comforting evidence of continued efforts for "victory" production.

Much of American life is inextricably bound to its water fronts, and if one is to know well all of the American scene, he must certainly know its harbors.

- Eileen Lynch, Freshman 4.

Fashion Flashes

WHENEVER YOU GET A GROUP OF THE FEmale species together, the conversation will inevitably turn to men or clothes. Since there is a scarcity of the former hereabouts, let's turn our attention to the latter. Here of late clothes have played an important part in S. T. C.'s life. The Service Dance gave our "lovelies" an opportunity to wear their heavenly formals. They're still talking about Kay Koenig in black lace, Cecil Moran in flowing pink and Julia Focas in black and gold. It would take more space than I'm permitted to tell of all the girls who looked like fashion plates from Vogue.

However, it is only a gala occasion that we can really "dress up." Most of the time we are running around in the ever-popular skirt and sweater combinations high lighted by the newest fads in accessories. Have you noticed:

Catherine Cicero's skirts and sweaters

Ellen Perrin's corduroy jacket?

Elizabeth Zimmerman's sea horse jewelry?

Peggy Krump's brown suede shoes?

Ev Munder's fur jacket?

Mary Carwell's novelty pins?

They are just about tops in a college wardrobe.

We also had occasion recently to see the dress of some forcign lands. In a delightful assembly about India, a few of the girls modeled gowns brought from India by Miss Dorothy Speer. At the Greek Christmas Tea we had an opportunity to see lovely Grecian gowns, both traditional and modern.

The Race is On-W. W. W.?

(WHO WILL WIN?)

HATS OFF TO OUR CAPTAINS! OUR GALS ARE in the front line again. But no wonder — No MEN!

Sidney Nimmo Evelyn Munder
Judy Flower Peggy Zieman
Peggy Crump Shirley Crist
Charlotte Bitter Barbara Whitehurst
Elizabeth Zimmerman Mary E. Perrin
Eleanor Schutz Loretta Herpel

Remember — it's up to every one of us, not just to our captains. We all want that swimming pool, so keep doing your best.

Ah, Love!

BY SPECIAL REQUEST WE ANNOUNCE THE following engagements:

Virginia L. Schopper to Ensign William H. Kirby, Jr., U. S. N. R.

Beatrice Conley to Corporal Paul Harris.

(Just what does S. G. A. have that we haven't discovered?)

Do Withouts

"Remember the familiar box
Seen in all the stores on the block?
But now its rarely sold —
Almost worth it's weight in gold,
Guaranteed to remove all specks —
It's a box of good ole KLEENEX."

- Alliene Siebert.

We Here Highly Resolve

Of course, they're the usual resolutions. No doubt by the time of this reading you have forgotten that there are such things or that you ever made any. Well, did you? We resolve to:

Go to all assemblies (compulsory or otherwise).

Attend individual gym at least once a year.

See that Mr. Moser wears that tuxedo more often.

Take less than seven late leves a week (if we dorm girls can manage our affairs in less time).

See that more sophomores attend Dr. Walther's classes. Make up no tests asking for "3 reasons" (especially in geography).

Enter and leave classes ON TIME!

Make our beds in the dorm at least once a week.

Always make that early street car.

Never date two fellows for the same time on the same night (am I kidding?).

Start paying the full carfare.

Stay awake in classes.

Talk loud enough to be heard in class.

Find out how we look from the front when we're sitting down (in every costume and in our usual positions).

Walk without "woggling."

Keep all the resolutions that we have made and have more fun in 1944.

Professional Page

To those blissfully unenlightened souls who have not had the privilege of writing lesson plans we dedicate the following model plan with fond hopes that it will prove helpful. (If it does, we're crazier than we thought we were!).

Date plan due

GRADE OB₂₃

January 30, 1946

January 32, 1946

muary 50, 1510

What: Social Studies — Answering the telephone.

Why:

To provide children with actual experience in operating a public utility. To enrich and extend children's experiences through diversified activities.

To build background for various reasons for answering telephone.

To help children to realize the necessity for answering the telephone.

To develop the habit of recognizing the signs necessary for answering the telephone.

To develop a favorable attitude toward answering the telephone.

To increase the child's ability to answer the telephone.

To increase the rate and accuracy of answering the telephone.

To answer the telephone with ease and understanding.

To develop confidence in answering the telephone.

To emphasize a certain order used in answering the telephone.

To form the habit of independent work.

To promote clear speaking over the telephone.

To follow directions set up.

To demonstrate the correct procedure for answering the telephone.

To show how to hold the telephone correctly.

TO ANSWER THE TELEPHONE.

How:

A telephone.

To call friends, stores, doctors, out-of-town, etc. Alexander Graham Bell. It rings.

The path for the electricity is opened when the operator plugs in.

A friend might call.

A doctor might call.

A relative might call.

A radio station might call to give away money, etc.

I. Motivation

Teacher holds up picture of a telephone. I know you have all seen one of these. What is it? Have you ever used a telephone? Write the word *telephone* on the board.

What are some uses we have for the telephone? Do you know who made the first telephone? How do we know when to answer the telephone?

II. Body

What makes the telephone ring?

Have short wires attached to a bell and to a plug, so that the bell will ring when the plug is pushed into a wall receptacle. Children attempt to make the connection under the supervision of the teacher. Do you think you could make the bell ring the way a telephone operator makes the telephone bell ring?

Let several children try to make long, even rings by disconnecting at the proper times.

What are some reasons for which the telephone bells are rung?

List reasons on board as children give them. If they give only a few, the teacher may prompt.

We must hear the telephone ring.

- 1. Listen for the ring.
- 2. Go over to the telephone.
- 3. Sit on chair near telephone.
- 4. Lift receiver with right hand. Be sure that the smaller end is at the ear and the larger end at the mouth. Hold receiver lightly.
- 5. Speak slowly and pleasantly.
 This is ———— residence.
- 6. Speak only about five minutes.
- 7. Say goodbye very softly.
- 8. Hang receiver up very-carefully.
- 9. Stand and walk away from telephone.

Chart:

- 1. Take your telephone.
- 2. Find a place in the room for you and your partner.
- 3. Practice the correct way to answer the telephone.
- 4. Follow all the steps we have put on the board. Your telephone will ring by turning the dial.
- 5. When time's up, place telephone on the table and return to your regular seats.

Entire class raises hands.

- 1. We answer the telephone when it ——.
- 2. We hold the receiver ——.
- 3.We speak very ——.
- 4. We answer the telephone by saying ——.
- 5. We speak only minutes.

Materials Needed for the Lesson:

Toy telephones, picture of a telephone, electrical connections, picture of A. G. Bell, necessary summary question, AND THE SINCERE HOPE THAT SUCH THINGS AS THE ABOVE PLAN WILL NO LONGER BE REQUIRED WHEN WE ARE PRACTICE TEACHERS. ? ? ?

What would you do when you heard the telephone ring?

Come and show us on this toy telephone.

Have three children first tell what they would do and then demonstrate. After each child finishes, have others criticize.

What do you think is the first thing that must happen to us before we answer the telephone?

What is the second step?

List steps on the board as they are given.

Now that we know how to answer a telephone who would like to show us the correct way? Remember everything we have said. Child demonstrates.

Teacher gives each two children a toy telephone. Each two will find a place in the room to practice.

Follow the directions on this chart,

When children are all together again —
How many of you really learned how to answer
the telephone today?

III. Summary

Let's see how well we have learned to answer the telephone. Who can answer the first question correctly? Be ready to give a reason for your answer. Answer second, third, etc.

Write in the answers in yellow chalk.

Next time we have to answer the telephone let's see how well we can remember all that we've learned today.

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THE TOWER LIGHT





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Vol. XVII, No. 5

FEBRUARY, 1944

Subtractions and Additions

TOWER LIGHT IS AT A LOSS AGAIN. WE REgret to see Eileen Blackiston leave college. Not only will we miss her sweet personality around the halls, but the readers (?) of the Tower Light will miss the delightful covers which she has heretofore so faithfully supplied for us. But since Necessity is the Mother of Invention, we are hoping that several other young geniuses (we'll accept prospective geniuses, too) will soon arise and assert their presence.

P. S. — They have, as you can see for yourself in this issue.

More Departures

We were just about getting accustomed to the idea that there was no more Mr. Millar, English teacher at S. T. C., when along comes the news that Miss Joslin has been granted a leave of absence by Dr. Wiedefeld to work as supervisor of child care centers in Montgomery County.

Certainly Miss Joslin is splendidly equipped to take up this work but we shall miss her here at the College. Whether we knew it or not, Miss Joslin was interested in each of us not as a mechanical device to be fed knowledge as we pour coal into a furnace but as an individual inherently different and vitally important for our own place in the scheme of things.

There is no doubt in our minds that Miss Joslin will prove a real asset wherever she goes. And we'll be looking for her to return sometime to give us new inspiration.



Campus Chatter

S. C. A. PUTS ON A S. P. D. — OR DON'T THROW those education notes away; put them in the Bookshop box! Of course, you won't have to be quite so radical as that, but before you throw any kind of paper away, think of the scrap paper drive that the S. C. A. is sponsoring and put that paper in the boxes conveniently provided in the "Ad" Building and in the Dorm.

PINK HAIR RIBBONS, PIGTAILS, LOLLIPOPS, and everything but cooing and gurgling were the keynotes of Baby Day on March 1st when S. T. C. "formally" welcomed its new freshmen (all four of them — bless their hearts!). Yep, and we ate, too — real food, and played games that we haven't played for years (1 think!)

* Note to Dr. Hartley: How would you like to bounce one of these babies on your knee, Doc?

ACCORDING TO THE REPRESENTATION OF S. T. C.'s student body at Ford's lately, any inquiring person might find that some especially well-staged and unusual shows have been running there. Many of our number enjoyed Clarence Day's "Life With Father", and if we entered the theater a least bit troubled, we left with all of our cares blown to the four winds. Harry Bannister portrayed the role of Father superbly; so beautifully, in fact that Yours Truly had to be forcibly held in her seat to keep from rolling in the aisle. We future teachers could probably have instructed Vinnie, the mother, in some basic mathematical principles but she was soo-O-O- lovable in all of her ignorance. From the general concensus of opinion "Life With Father" was one of the best comedy presentations of the season — and we do mean comedy!

Entirely different in scope and production was the charming musical starring Joan Blondell in "Something for the Boys". Gay costumes, colorful scenery, and singing girls and boys gave the audience untold pleasure that week. Joan Blondell's wardrobe was gorgeous. We're sorry we can't say that her singing was as breath-taking. But one scene was especially clever. She and her partner sang the old Indian Melody and we were touched to the core of our hearts but soon found ourselves in peals of laughter when Miss Blondell's moccasin went flying into the audience.

Yes, indeed, Baltimore may well be proud of herself this year for the splendid stage productions she's getting at Ford's.

THE DORMITORY AND DAY STUDENTS ARE better friends than ever now! Every girl who accepted the invitation of the Dorm's gracious hostesses was glad, for

each had a grand time. Gay dresses, sparkling jewelry and friendly chatter picturesquely characterized our formal dinner. March 10th will be an evening dearly cherished by all of us as we remember the good time, the splendid dinner and the formal social customs acquired.

TEWS FROM NORTHWESTERN AND NOTRE Dame: Flash! Maynard Webster is marching about in cadance at Notre Dame in his pre-midshipman training. Wouldn't we like to see Web in his Apprentice Seaman's uniform!

Northwestern: Carlysle Refo is now proudly exhibiting his midshipman's uniform. He's crazy about his new Navy life and is having a marvelous time studying, joking and dancing at the Radio Canteen. But good old Ref's heart remains in Baltimore.

Ned Logan, too, is sporting his middy uniform, studying to all hours and keeping Ref company at the Canteen. Unfortunately, Ned has had to study twice as hard because he was ill twice in one month.

All the boys miss their Alma Mater and are looking forward to home-coming, perhaps in May.

FOR A GROUP OF VERY LUCKY STUDENTS NEW York is the central theme of conversation these days. The train is all but steaming at the station and March 28th doesn't seem so far away. Even though transportation is rationed these days, S. T. C. has managed to smuggle six delegates on board for the Eastern States Convention, whose theme this year is "Student Participation in Enrollment." These conventionists should be able to bring back plenty of real news on this problem.

HINT: How about helping the cause by showing some recruiting and school spirit at home?

S PECIAL REHEARSALS — STRAINS OF "THE Lord's Prayer" floating from the general direction of the Music Room, plus that "look" in Miss Welforth's eye equals only one thing — something very special is cooking in the Glee Club. And believe me, their calendar is full this term. On March 12th they sang at the Maryland Casualty in a program of music presented by the Maryland Federation of Glee Clubs, and sometime in the very near future the Charles Street U. S. O. will be their host. Who said that S. T. C. isn't helping out in the war effort?

Military Visitors

TOWER LIGHT MEMBERS, ALONG WITH OTHers, were delighted to see our one-time art editor, Sgt. Ralph Barrett. When asked if he were the typical "tough Sarge", he replied in his characteristic manner, "Don't need to be. I apply child psychology." Bet it works, too. Ralph is now at Smoky Hill Army Air Field, Salina, Kansas, deep in the study of celestial navigation. He's seein' stars all right.

Pvt. John Schmid, visiting us on February 8th, entertained Mrs. Brouwer's art class while he caught up on the additions, subtractions, multiplications and whatnots of people and events here at old S. T. C.

Another G. I. visitor we will not easily forget is Lieut. Comdr. C. E. Bull, for he saw the death and destruction of Tarawa and very vividly told us some of his experiences at a well-attended assembly. After such a stirring speech we on the home front cannot help but feel that it is not only desirable but absolutely necessary to stand firmly united behind our boys who are on the battlefields of the world giving their supreme sacrifice that our way of living may be preserved.

Cadet Jerry Pleet, now at Northeast Junior College, Monroe, La., was wandering through the halls of S. T. C. not so long ago. It brings back old times to see such recent graduates once again tramping down the corridors. How we do miss the noise and laughter that used to proceed from the men's room.

A/c Kenneth Martin spent several afternoons at the College before he wended his way back to camp, this time in South Dakota. It must have felt good to get behind the wheel of Dr. Dowell's car again, eh, Kenneth?

Ensign Herbert Silver helped entertain the Glee Club one Monday afternoon. The girls almost swooned when he sang The Desert Song and One Alone. But nothing could top his waltz, with none other than — you guessed it — Miss Weyforth. Watch her for competition, girls.

And, speaking of competition, Pvt. Lewis Snyder did all right for himself when he also popped in on the Glee Club and sang Let's Forget, a promising new song written by a convalescent soldier in a Miami Hospital. Here's hoping that it meets as much success elsewhere as it received here at S. T. C.

Pvt. Sol Shapiro on furlough from Langley Field, Virginia, was seen wandering about the halls wondering where the general population was at such an early hour as 4 P. M.

Ex epistulis

WE REALIZE THAT OUR BOYS IN SERVICE ARE kept well occupied at most times, and that they are not always able to write to us when they want to. This, however, only heightens the pleasure with which we receive any letters that they do send. Pete Galley, ex. '45, took time from his crowded life to send the Tower Light staff and its readers a very interesting and stimulating letter. It is only fair that we should share some of it with all of you:

"... Often we get together in our barracks and talk of our past experiences. Invariably our plans for the future will enter the conversation. My plans have not changed since I last had the opportunity to study under the roof of the best college I know. This little break will not be long, and then we can return to our normal life with more appreciation than ever.

"Curiously enough, I read my last issue of the Tower Light standing in the ticket line waiting for the box office to open. Ye good ole news beamed out even in the dim lights around the outside of the theater."

Such letters as this help bring home to us just what any kind of news from home means to the boys in service, wherever they may be. It was with this in mind that we decided to devote a full page of this issue to a poetic appeal to our readers to keep up the boys' morale — by "writing often."

THE LINE IS BUSY

If before you make a call
You'll consider first of all —
That a life may be in danger,
That it may not be a stranger
But a life in your home town,
Where the news would get around
That because you used the phone
Your imprudence you have shown.
So, as your ounce of prevention,
Keep away from Bell's invention!

- Evelyn Morris.

Lots of Letters, Please!

Write Often

Write to me very often,
Write to me very soon;
Letters to me are dearer
Than the loveliest flowers of June.
They are affection's torches,
Lighting of friendship's lamp,
Flitting around the heart-string
Like fire-flies in the damp.

Write to me very often,
Write in the joyous morn,
Or at the close of evening,
When all the day is gone.
Then while the stars are beaming
Bright on the azure sky,
When through the fading forest
Cold, the wild winds sigh,
Draw up the little table,
Close to the fire and write;
Write to me soon in the morning,
Or write to me late at night.

Write to me very often; Letters are links that bind Truthful hearts to each other, Fettering mind to mind; Giving to kindly spirit Lasting and true delight, If ye would strengthen friendship, NEVER FORGET TO WRITE.

This poem was taken from a personal collection of the First World War. Twenty-six years have elapsed but the sentiment expressed here has not changed. Have you forgotten someone? Then think of what a soldier in England says, "The one thing I look forward to most is Mail Call." — and a sailor in North Africa:

"LOVE LETTERS

Not snow nor sleet nor cold nor heat Can ever quite prevail, To stop small bits of paradise Coming through the mail!

- M. C. D."

These boys have aptly expressed what the boys all over the globe feel in their hearts even if they do not express it.

A Marine's Hope

Every evening as the sun goes down
Way off there in the west,
As the shadows start to creep in
And the ocean seems at rest,
After night mess is all over and
The mail is sorted right,
In my solitude I wonder, why
You do not write?

I've been praying for a letter
And my heart is achin' so,
And the awful word "forgotten"
Seems to haunt me where I go;
My spirits then are downcast,
Comes a tightenin' in my throat,
Every time the mail is passed out
And you fail to write a note.

Each "reveille" as I awake I feel
Today there'll be one sure!
Then I arise elated:
My every woe is cured!
But night brings disappointment
And every one the same;
The daily mail comes in all right,
But I never hear my name.

I try to understand the fact,
You toil from noon till night;
Your chores at home are many,
You have little time to write;
Yet, somehow, that doesn't help so much.
I live in hopes, that's true,
And without that hope to lean upon
I don't know what I'd do.

So when next you've got a moment
After all your work is done,
'Fore the neighbor come a-callin'
'Fore another chore's begun,
Wontcha sit right down and write me?
Even just a lone "Hello"?
For a letter to a Marine is the
Greatest "lift" I know. — UNKNOWN.

Remember, the three most important things to a soldier are: Meals, Movies, and MAIL! So don't forget to write.

Literary Page

"WESTERN STAR"

By Stephen Vincent Benet. Farrar and Rinhardt, Inc. New York-Toronto, 1943.

THAS BEEN SAID THAT STEPHEN VINCENT Benet gave his life for the country he loved as truly as any soldier on the battlefield. From the beginning of the war he devoted his strength and his genius to its service. Some of the results were his great radio programs: "They Burned the Books", "Listen to the People", and others. Happily, he is not unsung, like so many of our heroes. There have been unprecedented tributes to his memory in newspapers, magazines, and on the air. At the time of his death, he held the outspoken esteem and affection of his fellow-writers and his fellow-Americans.

Mr. Benet's great narrative poem, "John Brown's Body", is an accepted American classic. And now we have another narrative poem, "Western Star", his last work. This poem, recently published, was intended by Mr. Benet to be the first in a series of several, but his war work prevented the completion of the others.

Mr. Benet had a feeling for and an understanding of America that only a patriot, who gives himself to his country, can have. But he understood the emotion that all of us have for our country; the deep feeling that quietly grows during each lifetime and that is so difficult to put into words. And he chose poetry as his best means of expressing this Spirit of America. "Western Star" tells of that spirit, the spirit that has made it what it is, and that will mold its future. The first dim stirrings of the Spirit of America began in England before the people had crowded into the uncomfortable little ships and crossed the wide sea. The beginning was, as always, in the people's minds and hearts.

Mr. Benet expresses it this way:

There was a wind over England, and it blew. (Have you heard the news of Virginia?)

A west wind blowing, the wind of a western star,

To gather men's lives like pollen and cast them forth,
Blowing in hedge and highway and seaport town,

Whirling dead leaf and living, but always blowing,

A salt wind, a sea wind, a wind from the world's end,

From the coasts that have new, wild names, from the huge unknown.

"Western Star" tells the story of Jamestown and of Plymouth, the old, old story that we have heard so often, in a new and refreshing way. Many of us have tired of its repetition. Many of us have come to view its worshipful idealism with some scepticism. But this new study of America's beginnings looks deeply into the souls of its people and reveals their humaneness. It sings of their desires, their hopes, their motives, and they become great in our eyes — not because they were perfect but because they were so alive. But best of all in this song is the ever-present surge of the feeling of the Spirit of America, the spirit that is symbolized by its title, "WESTERN STAR."

Ode to Laughter and Tears

My heart swells, and rapture fills my being,
My mind, leaving the encasement of thought
And soaring gleefully upward, ever fleeing
The straws of stolid life, and earthly possessions sought,
Is rapturously innocent, and yet still knows all;

For joy has found its home there, And laughter fills the air.

Oh, laughter, Queen of the souls of the young,
Refuge from the evil thoughts of mankind,
How do you so imprison the deeds of God's sons
That they invoke your name when spurned by better
men's finds?

Scatter your mirth throughout this world of sorrow and crime

That burdened men of want deep May find rest in what you reap.

But, ah, laughter, even as you lift hearts
Of some to glory and escape from toil,
Others soar too high, led by the self-pleasure arts,
And finally are drawn down to the lowly earth's sods
Of ruin. Voices hungry for joy have been overfed;

For, having too much laughter, Has brought tears — disaster.

— В. Seitz.

Strictly Teminine

TAVE YOU HEARD THAT:

The Frosh-Soph Barn Dance of January 18 was quite a great success? Everyone seemed to be "swinging her partner," thanks to our Y. W. C. A. "caller", Mrs. Johnson, accompanied by Misses Zenker, Spath, and Crist. Quite a few of the faculty members were guests but when asked to join in answered: "We enjoy just watching, thanks." No wonder; even "Buffalo Bill" found his way to Newell Hall.

The Dorm had a Chimes Guild Party the evening of the 17th. A kitchen party, no less, with pop-corn poppin' and the traditional ginger ale. Everyone had quite a "sticky time". Here's hoping the dentists weren't rushed too much.

The Spanish Tea sponsored by Dr. Tansil and the Spanish Club was "muy exito" on January 18th. These "teas" are becoming quite popular these days. Wonder when the next will appear?

Engagement Parties just never seem to cease at S. T. C. and who would want them to? Soon after Christmas Charlotte Bitter announced her engagement to Lieut. Walter Weaver and on January 24th a bridal shower was given in her honor. Many lovely gifts and blessings were "bestowed" upon her. We are sorry to see you leave, "Char", and we wish you and yours years of happiness and good fortune.

Our best wishes go also to: Marjorie Carrier and S/Sgt. Leroy Carter Myra Dudderer and Lieut. Ellsworth Cantwell Edith Reynolds and George Wilson, S2/c Betty Jackson and Charles Hudson.

Charm Note:

AVE YOU STOPPED LONG ENOUGH IN YOUR "busy" lives to become acquainted with Mrs. Millar? Of course, she can't substitute for Mr. Millar as an *English* teacher, but she certainly can teach us a thing or two about charm. She is really quite a delightful person to know and converse with, so come out of your shells, girls, sit up and take a few tips from our "star guest" of Richmond Hall.

Editor's Note — This comes from our heart, and we're not trying to get an A in an English course, either.

Portrait of a Section

IF YOU WANT THE INSIDE DOPE ON JUNIOR 3, just try to untangle these jingles, accompanied by a few appropriate sketches:

With the Navy she goes steady.

We know her name — it is Betty.

An outdoor girl is little Sue,

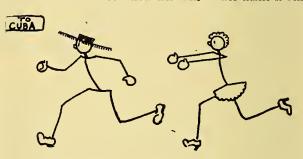
She hits and bats and pitches woo.

A housewife she would like to be,

And hear everyone call her Mrs. Katski.

She has her pick of any man,

You know her well — her name is Ann.



A Cuban boy she'd like to get,
This is easy — it's Bernadette.
Charlotte is a quiet girl,
A loyal friend and quite a pearl.
Her heart is with the Navy Blue,
To Elwood, Jo's remaining true.
This is the girl who's always on time.
If you believe that, you're dumber than I'm.



Babs is our president —
A popular gal, 'tis evident.
Bernice is our tallest lass,
As a model she's sure to pass.
"D" is for Dotty, tiny and trim;
Full of vitality, vigor and vim.
She is short and blonde, cute and sweet.

(Continued on Page 8)

A girl like Helen is hard to beat.

THE TOWER LIGHT

Professional Page

Ah Dramah!

APPA DELTA PI MEMBERS WERE PLEASANT-ly surprised to see so many non-members stir out of their habitual lethargy and come to the very excellent January meeting at the Campus School. Those who attended received real stimulation from Mrs. Isabel Burger's sparkling and, oh, so dramatic personality. Yes, Mrs. Burger, director of the Children's Experimental Theater, was our guest for the evening. Other guests were Miss Anne Powers, able musical director for the theater, and several promising Bette Davises studying under Mrs. Burger.

One marvels at the ability these children display in interpreting music. How many of us, given the nucleus of a story with two possible endings, to be determined by the music, could really dramatically portray that story in pantomime? Yet these teen-agers, whom Mrs. Burger brought with her for demonstration purposes, did just such a thing beautifully and spontaneously.

Just seeing these brief demonstrations so impressed this writer that she decided to attend the production which these and other children gave at the Vagabond Theater on January 29 and 30, and she enjoyed seeing these "young ladies" so beautifully portray their roles, including that of a comedienne.

All of which brings me back to the original purpose of this article. Many of us students here at the College do not realize the marvelous possibilities of dramatics in the classroom. Even if we did, the majority of us are not equipped to carry on such work smoothly and effectively; for it takes at least some knowledge and skill regardless of how simple it may appear to be.

Seemingly to alleviate this utter ignorance on our part there are being offered courses in creative expression for the class-room which Mrs. Burger herself has consented to teach. This writer knows of no better person to undertake such a task. She has taken time out of her already complete schedule to blaze new trails into the dramatic field, in Maryland, that is; other more progressive States have known about and practiced creative drama in their school systems.

This bit of information might serve only to acquaint you with the fact that such a thing as the Children's Experimental Theater exists, but if it fulfills even so minor a task I shall be grateful. I might even hope for some response to the challenge which this new field in education flings forth.

From a University's Education File

THE GRADE TEACHER

The teacher in the high school works hard, we all know, But the poor elementary teacher — oh, oh. She must know how to sing and to paint and to dance, To make a hookcase and raise lovely plants; To weave a good basket and make things of clay, To write a fair poem, to put on a play; To umpire a ball game, to run a track meet, To be a yard police, a regular beat. She must see that each pupil is healthy and fed, And examine for vermin each untidy head. And of course she must teach them to read and to spell, To figure a little - they needn't do well At these humdrum tasks, nor need to do them at all If they'd rather draw pictures or fresco the wall. She must know every subject under the sun And then she'll discover she has only begun. For where children's interests lead, who can tell? They may want to learn Hindu instead of to spell. With all arts, crafts, and skills in one addled pate, The madhouse at last is the grade teacher's fate.

Editor's Note — Ain't it the truth!

To those who have suffered through the grades and through college with anything more literary than a V-mail letter, we fondly dedicate the following composition written by a ? ? grader in our very own Campus School, none other than Jack Kaufman:

A STRAY PUPPY

Once there was a rough-looking little dog. He had no collar. It was not easy for him to find food. He was getting very thin. You could almost count the number of ribs he had. It looked as though he would lose his life.

One day, as he was walking along looking for food, he came to a pond. In it he saw some fish bigger than he had ever seen. He did not waste time to learn how to catch them. He just jumped into the pond. He made such a big splash that all the fish swam away under the rocks. But one fish was too hasty and got caught between two rocks. He could have gotten out if the rocks were a finger's breadth farther apart. The dog was thinking "I know he cannot get away." The fish paid dearly. It cost him his life.

Prudence

PRUDENCE HAS BEEN ASKED SOME PRETTY puzzling questions, but this month she received one which is so vital to each and every one of us prospective teachers that it held priority over all other, however urgent, requests. Below is the letter which presents this young student's dilemma.

DEAR PRUDENCE:

I am an ordinary person, not beautiful, but not an ugly duckling. I have lots of friends — boys and girls. I lead a normal life, I think.

I am learning to be a teacher. I am usually happy in my school surroundings. I do my work faithfully (?).

I have finished nine weeks of student teaching. I have lived. In fact, I really enjoyed the experience for the most part.

Now, my problem is, dear Prudence: What can I do when, in the midst of a quiet lesson, two children in opposite corners of the room lift their pencils to their eyes and machine-gun each other with that incessant a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-("P. T." (Prospective Teacher).

DEAR "P. T.":

Yours is really an interesting case. From most indications, you seem to be rather normal. Your problem is quite real in these days of strife and warfare. Ordinarily the answer to this question would be to fight fire with fire; that is to a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a right back at the boys. But the obstacle here is that nature has ordained that people over 14 years do not have the right machine-gun technique.

The only other solution would be to get real anti-aircraft machinery to combat the machine-gun attack. One good shot would certainly finish your trouble. But that might blow up the schoolroom, might it not?

Hopefully yours,

PRUDENCE.

Funny? Matter of Opinion

In 1942 it was What A Man! In 1943, What, a MAN! And in 1944, WHAT'S A MAN?

"Does your face hurt?"

"No."

"It's killing me."

"Somebody wants to see you."

"Who?"

"A squirrel. He thinks you're nuts."

Strip Poker?

(Headline in a San Antonio newspaper):

Lewis Wins and Loses Union Suit.

Stout Customer: "I don't like soft shoes. They seem to get wider as they get older."

Tactless Clerk: "Yes, ma'am, don't we all!"

Suspicious of dentists, little Willy suffered a terrific toothache in silence all morning, but after lunch he could stand the pain no longer. His mother promptly rushed him to the dentist, who extracted the aching molar.

"Can I have the tooth, please?" asked Willy.

"Why, certainly," said the dentist, "but what do you want it for?"

"Because I'm gonna take it home, fill it with sugar, and just sit and watch the darn thing ache!"

Why are shoes being rationed?

Because they're making everything for defense — nothing for de feet.

Why did Tojo buy a glass-bottom boat?

So he could review the Japanese Navy.

Why did the little moron put his bed in the fireplace?

Because he slept like a log.

Why do radio announcers have small hands?

Because they always say "Wee Paws" (we pause) for station identification.

Strictly Feminine (Continued from Page 6)

She's tiny, but where would we be Without our little half-pint Ginny?

Pauline is the girl who copied from Miriam.

One look at her smile and you, too, will use "Irium."

She makes all the guys say "please".

This glamour-lady's name is Louise.



Our quiz-kid, Lucy's questions fell ya', But there's not a thing she couldn't tell ya'.

Thanks to Lucy Goldsmith and Betty Lee Granger for the literary and artistic efforts.

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Editor......Norma Bretall

Vol. XVII, No. 6

Макси, 1944

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor of the Tower LIGHT:

Some day I shall be leaving S. T. C. with my B.S. and shall take my place among the countless number of elementary school teachers in our United States in the vast sea of responsible adult life. And this thought logically leads me to another. I have a lot to thank this College for. You see, I'm just an average student, with average intelligence, personality, etc. And maybe I haven't always learned the things in class I was supposed to. But I've learned a lot to make me a better person, a better thinker, a better citizen.

Some day, many times I hope, I'll be returning to S. T. C. as a graduate and visitor. I try to visualize our Alma Mater as it will look then, as I hope it will look then. This is what I want to see:

The same beautiful front lawns, but with more activities, more equipment, more people, more girls, men.

The same beautiful Glen, but clean and shining, with more people enjoying it.

In the same beautiful gymnasium, the Swimming Pool that we as students "way back when" worked so hard to give to the State.

A large, new dormitory for the girls, the old one occupied by the boys.

A liberal education curriculum for the first two years, with specialized educational work in the last two. Specialized training for primary grades, intermediate grades, and upper grades. Or maybe subject specialization. Or a combination of both.

A weekly newspaper, strictly of the students, by the students, for everyone — one that's burning with student opinions and ideas, one that will be truly, in every sense, the students.

A monthly magazine for the more regular and artistic creation of the students.

Student Council meetings where everybody is present and ready to take active part, whether it be negatively or affirmatively, where students want to express their thoughts because they have confidence something will be done about them.

Interesting speakers in assembly — no distinction made to race, color, or creed. (This because I think everyone is vital, important, worthwhile for us to talk with and learn from our own janitors and cafeteria workers to the greatest political chief.) Speakers asked for and scheduled by the students.

The honor system installed effectively and completely in the dormitories. Dormitory government where everyone takes his responsibility honorably.

For each dormitory, a house mother or two, whose duty is to be house mother only. Advisers to student activities and student directors of activities.

In general, a college that's interesting, alive, eager to try unafraid, the newest ideas, the firstest with the mostest hard work and enthusiasm for life and living.

Sound like the distant future? No, I don't think so. We're working toward all that now, and more, too. And some day we'll wake up to find it here.

S. T. C., I'm rooting for you!

Editor's Note - Whew!

Campus Chatter

DID YOU SEE THE VARGA GIRL'S LEGS HANGing on the door of a certain Freshman's room? And Larry's Esquire pinups? Or Kitty's fourteen men? And the clever "Fore Freedumbs" that smacks you in the face when you open the door of a certain senior's room? And the gorgeous hand-made afghan? You couldn't have missed that ultra artistic batik made last summer in art class; and, of course, Sleepy Hollow. You must have seen that little bit of heaven caught in WEB-by's room. If you didn't, where were you on the night of the formal dinner?

Note - I was in the dorm smoker with Doc.

THE WEEK BEFORE DEMONSTRATION NIGHT the gym looked like Madame Slima's reducing class. The Juniors were practicing their stunt and all their clubswinging and rhythmics cut down inches of waist and hip lines. Of course, they made up for any even slight loss by eating straight down the menu at Hooper's on the big night.

The next day the girls smelled of horse liniment and alcohol. I wonder why?

THE A. A. WAS THE VERY GRACIOUS HOSTESS of Notre Dame one Tuesday in March. We insisted on their taking the higher score in the basketball game and gave them some of the badminton games. We even served refreshments during the half. . . . We would probably have been even more gracious if more S. T. C. girls had been in the bleachers rooting for us!

WHO SAID THAT BEING THE ONLY MAN IN a school of 196 girls would spoil the one and only? Perhaps we do make a fuss over him — but I'd say it was the other way around. After a lovely musical program given by the Freshmen our First Nighter turned the trick when he presented each of the five starlets with a beautiful old-fashioned spring corsage. Now it's your turn for a bouquet, Harry; so here's orchids to YOU.

WHOOPS! BOY, WHAT A SPILL! ANOTHER JUNior down on the skating rink floor. Could they skate? Why yes, of course, on all fours. Seriously, though, the Juniors had some hair-raising experiences at the Coliseum the night they went escapading. Wish we could have all joined them.

Conversation Snacks

Weather is wonderful and Springy. I've gotta camera and some film, the campus is beautiful and I want to experiment with some new angles on various views."

"Well, I decided I'd rather be a parent any day than a teacher."

"Oh, I guess the campus school is all right, I'm not arguing about that. But it's just that there's too much of it, especially from the county students."

"He's tall and lean, an excellent teacher, and a swell person, but jeepers — that math!"

"Never a dull moment in his class. Whether you like history or not, you like it when Doc. Hartley teaches it."

"I went over to see my future practice teacher today and guess what she gave me to do? I've gotta make two whole math units, one whole social studies unit, and Bill's coming home this month!"

"Somebody around here once told me that if the students really want something badly enough, nothing and no one could stop them. I believe that whole-heartedly."

"Miss Kestner sure is a whiz of a teacher and those kids love her, too. I'm not sure what she's got yet but I know I'd like to have it."

"Every once in a while, I see some good ideas cooking in the dormitory: Miss Bersh's night alley party, yum. . . . Barn dances in the foyer for week-end fund. . . 'Nicodemus' Blackiston at the pet show. . . . That 'Fore Freedumbs' mural by Gerwig and McKee. . . . Entertaining the day students. . . . Hermalin's original signs and posters in her room, etc. See, they don't spend all their time studying over there." I T IS QUITE NATURAL THAT THE SALE OF writing paper is definitely on the up. Evidence of this can be found in any free period and sometimes (ahem!) in classes. Of course, the major reason and really the only purpose is writing letters. And in return we expect our mail boxes to be full.

The mail box of the G. I. is definitely full this month. So lend an ear and you shall hear about:

Nolan Chipman, '43, who is moving to Fort Pierce, Florida, for more advanced training.

Bark Spellman, ex-'44 Lt. just transferred to the infantry and now in Fort Benning. Watch that spring fever, Bark.

Ralston Cullen, ex-'47, who is definitely enjoying the "rolling hills and green grass" of England. Reminds you of home, eh Ray?

Maynard Webster, Jan. '44, who may end up with house-maid's knee and red hands but he'll be a "gentleman by act of Congress" in June. Would it help to use Ivory soap, Web?

Lieut. Lembach, U.S.N.R., stationed at Fort Blakely, Washington, and expecting to be assigned to sea duty soon, expressed his desire to return to S. T. C. and resume his work in the Art Department.

Lieut. Compton Crook, U. S. A., who is with the Office of Strategic Services and who expects to spend most of his hoped-for ten-day leave in gardening.

* *

As we said before, it's fun to have a full mail box, but it is even more pleasant to really see our correspondents face to face once in a while. In the past few weeks we've been lucky in seeing:

Morton Weiner, Pfc., minus some 40 pounds, and engaged to Marjorie Simms, of Parkville.

Dick Pulse, just commissioned and given wings to fly B-24 Liberators from Massachusetts. Of course, his wife, the former Dorothy Myers, accompanied him. (Could she be afraid of the 196 gals at S. T. C.?)

Ira Ehrlich of the Air Corps, who is a lecturer (ahem) now.

James Cheatham, who has his head up in the clouds — but only to study the weather. He has just finished a twelveweek course in weather observation at Lakehurst, N. J.

THE CLUBS FINALLY CRAWLED OUT OF THEIR comfortable blankets, yawned and then let the rest of the students know what was going on in their cliques. When we found out about their swell times lots of us decided to go to the next hike and even drop in at an I. R. C. meeting. I never knew that there was so much going on around here—and I'm not a bewildered Frosh, either."

With such a note of encouragement we of the Tower Light staff felt that at least these clubs who had finally "crawled out of their blankets" were worthy of having their events publicized in the College magazine. It is therefore with a great deal of pleasure that we added Bernice Knell to our staff in the capacity of Clubs Editor. Now, at least, you can't say that you "didn't know about it" — or don't you read the Tower Light?

S. C. A vs. RURAL CLUB

Student Christian Association and the Rural Club seem to be competing against each other for the title of the most patriotic club of S. T. C. First, the S. C. A. launched a drive for scrap paper. The dorm students who saw the truck filled with paper pull away can tell you how successful that was. To follow up, the Rural Club invited Dr. Weyforth, Professor of Economics at Johns Hopkins University, to speak on inflation and how to fight it. We're proud of the patriotism these organizations are showing, aren't you?

NATURAL HISTORY GROUP

It was that Saturday again. You know the one I mean—the one the N. H. G. goes on its hike. I went along and gosh, we had fun! We visited the zoo to see how the other half lives. The monkeys were so cute!

On the next hike we're going to the Goucher Campus. Who knows? We may see some of the "chawming" girls. How about coming along?

ART CLUB

Have you been wondering where all the students have been spending their time? The Art Club, of course. The club meets officially on Thursday afternoon from 3 to 5, but you can find the members working on their projects any time at all. Why not drop in and see some of the master-pieces?

Morris Mutters

ODE ON A HORSELESS CARRIAGE ABOUT TO BE MADE EXTINCT

From Fond Recollections of Sunday Drives

(Forgive Me, Lord Byron)

When we two parted—In silence and tears, They took out your clutch and stripped you of gears. They've taken your horn-Your tires are gone, too, You can't run on rims-So I'm parting from you. They've taken your windshield—Your upholstery of blue. They need your new hubcaps—So they have gone, too. Thy valves are all broken—And bent is thy frame. And when thy name's spoken—I share in its shame. They name thee before me—A knell to mine ear. A shudder comes o'er me—(It's the rattle in the rear!) They knew not I bought thee and paid only too well For those countless and countless gallons of Shell. The installments I met-Those installments I grieve, I'll never forget—I'll always bereave. And if I should meet thee-After long years, How should I greet thee?—With silence and tears!

"I HEAR AMERICA SINGING"

(Not the Song That Whitman Heard)

That advertisements are a curse,
I know you will agree;
And day by day they get still worse.
Why do they have to be?

"If life's paths now are thorny — Try Ogdenblotter's soap." To fall for stuff that corny, You'd have to be a dope!

"If, now, you stay at home each night,
And envy other gals —
Let Coldent make your teeth look bright—
Just like Eleanor Powell's!"

"Do you drink the 'Best by Test' drink?"

"You're sure about B. O.?"

"Have you tried Waterparker's ink?"

"Buy at H. K. and Co.!"

"I've tried Palmnut's I4-day plan,"

Consumers all write in,

"The surest way to get a man —

Is serving Palvert's gin!"

"And now Shampoo presents 'SILENCE'"

(One-half of a second of quiet)

"It only costs you blankety cents —

Aw, come on, girls, please buy it."

"For skin you love to touch, my dear, Try Booshay's lotion cream."

"At parties serve the friendly beer, Your guests will be a scream!"

"For lustrous hair, try Suds Shampoo,
"Twill bring out all highlights."
"Is Wriglement's the gum you chew?"
"Do you Dlux your hose at nights?"

"Is Posty-Oats your morning meat?

Jack Legstrong eats it, too!"

"Is Dog's Paw written on each heel?"

"Our box is RED and BLUE!"

I've listened to them long enough, They're in the well-known "ruts". When they rave on about their stuff, Are they, or am I, nuts?

OBSERVATIONS IN A HOSPITAL

Pastel walls, anesthetic Atmosphere almost esthetic Nurses garbed in starched white gowns Smiles and tears and doubtful frowns. Wilted flowers, metal beds Worried looks and restless heads. Some have hopes and some have none Some battles lost, some battles won. Gauze and tape and tubes and trays Hectic nights and endless days. Shaded lights and muffled sounds Doctors on their daily rounds. Lifted eyebrows, anxious faces Consultations, hurried paces. Waiting rooms and magazines Orderlies and deathbed scenes. Broken bodies, broken hearts Heaping trays on metal carts. Doctors called, there's no delaying There's cursing, hoping, scorning, praying. A sob, a gasp, a tear, a sigh Some will live, while others die. Doctors, too, place their reliance First in God and then in science.

Literary Page

"SNOW TREASURE" by Marie McSwigan.

E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc. New York. Sixth Printing. 1943

HERE ARE ALL THE SPICY ELEMENTS OF A boy's day dream — glittering gold, grim enemy, and wild adventure! Here, too, is the hero who embodies all the dashing daringness and unflinching devotion to high causes that, to the twelve-year-old, are the very essence of his own being.

Down the dashing slopes, along the precipitous steeps of snow-bound Norway rushes the stalwart boy-hero with a cargo of gold bricks on his sled. Under the very noses of the German army of occupation he zooms — "belly-grinder" — carrying from the inland to the fjord daily eighty thousand kroner to be loaded in an American-bound vessel.

And this whirling fairy-tale action occurs in a setting of sturdy commonplace reality. For this story is based upon simple and amazing fact. The Norwegian fishing smack "Bomma" reached Baltimore in June, 1940, with a cargo of gold bullion worth \$9,000,000, every ounce transported from the Norwegian inland to the fjord — straight through the Nazi camp site, by rosy, coasting children.

This is more than the epic of a few brave children. It is an expression of the very true-blueness of Norwegians, in whom stolidity and daring so happily fuse to motivate valorous action. The Norse heroes of "Snow Treasure" have more than their share of doggedness; they stand as firm as their snow-tight houses against the ordinary puffs and blasts of life's winds. There is no shadow of variableness in the day-to-day course of their lives.

Out of their rugged but abundant living come impassive, grave men; the gaiety of their children is a passing thing. But when a menacing enemy threatens their freedom, their ordered, hearty existence, they resolve into audacious, gallant heroes. In the red glow of adventure, against the starkness of white, furious blizzards and the black roaring of fjord waters, they are moving, intrepid, spirited.

For the discerning there is to be found here an ideal of life — a tranquil, crystal-clear world — where adults live with faces as shining and placid as the snow on a sunny day, where a child may swirl like the wind down the sweeping snow hills, may hear the rollicking echoes of his voice across the valley, a life of grave joy — a contrast to the hustling, jangling existence of America's city-bred young.

There is no sordidness here — no gangsters, no cheating, no pettyness. This story deals with broad, full expanses of the world, with simple right and wrong, with honest, merry laughter.

Even the Germans supply only a vague delicious tickle up and down the spine; they are unpleasant but they keep to themselves. More — there is even no fantasy — no sprightliness, none of the ethereal here. It is a world simple and clear-cut and vivid — free of sentimentalities and vagaries, attractive in its stability and rendered appealing by the faint note of pure joyousness that sounds when children cut capers in the snow.

In this bright tale there is embodied the eternal rightness of a people. It is essentially a story of commonplace straightforward folk transformed by circumstances into men of ringing heroism, in it are distilled the wisdom, strength and simplicity of an entire people.

RATIONED RHYMES

Novel Novel

Shy maid Afraid Young blade Persuade Made grade Fears fade Plans made Home laid In glade Priest paid 'Nuff said.

Self-Criticism

Sade case
My face
No grace
Just space
Replace disgrace?
Deface?
No such place
Sad case.

Strictly Teminine

We Four

The four new freshmen came to college
To gather up a bit more knowledge
They straggled in Registration Day
Afraid of what anyone would do or say
First came Audrey Collins, blonde and small
Willing to help when she hears a distress call
Then came Bernice Shugar from Western High
Willing and able but quiet and shy
Then along came Mary Rose Michael from Morrill Park
Who is never seen unescorted after dark
Last but not least came Jessie Murphy from good old
Dublin High

Who spent last summer at Aberdeen waving the boys goodbye.

So there you've met them, one by one; Well, now I guess my job is done.

What's New in Junior 2?

- -Who got a luscious Valentine letter from Italy? Shirley, you can take this \$64 question.
- —Latest tip on how to keep a slim, girlish figure just watch Minna and Alice take that hill on the double at 8:59½ of a morning!
- —The section is extremely puzzled we don't know what to do with all of our free periods all *ONE* of them.
- —Who of us didn't admire the luscious coral striped shirt'n vest that Cassy Cicero was wearing several days back? Isn't it wunnerful when we can wear that which is our sister's (and have it look good on us, too)?
- —We're falling away to nothing. Betty Clark and that lovely diamond of hers is leaving dear ole S. T. C. Don't get excited, kids she's working, not getting married YET.
- —What two College kiddies are closer than Alma and Lillian? If you find any, be sure to let this kidlet know, because they're few and far between.
- —Why is 4:30 a high spot in the day of one Jean Barnes? Could it be because it's then that she receives those fat letters from her favorite private and lieutenant? (P. S.: She's not two-timing the second looie is her mommie!)
- —Webby tells us to keep our eyes peeled for a stray sailor and remember that he's hers. What's she got that I haven't? Yes, I know 5 feet, I1 inches of Navy Blue.

- —Who at S. T. C. receives more packages from a certain sailor than anyone else? Just what was in that last package, Larry? We'll put a diagram of it in the next T. L.
- —It's a well-known fact that when one's locks need to be fixed, you hunt up Jean Lehman 'cause "Jean dresses hair messes."
- —At our Sister-Section Party, a neat time was had by all (we hope!). Mary Rose entertained us all by reading a delightful poem about GEORGE Washington.

Seen about the Campus

DOROTHY BEATTY RUSHING TO AND FRO, either to take an organ lesson or to practice her scales. Alice Blackiston's hats of flowers and ribbon which her sister creates for her. Lily Daché, attention, please.

Shirley Adams in her sharp figured sweater.

Mary Shepley dividing her time between classes and Lida Lee Tall School.

An increase in the enrollment of the Spanish Club (due to the appearance of Señor Madrigal?).

A book entitled "Psychiatry for Nurses" which has caused much disturbance about the dorm.

Harry Zemel coaching the girls at lunch time in the "dance."

The biggest baby on "Baby Day" was our own "Curley Bill." (Practice up on your jive, Doc.)

The "WABBITS" observing in the Lida Lee Tall School.

A small group of the Glee Club practicing for the trip to Aberdeen. We heard that they wowed 'em, too.

Another's Gain

Conspicuous by her absence is Eileen Blackiston who has left us for the Maryland Institute of Art. As all of us know, while she was here, Eileen did the covers for the Tower Light as well as any other tasks which required artistic ability. We are sorry to lose her but we wish her the best of luck in this new work.

Professional Page

Senior Teachers—We salute you!

JUNIORS IN AUGUST, JUNIOR TEACHERS IN September, and Senior Teachers since February. The Senior class honor roll includes at the present time:

Pat Amoss, Essex, first grade Virginia Brooking, Chase, first grade Betty Carroll, Chase, second grade Betty Dunn, Chase, fifth grade Dora Alice Glass, Essex, second grade Julia Greason, Middle River, first grade Charlotte Koontz, Essex, second grade Josephine Krotee, Middle River, first grade Betty Mullendore, Middle River, second grade Evelyn Pearl, Middle River, second grade Ginny Rost, Riderwood, third and fourth grades Eleanor Schutz, Middle River, first grade Clara Mae Shelley, Chase, first grade Sally Tantarri, Essex, third grade Sue Traver, Middle River, third grade Dorothea Vogel, Essex, third grade Jeanette Winemiller, Chase, fourth grade

The primary grade teachers are supervised by Miss Grogan, the higher grade teachers by Miss Schnorenberg.

The other expert helpers have been and are: Miss Mac-Donald, Dr. Dowell, Miss Blood, Mr. Moser, Dr. West, Dr. Hartley. Faculty, take your bow!

The whole project is turning out to be a great success, but it certainly has not been easy. Its triumph is due only to the blood-sweat-and-tears cooperation of our faculty and the senior teachers. It's been one tough struggle, but Mom! they've won! Hectic teaching days, long hours, slight pay, night classes, Saturday classes, supervision, supervision (the supervisors dislike it as much as the girls)—all of it taken with a tired smile at the end, but a smile nonetheless.

The girls have two main topics of conversation. Usually when they're in a huddle together in the dormitory, it is teaching and school. One night, however, the session seemed bigger and more fiery than ever, and I knew it wasn't teaching. Nope, it was the other subject, MEN! — which makes them still truly one of us, we're glad to say.

So deeply are they intrenched in their work, that they found it rather difficult to tell about any isolated incidents for the Tower Light. "Everything is part of a large picture," they say, "and though interesting things are happening continuously we can't pull them out from all the other things that happen during the day."

Dora Alice did drop this bit during the conversation, though. After watching her teach a science lesson to her first grade one day, Dr. West and Miss Grogan stopped a minute to talk. Said Dr. West: "Well, I just think they're sweet. And I'll take that lil' fellah right theah, any time you say." (That "lil' fellah" was Buzzy, a little blond-haired, blue-eyed southern guy.)

"But you can't have him," said Miss Grogan. "He's one of Miss Glass's favorites."

"Then I'll trade for that lil' fellah sitting right ovah theah, please," answered he, undaunted. (It was little Earl this time, with straw-colored hair and two front teeth missing.)

Then Dora Alice put her foot down. "But you can't have either of them. They're both my pets."

The students aren't all pets, however, and there is plenty of discussion on the "Worry Warts" to be heard. But bad or good, the teachers seem to like them all, whether they admit it freely or not. And do the kids love their teachers? You bet they do! They know when they've got something good! Just let one of the teachers be absent and the children never stop welcoming her back.

Just recently some of the grades were studying "Weather" in science, correlated with a unit on "Clothing" in social studies. As a result, weather vanes, yellow, wooden ones, were all over the dormitory. Other furnishings in the dorm rooms include flash cards, calendars, books, books, books, thermometers, lesson plans, straws (for arithmetic), children's art work, papers, papers, and papers. Yet, with all this teaching paraphernalia cluttering up their lives, they are still "kollege kids". They concern themselves about men, they are the belles at our dances, they are "WABBITS" in our bond drive, they are subject to the usual fads and fashions of the minute, they suffer campuses. They are still "Shelley" and "Schutz", and "Ev" and "Sue" — in sweaters and skirts and sox.

HATS OFF TO THE SENIOR TEACHERS!

The Lida Lee Tall School

THE CHILDREN OF THE LIDA LEE TALL School furnish a variety of situations, from the study of which the students of the College can gain valuable information, information that can be helpful in their profession. Perhaps you have taught some of these children in practicum classes. That experience can give you a fine introduction to the school, but it does not give you a complete picture of it. If, however, you have been student teaching in the school, you have some basis for an understanding of its educational values, its problems, and its administration.

The actual experience of teaching the children of the Lida Lee Tall School is eye-opening. It can add a great deal to the understanding of child behavior which you may have gained from practicums and observations. In order to understand the desires, abilities, and attitudes of the children of the Lida Lee Tall School, you need to understand one of the School's most outstanding characteristics, the friendly cooperation that exists among its teachers, its children, its parents, and its student teachers. All are interested in, and work together toward the development and progress of the children.

Another important characteristic of the School is the encouragement constantly given to the boys and girls to show initiative and to practise democracy, with free expression of opinion, idea and experience. This attitude of the teachers leads to the discovery of the individual interests of the children and makes it possible to develop as well as further these interests.

If the teacher in this way successfully guides the children, they will freely express their ideas in all their activities, including reading, talking, music and writing. Good examples of this are the stories which the boys and girls in grades two and three write about their experiences drawing pictures to illustrate the events.

Stories were written in the intermediate grades also. The fourth grade classes had been writing stories about pets, Christmas, Valentine's Day, and snow. Most of these stories were quite original and came from real situations. From the many stories that I read I selected one for reproduction here.

THE DRAGONS ON A SNOWY HILL

Flipper and Skipper, the two dragons, awakened one morning, and to their surprise, it was snowing. So Flip said, "I know where a good hill is where we can go sledding."

So after breakfast, Flip and Skip went to the hill. They climbed up, up, and up, and higher and higher. They were soon at the top of the hill. "Let's have a race," said Skip. So they did.

Then they played with some other dragon friends until it was time for dinner.

Stuart Horn, author, promised us "more next week."

•

Just going to S. T. C. gives you a bird's eye view of the Lida Lee Tall School, practicum classes enlarge that view; but student teaching gives you an opportunity to discover for yourself something of the personality of the school, such as its happy child behavior, its high degree of teacher-parent-child cooperation, its democratic procedures, and its free child expression. — Mary Shepley.

Who?

We "plagiarize" Irving Berlin and ask ourselves why some people have all the fun, even in this war shortage. When Berlin asks Who? we do, too. So — —

WHO -

- —has just oodles of strings tied all around the "looies", the ensigns, the and-so-forths, and the et ceteras, and still can't make up her mind?
- —sat up 'til the wee hours of the morning counting bobby pins? Does she know a member of the O. P. A.?
- —is efficient and "Notey"?

 (Ask our editor what we mean)
- -receives mail from an unknown admirer in South America? We'll take him if you don't want him, dear.
- —always adds "precious thing" after she mentions her O and O?

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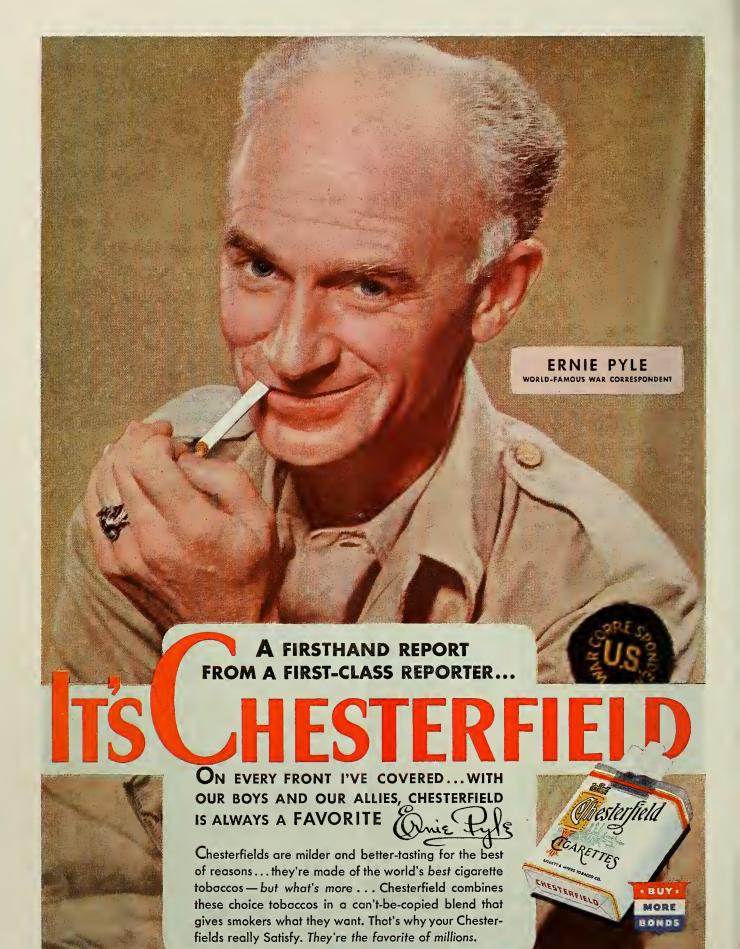
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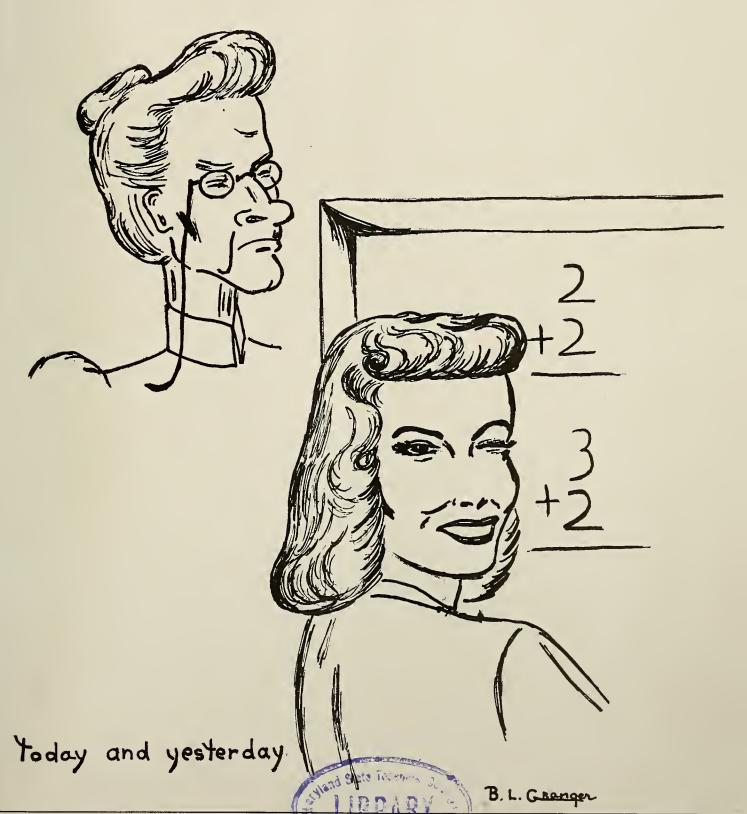
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THE TOWER LIGHT



VOLUME XVII • NUMBER 7

APRIL • 1944



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Vol. XVII, No. 7

APRIL, 1944

Results!

ISN'T IT AMAZING WHAT A LITTLE BIT OF public "griping" will do? Typists who never typed for the staff are actually popping into existence. Contributors are trying their best to beat the deadline — and doing it beautifully for the most part. This, along with the approach of spring (even if it is a bit damp) is doing wonders for the Tower Licht. Keep up the contributions and we'll keep up the magazine. And that's not a threat but a promise.

Refutation

"Youth plays too much," she said. "Youth is fleeting, dear.

Youth flings the sands to all the winds; Youth merrily dances while the earth spins. Youth has neither doubt or fear."

But she is wrong. There is no joy,
No banter, laughter in our heart.
'Neath all the surface ardor that we show
Beneath the carefree manner that you know
Is hidden fear — fear of the future Dark.

There is no joy. Joy in hearts made strong
By tragedy? Joy in minds that remember
Only the word "regret"? Careless is our way,
But Careful is the password . . . Careful that They
May return to find youth still an ember
Of the flame that is to come.

Carolyn Motschiedler, in her poem above, has certainly caught the spirit of youth that must be manifested now and for many years to come. We are among that youth and we have not only the problem of keeping our own steps steadily bent toward the goal of a freer and a better world, but also the responsibility of guiding the youth of tomorrow toward that goal. Are YOU prepared to do it?



WE'VE OVER-REACHED OUR QUOTA SINCE HE OFFERED TO HELP."

Campus Chatter

WHAT GOES ON BEHIND THE DOORS OF THE classrooms at S.T.C.? Here are the clues . . . you guess the class:

Classroom I Minutes for the Hour

Sermon

Women are dopes.

Boys smoke in class and pull guns.

Combination tackle and right uppercut demonstrated on a dummy (one of his former students).

Prof's lesson given to a girl whom he sends home to get married.

Classroom II Minutes for the Hour

Nine-year-olds ask embarrassing questions.

Florist joke.

Went to New York on business;

Note: Models are cute.

Helped lady next door to put drunken husband to bed.

Classroom III Minutes for the Hour

Perfumes have daring names.

Charming widows use too much perfume.

After a time dizziness ensues.

Textbooks can't be written without mistakes.

When we write textbooks we must keep our fingers crossed. Someone always finds a nasty old mistake.

Prof. swears he didn't say it.

Classroom IV Minutes for the Hour

Our civilization is based on alcohol.

Duff Gordon, 66 proof, is good stuff.

Knows a good way to make high grade booze.

Bootlegging pays more than teaching.

Prof's wifey doesn't have to wash dishes . . . an Indian does them.

Classroom V Minutes for the Hour

Nephews can type as they compose.

Observing delinquents in a movie can be educational.

Prof. likes western movies but only on Saturdays.

The rest of the week we should only like the classics.

Prof's family lost a car in Chicago.

Classroom VI Minutes for the Hour

Bond Street is a mixture and a mighty good one. People in Baltimore are friendlier than in New York.

Coast Guard work is interesting. Don't hold a gun too tightly. My wife knit these socks. Hello, girls, God love ya!

MEN! IN FACT, ABOUT fifty of the male species, invaded the dorms and cor-[EN! IN FACT, ABOUT TWO HUNDRED AND ridors of S.T.C. on April 19, 20, and 21. Well, maybe there were a few bald spots in evidence — but life begins at forty and the principals of Baltimore county and city were ideal guests. (What about that, you dorm gals?) After every event at the College we present bouquets - and for this month they go to Miss Baker for the delicious meals; to Dr. Wiedefeld and Miss Kohl for their friendly hospitality; to Mrs. Brouwer for her indispensable aid in making us beautiful in no time flat, and to Mr. Moser and his committee for the "Hotel Towson" bell boy service. (Of course the T. L. expects a cut from the tips received by this committee). And, of course, honorable mention goes to the entire student body for making those convention days a real success. (We'll boost our enrollment yet!)

THE FEMININE POPULATION (JOKE!) OF S.T.C. has gone domestic en masse. Just stroll by the art rooms at any hour of the day or night and gaze at those future "little women" weaving rugs. They're far from amateurs now, even if they do go around shouting "woof" and "warp" all the time. It's all in the lingo of the professional weaver (at least that's what they tell us). First they learned to cook, now they're learning to weave. Watch out, Harry!

F COURSE WE SANG! (AND WE WERE ON pitch, well practically on pitch, anyway, Miss Weyforth). At last our suggestion of a few months ago has taken shape — and we all had fun at the Sing Song. Doc Hartley rolled his chewing gum and Miss Weyforth strutted her stuff with Yankee Doodle Dandy. The whole gang really got down to brass notes and let loose with Smoke Gets In Your Eyes, Let Me Call You Sweetheart, Down By The Old Mill Stream and scores of other old favorites. It was fun, too. Maybe we can have another sing in the Glen before the term ends. How about it, Esther?

66 ET THAT HAY SEED OUT OF YOUR HAIR."
"I'm planting carrots, tomatoes and corn." "Say, how deep do you plant watermelons?"

Yes, it's Victory Garden Time at the College and, as usual, those horticulturally and *Victory* minded people are at it again. Some of us were mighty proud of those crops last year. Remember Dr. Tansil's sweet potatoes and peanuts? So don't forget, you Victory farmerettes — oops, and farmers, too (pardon us, Doc), get those seeds in soon and we'll all harvest a bumper crop of war bonds and stamps this year.

CLUBS.

D. F. C. awarded former Towson Student

ONALDSON R. GORSUCH, EX '40, TECHNICAL Sergeant, A. A. F., has recently been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for outstanding service in the South Pacific area. Here, in the Solomons, he participated in fortynine operational flights, bringing up his total of flying hours to five hundred. We are proud that another former S.T.C. student has been duly honored for his fine services.

Ex epistulis

HENRY ASTRIN, '42, LIEUTENANT (J.G.), U. S. N. R., wrote to Dr. Wiedefeld: "Since my last letter to you my environment has shifted somewhat. Once more I am afloat — this time on a larger vessel, a destroyer escort. I am no longer vacationing around Florida, as I was accustomed to for a year and a half. Instead, I have journeyed to the Mediterranean, where I hope to expend much of my effort in routing the enemy from the *Mare Nostrum*."

Bon voyage, Henry!

James Jett, '42, Lieutenant, Army, writes that he is now stationed in India and has been "more or less 'initiated' into the Indian way of life. . . . The Glen and campus must be beautiful now. I often picture that lovely spot in my mind. State Teachers' College has played such an important part in my life and I cannot forget it. My devotion to it is something that seems to encourage me in these days."

Harry Fishpough, ex '44, writes from Italy to Miss Yoder: "I am in Italy now and getting along fine. The weather over here is getting warm and it's very beautiful — this reminds me of weather over there in Maryland during the months of April and May.

We have not been at a loss for visitors: Leroy Cashman, ex '46 James Cheatham, ex '44 Lee McCarriar, '41.

G. I. WEDDING — Ensign Janet Clautice, '43, to Herbert Archer Abele. The ceremony was performed in St. Mary's Church, Greenville, S. C.

S. C. A.

THE DORM STUDENTS ARE STILL ENJOYING the Vesper Services given by the Student Christian Association. On April 12th, Rev. Warner, from Arnold, Maryland, spoke about the responsibilities of a school teacher as a Christian, leaving us with plenty to think about. A solo was sung by Shirley Crist, accompanied by the lovely voices of the S. C. A. choir, under the direction of Miss MacDonald.

Speaking of the S. C. A., have you been in the Women's Coat Room in Newell Hall lately? More than likely you've seen Jean Lehman tying up paper for the scrap drive. The S. C. A. is still collecting paper, so be sure to turn yours in.

RURAL CLUB

On April 24th the Rural Club was honored by the presence of Alan Ladd — not in person, of course, but in a moving picture called *Unfinished Rainbow*. Soil and Life and Broadbase Terracing were also shown, all of which made a very enjoyable evening's entertainment.

NATURAL HISTORY CLUB

Didn't you enjoy the assembly the Natural History Club sponsored on April 25th? Dr. Schmidt was so interesting and the pictures he showed so vivid, it was almost as if we were right there on the Galapagos Islands with him.

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club, under the able direction of Miss Weyforth, has been blooming again. Who was it who sang for the principals on Friday, the twenty-first? The Glee Club! And were they satisfied with having the principals at their feet? They were not! The following week they were found entertaining the service men at the U. S. O. They even usurped the popularity of "Those We Love", for we loyal boosters just couldn't miss their Sunday afternoon broadcast on May 7. Now we pose the question, 'And what moight ye be doing fer May Day?"

What about our other clubs, now? We're waiting to write up your activities and publicize them, but we need something to write about. How about getting busy and planning something COLOSSAL!

What I Really Think of School Teachers!

SCHOOL TEACHERS! I COULD LITERALLY write a book about the different types of teachers I have met from grammar school days through my second year in college.

Of course, each teacher has heen an individual personality—each has had his or her own idiosyncrasies. However, perhaps their peculiarities were aggravated by lack of sleep—by burning the candle at both ends while marking test papers, constructing lesson plans, et cetera, et cetera. Result—stomach ulcers, from which all teachers eventually suffer during their careers (according to our renowned physician, Dr. E. Curt Walther).

There are, however, four main categories in which the teachers of my acquaintance might well be placed. I shall endeavor, in the following paragraphs to outline this suggested classification.

Most of my grammar-school teachers were elderly old maids, reputed either to wear wigs or to have lost soldier fiances in World War I. In Junior High School, many of my instructors were beginning to live again, that is, if you accept as true the currently popular bromide, "Life begins at forty." When this ripe "young" age is reached by an instructor, classes are regaled with anecdotes of "the family" or "when I was a girl." These are woven into class discussions, presumably for the purpose of illustration pertinent points in the lesson - points which have been forgotten long ere the anecdotes have reached a weary end. In Senior High School, one comes in contact with — lo, and behold! — some teachers of more sprightly mien - some who've even caught a specimen belonging to that rarest of all species - the Homo Sapiens. During this period of school life, some girls seem to do better in subjects taught by men, rather than in those taught by women. This period, more often than not, carries over to early college days, when mild "crushes" on first one, then another, male instructor possess the female college population. This prof "has an awfully cute smile"; that one "the most divine bow ties and little moustache"; and the other one, "the broadest shoulders and the tiniest waist just like Lil' Abner." And so it goes.

On the whole, college professors are pretty nice people, with better than average brains, and average (?) pocket-books. Please don't consider me hard on the backbone of the educational system — I'll be student teaching next year; I'll be "an individual personality" with my own peculiar and numerous idiosyncrasies.

- EILEEN M. LYNCH.

A Prayer for Teachers

GOD, THOU WHO HAST EVER BROUGHT ALL life to its perfection by patient growth, grant me the patience to guide my pupils to the best in life.

Teach me to use the compulsion of love and of interest, and save me from the weakness of coercion. Make me one who is utilizer of life and not a merchant of facts.

Show me how to overcome the forces that destroy, by harnessing the urges that lead to the life abundant. Give me such a sense of value that I may distinguish the thing that last from those that pass, and never confuse mountains with molehills.

Grant me insight to overlook the faults of exuberance, help me to see with prophetic eye the possibilities of enthusiams. Save me, O Lord, from confusing that which is evil with

that which is only immature.

Help me to learn the loves of human life so well that, saved from the folly of reward and punishment, I can help each pupil to find a supreme purpose for which he will give his all. A purpose in tune with the purpose for Thy world.

Keep me humble and young so that I may continue to grow and to learn while I teach.

On the Home Front

I am the teacher in a world at war; No uniform have I - no wings, no bars; No medals do I wear for valor shown, No service tsripes, no clusters, and no stars. You will not see me in the serried line That marches on to war's grim recompense; And yet I march - although no bugle note Has summoned me in stern mellifluence. I keep my vigil in the country school, I send our flag aloft; I lead a pledge Of faithful, fond devotion to that flag -The symbol of a noble heritage. In village small or city's wide domain I serve my country in unnumbered ways; To safeguard children and to bulwark homes I "gladly teach"; my duty done, my praise. For those who go to scan the face of Death I have a charge to keep — and no release By day or night; and till their safe return My obligations hourly increase. For thus I help to hold the home line firm; I shall not shirk that task nor seek reprieve

So long as boys and men hold firm their lines

Because of what I teach and they believe.

— IVAH GREEN, from Peabody Reflector.

THE TOWER LIGHT

Ever Hear of Them?



E Blackeston

Gone

YES GONE! DADDY'S GONE AWAY AND WON'T ever be back. Mom says we must be brave, it's what Dad would expect of us. She tells us this at bed time, just after our prayers are said. Then she kisses us extra hard and turns her head away so we can't see her eyes.

We've never let her see us cry, either. Not once, since that telegram came, and she gripped it in her hands, then smoothed it out and put it in *his* drawer of the desk. She's been brave and brave so we will be.

But lying in bed, we play "Let's Pretend" — we pretend we can hear Dad's steps as he comes up to our room—pretend we can feel a stubble brush our forehead. And sometimes in the dark, we can smell a cigaretty suit close to our faces.

Lately, we've dreamed dreams that you just don't tell about. And in the morning we wake up with that awful

empty feeling in our stomach.

Poor little Betty and Jack. We — all of us — feel sorry and wish that there were something we could do. Perhaps there is. Why shouldn't it be this?

We can resolve that the plans your father had for you shall remain within your reach, that you shall have the chance to grow and to learn, that your opportunities will be bounded only by your own get-up and go, that you will progress and prosper in direct relation to your own ability—in a land of freedom and opportunity.

These are the things your Dad valued, the things for which he gave his life. Though some may strive to change all that — provide you with the "benefits" of an all-powerful government, the "advantages" of regimentation, the "blessings" of bureaucracy — we can resolve they won't succeed.

We, as American doctors and nurses will keep you healthy, we as fellow playmates will keep you happy, but most of all WE, as American TEACHERS, teachers of democracy, will keep your mind free and forever growing.

Your teachers, Betty and Jack, will help you in more ways than you will ever realize. They, the unhonored (materially) heroes of every generation, war or peace, will stand by you and do everything humanly possible to fulfill your father's wishes.

Many of them have devoted their lives to your future America and in time of depression or otherwise your teachers will be "semper paratus" to help, and to guide you on the road of success and freedom.

You may never hear it from their lips. But if you were older you would read it in their faces — recognize it in their spirit. They are determined to keep America free. To keep it a land in which government is the servant, not the master, of the people. To keep it the kind of America your Dad wanted to preserve for YOU.

Remember, Betty and Jack, learning and achieving are the most widely played games in the world and your teachers are the most important part of those games.

A teacher does more than earn a living — she earns a life!

"Webby" Sansbury.

Strictly Teminine

Did You Know That?

JUNIOR I IS A BEWILDERED LOT,
They find that they are in a fix.
They are the Class of '45,
And yet the Class of '46.
In case you're wondering who is who
In Junior I — well, we do too.

There's our two Ediths, Stark and Dolle, Their witty remarks Are often wily.

Betty Shulman

Bemoans faculty reserves;
The lack of them

Will shatter her nerves.

There's Lois Hale who
Is here on the dot
Every morning at 8 —
(Her classmates are not.)

There's Madeline Kienan,
Our class jitterbug.
When Babs Collier joins her
Babs soon leaves the rug.

Mary Baumgartner likes
Skating on rollers.
And there's Bernice Feldman
With beautiful molars.

There's Edna Mae Merson, She's strictly "Grade A"; And Dorothy Everett, For you Dot may play Some of her waltzes, Whichever your choice.

And there's blonde Shirley Henschen With a "Jean Arthurish" voice.

Then we have two pairs
Of inseparable gals.
Ellen Hart goes with Zimmie.
The other two pals
Are Hilda Peper and Theresa,
Both fond of the sea.
And then there's the author
And chairman — Mary C.

So there you see all sixteen of us.

Don't you, dear friends, just simply love us?

Take It Easy

(To be sung to the tune of Take It Easy, Well, Some Tune, Anyway.)

Take it easy, take it easy,
This is dedicated to the Juniors of S.T.C.
Take it easy, take it easy,
If your hours seem twenty-five don't excited be,
Take it easy, take it easy,
There's lots more to be done by you and me,
Take it easy, take it easy,
If you think you're sacrificing, well, let me say —
The big job's yet to come
And that's no hay. So —

Take it easy, take it easy,
Just because you get up early and stay till four,
Take it easy, take it easy,
That's exactly what your brothers are fighting for —
Take it easy, take it easy,
There's an old, old story I'll repeat once more.
What's worth having, you
Know darn well's worth working for. So —
Juniors! Take It Easy! (You'll survive.)

Character Sketch

Big bag,
A brag.
Just drag
On "fag"
And nag.
Jaws sag.
Some gag!
SOME HAG!
Note: Is this you?

Malicious Definitions

(From Sunshine Magazine)

College Bred—Four-year loaf, made of father's dough.
Research—Getting things out of many old books never read
and putting them into a new book which nobody is
going to read.

Social Tact—Making people feel at home (when you wish they were).

Flattery—Flattery is soft soap and soap is 90 per cent. lye.

Gals please take note and don't say we didn't warn you.

Literary Page

Nursery Rhymes in The Key of D*

(* D for Delinquents)

Hi, diddle, diddle, here's our newest riddle:
"Don't kids have no parents no more?"

The bankrolls all swell

While our kids go to — the devil.

And parents just try to ignore.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
The delinquent looks at the clock —
It's well past eight,
His parents are late.
So, merchants, lock up your stock.

Little Jack Horner, sat in the corner, With a devilish glint in his eye. His parents weren't home, 'Twas his night to roam. He thought, "What a sly guy am I!"

Old man Cole was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he.
He'd fill his pipe and fill his belly,
When it came to his kids, his backbone was jelly,
But next week, the jail sets him free.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Where are your parents, child?
They're building planes,
And that explains
Why Mary is so wild.

Little Boy Blue, you may blow your horn
But not at break of morn.
Your parents are out,
So you play and shout,
While the neighbors wish you'd never been born.

Mary had a little lamb,
But she didn't have him long.
She took a job in a defense plant
And let the lamb go wrong.

He followed the crowd to the pool hall, Which led to a terrible fix.

For this lamb, there just is no law—
You see, the lamb is just six.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard To get her lunch pail so new.

Her kids think she's crazy,
She's a hep "Swing Shift Maisie" —
"So long, kids, I'll be back at two."

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep,
They're down in the court-room fast asleep.
She's let them alone,
And now they'll come home,
With a long string of crimes behind them.

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?

"I've been to the bar room to watch minors drink gin."

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, why are you so pale?

"I met some delinquents — and so ends my tail."

(Dedicated to the older generations, our Senior Delinquents.)

- Ev Morris.

Speaking of Shortages

Have you heard that we've got four?
Why, then, girls, should we deplore?
And then, too, we've got the best —
Walther, Moser, Hartley, West!
P. S. — Who the heck could ask for more?
After all, girls, this is war!
P. S. — Junior Men professors, be lenient this time,
Poor li'l Morris was stuck for a rhyme.

Editor's Note — We delightedly admit that our four do not fall into the prevalent two groups, namely, old and bent, or young and broke.

Elmer Wonders

SO IT'S SUNDAY AFTERNOON AGAIN, AND here I am boarding the street car, No. 8, Towson, headed for Newell Hall. As usual, I bang my way down the aisle with my suitcase. I fall into a seat and pull my stuff out of the way. One quick glance tells me my companion is a middle-aged male worker, quite tired and dirty, who is undoubtedly on his way home. Briefly I wonder what he's going home to — must not be good with that pained look upon his face. For the time being, however, I decide not to give him any attention. He won't miss it and, besides, I thought I saw something more interesting farther down the aisle.

Yes, there he is — a handsome, redhaired sergeant, with his five- or six-year-old daughter. He's darling — I mean they're darling — and she knows it. Look, he's asking her to "be a good girl, please," and he doesn't mean a word of it. You can see by the twinkle in his eyes he adores every mischievous breath she breathes. And she, the little imp, its playing up magnificently before the audience of the entire street car. Probably before the war, daughter wouldn't have gotten away with this much. But now there's an urgent, appealing face above that uniform, as the soldier-father looks at his baby. His eyes say "I mustn't miss anything you do, my darling, because soon only poor, inadequate memories of you will accompany me on my journeys. I must treasure you while I can."

The audience is an appreciative one.

I look around again: nothing else particularly eye-catching at present. Something catches my ear, though. A very little boy's voice is asking, "Aren't we going with Daddy?" Daddy it is, I presume, who is leaving at the center door.

"No," the mother answers, "Daddy is going to the baker's. Then he'll come home, too."

"Daddy-bakers," pipes another wee voice. And there is a small replica of the first little boy. They're both dressed in brown snow suits and are an adorable pair together.

Twenty-third Street, Twenty-fourth. I must look for that house with the sick boy in it . . . Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth. Yes, there he is, eternally playing with that ruler. Every afternoon at this time, he is sitting in that same window. He is a terrible sight, malformed and apparently mentally retarded as well. He reminds me constantly how lucky I am and how thankful I should be. I wonder how many people

really see him that way as they go about their activities. I'd like to know his family. It would be interesting to find out how they have met and adjusted to their unfortunate circumstances. I could learn a lot from them, I bet.

Soon we'll be at Thirty-first and Greenmount. And if I don't keep a sharp outlook, I'll miss the gypsies there as we fly by. Not long ago a phrenologist had his signs painted all over the windows. But business must not have been booming because the gypsies have taken the place over now. Today I see that there are two gaudy women sitting in one of the show-windows sewing on some gold-colored cloth. Such a happy people usually. Or are they? Why do gypsies live the way they do? What is their outlook on life? What have they that keeps them from changing to our way of living? I'd like to live with a gypsy group for three or four months. They might have something there, something worth knowing.

Well, well, my traveling companion is leaving me, and here comes a somewhat more attractive animal to occupy the emptiness beside me. At least, this one is going to read something and doesn't seem entirely oblivious to the world. He appears to be a young middle-aged guy, has black, curly hair under his slouch hat, and two days' hair upon his face. What is he reading? A religious paper — the item under his close scrutiny is "What Are You Going To Do For Lent?" How surprising! I wouldn't have thought him the type. And how devoutly he read. Appearances certainly do lie.

Three more blocks we ride, and my companion quietly exits. I wonder where he's headed for. . . . Good Heavens! . . . He walked straight into a beer and liquor joint, with his paper tucked piously under his arm.

Saints preserve me!

More streets fly by. Then I hear, "Dunkirk Road, end of the city fare!" In a few minutes I shall be making my exit.

Say, I wonder if anyone has been studying me as I have been studying others. As I get up to leave, I look around me. Lo, and behold, all eyes are on me. "Obviously a student of S. T. C." Gee, I interest them! I wonder what they're thinking!

— Elmer.

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THE TOWER LIGHT





Tower Light Office, State Teachers College, Towson, Md.

Dear Readers.

We were pressed for time. Who isn't? The situation as it stood several weeks ago was just this . . two complete issues of the Tower Light needed in two weeks in order to meet our advertising contract. Now we're sure you'll all agree that no college, not even S.T.C., has enough activities going on in one week to fill up an entire issue of our magazine without that magazine looking like a football hero for all its padding. There was nothing left to do but put out an unusual issue, something out of the ordinary and this which you now hold in your hands is IT. For lack of a more specifically descriptive word we have called it a "Literary" issue. Some of our readers may be a bit more literary than our writers and will groan at the "monstrosities" committed in the name of literature. Others who possess less of the aforesaid characteristic will enjoy the humor and the pathos of the attempts. We cannot please all, but "some of the people, some of the time" will sit back with satisfaction, so-o-o Some Of The People this is Some Of The Time".

In closing we'd like to thank those who so graciously answered our plea for material. To those who sat back, took things easy and ignored us we can only say "Aren't you sorry?" Or are you?

Lovingly,

The Editor.

Vol. XVIII, No. 8

May, 1944

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College Troubles

FROM A TO DISMAY

The other day I got an A, And I felt most elated; Alas, alack, on that same day Elation was deflated.

To heart-felt pleas and fervent prayer Consistency's law was deaf. Now hear the cause of my despair — The same day I got an F.

EINSTEIN'S LINE, NOT MINE!

Oh, why does Math
Excite my wrath?
It causes me to fret.
It opens its path
To those that hath —
While I must fume and sweat.

TALE OF MAIL

I waited his letter, but no letter came.

My patience was nearing an end.

Although I was sure that he wasn't to blame,

'Twas too much with which to contend.

I had made excuses and believed them myself, But now I meant to take action. I was glad I decided to get off the shelf 'Cause WOW! did I get reaction!

My life is complete and his letters are sweet.

They're much longer and intenser.

I gave him a motive. He now tries to compete
With none other than his own censor!

P. S. — Try it girls and you will see
How effective it can be.

Think of quiet water, of the slow

Think of sunny clover, and of bees

White in pasture, cattle under trees And of drowsy flowers, and of cool rain

Murmurous, and immeasurable deep;

Of long, dark tides that everlasting flow.

Wearily droning, honey-winged; of sheep

P. S. Jr. — My thoughts are these as I sit and ponder — Competition makes the heart grow fonder.

- E. Morris.

TROUBLES

Can't think,
Brain dumb;
Inspiration
Won't come.
Bad ink,
Bum pen —
I'll flunk my tests
Because of men.

Moon, stars,
Men, wine —
Please concentrate
Oh, brain of mine.
Test tomorrow,
So little time;
Charles Boyer,
Ah, so divine.

Sailors, soldiers
And marines —
Parties, dances
And canteens.
How can any
Student study
Wheny every service man's
Her buddy?

Ah, me,
Such is life —
Full of love,
Full of strife.
Men were made,
I always say,
To worry women
Every day.

- Annette Hermalin.

SLEEP

Light-pattering, and mists that valleys keep; Of warm sweet places where the leaves have lain.

Think of earth, the ancient, kindly breast,
The bosom of earth whereto all tired things creep —
Then think no more at all, rest, rest,

Sleep. . . .

- Bernice Shugar.

2

THE TOWER LIGHT

In a Sober Vein

NIGHT

A phantom hounds the day Until the sun's last faint fires sink below the line. The phantom steals in from the eastern sky; Her soft slim fingers Slip between the gold and fire of day, And choke the sun Until it sinks down onto its knees Behind the earth Out of sight. The phantom from the east glides over the sky And oozes around the last gold and red of day Until the sun lies at her feet, At the mercy of the phantom — Night.

Night is a phantom, A dark lady. Men tug at her gown for a kiss But are lost in the dust at her feet. Her eyes flash, And for a fleet second her soul is mirrored to a heavy-eyed world. Only lovers see her soul, The phantom lady — Night.

She glances at the world With myriad eyes. Her eyelids shut tight lest she be blinded By haze, smoke, Flaming tongues Leaping up to kiss her soft cheek. Toilers close their eyes lest they be blinded, too, Not by her beauty, But black oily rivers Creeping over their grimy brows.

Her eyes scan the country side. Peaceful. Soft grass, Made for children to roll in And yearlings to munch. Their wide green skirts to shade the violets and lilies of the valley that peep through in the spring. Hay lofts, Waving tassels.

The phantom gazes fast. Icy stares. Her eyes cannot turn away; They are horror-bound. No children roll in that crimson grass, Nor yearlings crush its blood-stained blades between their teeth. No man pitches that hay, Nor harvests the golden ears. No man tugs at her skirts for a kiss, Nor sees her eyes or soul. These men were haunted by a new fancy -War -And are dead.

- LUCY GOLDSMITH.

I AM TOO YOUNG

I am too young to be confined here With four white walls and tables that are bare Of all the things I love and care about. These things were meant for tears And all the while I waste the precious years That mark the time until I, too, am old -"Tis now I have the courage of the bold To use in conquering the world of peers.

I am too young to be held back by you I must go to the things that call to me -The flame beyond the hill, the leaves that flee, A ship that waits to sail out to the blue!

The chains that bind me were forged by Father Time. Come loose me, love, and give me what is mine.

- CAROLYN MOTSCHIEDLER.

GHOST BONDAGE

(Patterned after "The Hungry" by David Greenhood.)

For years he has been exploited in this Land of the Free. And driven helpless under the broad sun; And only because he is black. In 'sixty-three his yoke was cut; They said to all, "He is free!"

But freedom I call it not. He is not free, was not, is not.

He must live in the slums and work at jobs so menial. And still they do say, "He is free!"

Free? Oh, no, he's still crushed by hard, cruel bans; He's bound by White Man's thought.

A ghost-like bondage limits his freedom.

- ELLEN PERRIN.

Some time ago the Freshman 2 English class wrote sketches of some famous characters from several well-known books. We thought you would like to become acquainted with these characters as seen by some of your own colleagues. You may know the characters already because you have read the books out of which they have stepped, but it is always exciting to find out something new about a person—and who knows what you'll find hidden away in the following lines? Won't you read them and find out?

MY ANTONIA — by Cather ANTONIA

She was a pretty child. On first glance one was immediately impressed by her large, brown eyes, her wild curly brown hair and her rich dark-brown skin. Her's was the type of Old World beauty that can be produced only in faraway Bohemia.

Her family, inspired by fabulous tales of America, left their native Bohemia and migrated to this country only to be faced by bitter disappointments. Instead of the great wealth they had dreamed of, they found themselves living in a dugout on a Nebraska farm. Penniless, with little food, no farm implements, no farm animals, they were faced with the prospect of living through Nebraska storms and of tilling unyielding Nebraska soil.

Only Antonia was not discouraged or disappointed. She was bright and intelligent, soon learned the English language, made many friends who proved to be of great help in later times of need.

Antonia was deeply attached to her father. She was the only one who really understood him. After he was gone, there was no one in whom she could confide.

Faced with the task of supporting her family, she helped her older brother in the fields. She plowed, planted, and harvested as well as any man. She loved the soil with a passionate attachment that had been passed on to her by generations of European peasants.

Though Antonia was an excellent farmer and enjoyed her work, she was fundamentally a beautiful, sensitive girl. It was for this reason that the women of her acquaintance persuaded her to take a job in town. She was a hard worker and made a very good maid. She was popular, especially with the men who seemed to enjoy her story-telling, her dancing, and her dark beauty. But she had no sentimental attachment to any of her male admirers until she met Larry Donovan. Every one was a bit puzzled and many were disappointed in her because of her deep attachment to a man who was unworthy of her. But Antonia loved Larry and lived and worked for the day when they would marry. After a brief, unpleasant episode, however, she discovered his true intentions. Antonia did not complain. She returned home and

gave birth to her baby, asking help of no one. She loved her daughter, and made great plans for the child's future.

Her experience with men should have made her bitter, but it didn't. She knew she was destined to marry and have children. She married a Bohemian and returned to the land to tackle the tremendous job of working a farm and raising a very large family. In her later years she had none of the beauty which was so striking during her youth, but the full vigor of her personality was evidence of her beautiful life.

— Р. Рас.

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY — by Wilder CAMILA

When the Bridge of San Luis Rey fell and the lives of the several people were investigated, it was found that a certain woman entered into each of these lives. Her name was Camila.

Camila had a very beautiful face, with the nose long and thin, the mouth a little childish, the eyes unsatisfied. Camila never established a full harmony in life; her work. her desires, her dreams were always in conflict. In her search for happiness she almost failed, but in the end found it before it was too late.

As an actress in her early years Camila often appeared haughty or impudent and through her misunderstanding and thoughtlessness she brought unhappiness into the lives of Manuel and Esteban, two brothers who were always very close to each other. Manuel, through his work at the theater, met and fell in love with Camila, but his love was never returned and Esteban felt that he had come between them.

There was one person to whom Camila was loyal and that person was Uncle Pio. He was her singing master, her errand boy, her reader, and her coach for her parts. Uncle Pio had faith in her ability on the stage, and after the show, in her dressing room, he would make helpful criticisms which provoked Camila, but also increased her trust in him.

When Camila entered into a love affair with Don Andres and bore him three children she decided to give up the stage to become a lady. It was then that Camila almost let her pride get the best of her, a self-centered pride that had a capacity

(Continued on Page 8)

in English

"The moving finger writes, and having writ,

Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit

Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,

Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

— Edward Fitzgerald, from

"Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam of Naishapur."

She sat at the writing desk quite oblivious of her surroundings. Writing letters was a task for her — but tonight the letter she was writing distressed her no end. To think that she, the daughter of a family of renown, should ever have to write such a letter!

My dear Mr. Kelly (the letter began. Oh, if only she could put the irony in her writing as she could in her voice!)

I am writing this letter in order to sever all relationships with you. I can see no reason why I should wear an engagement ring given to me by a - a murderer. (She paused reread the statement. It did seem rather blunt - but it was true. Or at least she deemed it so.) I have read all the accounts in the newspapers. It seems so definite that the odds are against you that I don't see why you do not give up and confess. Perhaps if you did so, my Dad might have enough influence to have your sentence lifted - or at least get several years off of the sentence. If you decide to take this course I might — just might — reconsider accepting your friendship. If not, however, I prefer having no more to do with you. I cannot afford to stand by anyone - whether I once loved him or not — (again she stopped, had she really loved him or was it just his position in life that she was interested in?) - unless he is willing to do as I say. Therefore, I leave the matter entirely up to you.

Sincerely,

Karen.

She folded the letter, addressed the envelope (it seemed strange writing a prison address) put the letter in the envelope, rang for her maid and bid her mail the letter.

Days past — then weeks — finally months and still no reply to the letter. Surely, she thought, he wasn't foolish enough not to take my advice. Then, one day — the eleventh day of June to be exact — she opened the newspaper and saw before her the blaring headlines: CONVICTED MAN PROVES INNOCENCE, and beneath it was the picture of her friend. No wonder he had not written to her. Probably he was so busy following her advice that he hadn't had the time. She dashed to her desk and began writing.

Dear Michael,

I knew you would not be so foolish as to try to see this

incident through by yourself. Aren't you glad that I took enough interest in you to remind you of how you could get out of your precarious predicament? Please write and tell me all about it. I know Dad won't say a word to me about the situation.

Yours truly,

Karen.

She sent this letter as quickly as possible. Yet days passed and still no word from Michael — Karen began to worry. Perhaps she had been a little hasty and shrewd. Well, she would write again and if that didn't bring any reply she would go to see him personally. So once again she wrote:

Dear Michael:

I have missed you so. I do wish that you would write and give me some encouragement. Could you possibly come to dinner on Sunday evening? We can talk all about your new position in the Navy and about your horrible experience in prison. Then, too, we can discuss our plans for the future. Oh, Michael, doesn't it seem good to say our plans? I shall be waiting to hear from you and counting the hours until I see you.

Love,

Karen.

This was on Tuesday that she wrote the letter. On Thursday there came a special delivery letter for her. She looked at the return address. It was from Michael. Quickly she tore open the envelope, took out the letter and read:

Miss Karen O'Brien:

I have received your three letters. I have them before me now. They are my reasons for writing this letter. It is now time for me to have my say.

I am happy to report that I did not have to use any of your foul means in order to prove my innocence. I had not committed a crime — I knew that and I was certain that you, of all people, would trust in me and comfort me when all the world was against me. But instead, you too went against me. I knew so from your first letter. Then your other letters came —you seemed to be trying to defend yourself. But now — neither your wit nor your tears can make me change my opinion. You have written these letters — I have read them — their impressions will stain my memory forever.

Good-bye, good luck, and God bless you.

Michael.

"The moving finger writes, and having writ, Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit Shall lure it back to cancel half a line, Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

— М. А. Амоss.

"Long Ago and Far Away"

A SHORT STORY OF A MEMORY

AM THINKING BACK OVER A SPAN OF YEARS to a June evening dripping with beauty and excitement. I do not know what has set my mind to wandering back this way. Perhaps it is the quietness of the night, the emptiness of the house — with all the family away — the lulling patter of the rain on the window. And because of the still and sleepy night I, in my solitude, am left to reminisce as my spirit directs me.

That June evening to the average individual probably seemed in no way superior to the other evenings in the summer, for it was sultry and sticky as only summer nights in this section of Maryland can be. It was the kind of a night best spent over jangling glasses of lemonade or pop. Though I was aware of the heat, I was more aware of the blackness, broken only by distant lanterns securely suspended in the heavens by nothing at all.

We were driving — all too hurriedly — in the little green coupe, toward the Johns Hopkins campus. We turned into the drive and toward the hall, and I was conscious of the humming of the leaves on the trees that bent and swayed and seemed to paint the way with delighted fingers. As we left the car and walked along the path, my spirit was so wanton, so ethereal that it tugged and ached within me - wanting to be freed, to race ahead, to sway and bow with the trees, to leap up and dislodge a lantern, change it into a silvery clasp and fasten it in my hair. But I was compelled to be sedate - as sedate as I could be - to walk and act like a sensible young lady, and to bring to bear any of my graces and charms because that was expected of one who was young and a lady and who was going on her first date to a formal dance. So I quelled my spirit, endured the ache, and walked along the path like a human. I did not mind walking; it was just that it seemed so inexpressive of the night. I probably would have minded but for the one who walked beside

He was the most improbable of companions — improbable because he lived some three hundred miles away, because I had known him for so short a time and because he was so handsome and tall. The latter was the most important. But there he was, towering above me by a whole head — and me just escaping six feet.

I said earlier this was my first date. I should have said my first legitimate date for there had been the school proms. One didn't have to go — but I held a major office in my class and all officers of the school were invited to otherwise closed affairs. And so I had attended all such occasions with an escort — of the immediate family or a close relative. But

tonight was different. I was out with a young man almost as strange to me as he was to the family and I was going to a dance not given at or sponsored by the school. The proms had served as proving grounds and had taught me how to act. At this moment I was glad I had been under obligation.

As we approached the hall and mounted the steps, the blackness fused with the yellow of the indoors. I was not myself then, as I hadn't been all evening. The girl who lifted her taffeta skirt and felt the helping hand of her companion on her arm was beyond a doubt the most beautiful of creatures. Her eyes, the most striking of her features, though brown like mine, were ecstatic with happiness and expectation; and everyone around her caught their spirit and was gay.

I had to put aside this beautiful Otherself as we drew nearer the yellow light and became a part of the activity that prevailed under it. Young couples of all degrees of beauty and size were about us but none were so tall as we. I was conscious of the fact that we attracted attention, but said nothing. I rather smiled a cozy little smile and was proud.

We danced the entire evening together. Only once did he suggest that we change partners, and out of courtesy he danced with the hostess and I with her companion, my own brother. The rest of the time we were together I scarcely knew I breathed. I did not need to dream of gallant princes or handsome youths . . . I just closed my eyes for fear that what I had was not real.

We were in the center of the floor, having just completed a series of swirls that left my head spinning. As I stood there on vascillating legs which barely held my reeling body, he caught my face between his hands to steady me. Though outwardly he succeeded, he caused a counter reaction inside me. Far away somewhere I could hear the beating of drums. At the same time, everything seemed to drop away - away down below, out of sight - or maybe it was we who were rising. For the moment we were near nothing that exists, nothing except space and that was all around us - cooling, caressing, enveloping space. I was looking into his eyes, the eyes which I had purposely been evading all evening because I did not want to see unhappiness or boredom. But the eyes that I looked into were smiling as no other's eyes had ever smiled at me. Then, as the ground came back to meet us I heard him say, "I believe we're being very obvious. But I don't care, do you?" I shook my head and whispered, "No."

(Continued on Page 8)

I WANT TO KNOW WHY

The sky was bright
With a hellish light
While the world flamed with fire and flare.
It was a night as this, in the blinding glare,
That a child lay tossing and wondering there.

He lay on a white, impersonal bed, His fists clenched tight, while his bandaged head Throbbed as each bomb came crashing through — Perhaps as this child, you're wondering, too.

He opened his burning eyes and said, Lying there on that vast, white bed, "I want to know why My Daddy must die And planes must come crashing down?

I want to know why
Those men in the sky
Must kill and destroy our town?
I want to know,
If God is so,
Why all of these things must be?
Then he slumped and turned,
Those eyes searching and pleading with me.

My boy you're young and you're small now,
But your questions and doubtings aren't new.
They're the ones that we've been wondering how
And why and when about, too!
The answer lies in the spray of the sea,
And soars to the heavens above;
It's the answer to life,
For it makes men free —
It's their selfish love of Liberty.

Then he turned once more, With his eyes agleam, Speaking to me as though in a dream: "Liberty — that's what Dad said, That's what we're fighting for!"

WAR ORPHAN

Dear God, my Daddy's gone away, And Mummy cried a lot. But now, dear God, she's gone, too, And Dolly's all I've got. The lady in the white dress And the red cross on her hat Said I was not to worry Or think of Mum and Dad. But, God, I tried so awful hard, And, honest, it's no use; I found Mom's locket in the vard But the catch was sort of loose, And when I pulled it open I saw our family -A little picture fell out Of Mums and Dad and me. I 'member when we took it, Oh, we had lots of fun, With the candles on the cake lit -It almost weighed a ton. I guess that was the best party That we three ever had. And so I cried and cried, God, As I thought of Mums and Dad. Then I brushed away my thoughts and tears, And tried hard not to care, 'Cause next time there's a party I know they won't be there.

— E. R. M.

TO YOU, MY LOVE

(Dedicated to those who have someone dear, so far away.)

While stars in the heavens faintly beam, I think of you, my love,

I think of your precious face and of your love so dear,
I think of how you oft would say "I love you" — tenderly.
And now if God could hear this prayer, He'd send you back to me.

Those days once filled with youth and bliss
Would return again with your first gentle kiss.
And then my life with joy would sing
And both our hearts be filled with spring.
Can't you see, my dear, I love you so,
So much the whole wide world should know.
And if I could to your side I'd flee
Just to love you darling, and have you close to me.

— Jessie Murphy.

Escapades in English

(Continued from Page 4)

for many bad things. She almost broke her friendship with Uncle Pio, but before it was too late realized her deep devotion toward him, and her dependence upon him. Camila's thoughts were at last drifting away from herself to the people around her, toward her son, Don Juime, to Uncle Pio. After the sudden death of these two, she felt that she had nothing left, that her life had been a failure, but when she returned to the Abbess at the orphanage, she realized that she still had the memory of those two that had meant so much to her. Camila had at last found herself through the realization of this happiness in others.

- JEAN NELSON.

BARREN GROUND — by Ellen Glasgow A GIRL IN AN ORANGE-COLORED SHAWL

Pedlar's Mill was a thinly settled agriculture district in Virginia, into which modern farming methods had not penetrated.

Joshua Oakley was like all the other farmers of the district. Year after year he planted the same crops in the same fields, and year after year his profits grew smaller and smaller. He was a good man and a tireless laborer, but he could not, or rather would not, understand new farm methods; and so, like the rest of the Pedlar's Mill farms his was poorly, never amounting to much.

Dorinda, one of Joshua and Eudora Oakley's three children, was the type of person you would stop twice to look at and then wonder why you did. For in truth she was not beautiful, scarcely pretty. Her features were "too stern, too decisive." Perhaps it was the thick dark hair that was brushed into a wave, or the golden freckles that were sprinkled across her nose, or perhaps it was the rich dark color of her cheeks and lips. More than likely it was her deep large eyes that seemed so bright in so somber a face. Whatever it was, her appearance was one which you would not easily forget.

Dorinda was not like the average Pedlar's Mill citizen. She refused to allow herself to become burdened with the air of failure and futility that hung over the town. Dorinda had no use for the old-fashioned methods of the Pedlar's Mill farmers and sometimes lost patience with them, yes, even with ther own father, because they struggled so against all new farming ideas. Dorinda was efficient and business like, and, after the heartbreaking experience of her first love, she

was not prone to be emotional about anything or anyone. At times she even seemed a bit hard-hearted and bitter.

"A girl in an orange-colored shawl" — in such an insignificant way Dorinda Oakley is introduced. But by the time you have completed *Barren Ground* you will have come to think of her as a person whom, though you do not love, you understand.

- SHIRLEY ZIMMERMAN.

"Long Ago and Far Away"

(Continued from Page 6)

He had put into words what I sensed as we entered the room. My heart vaulted crazily not because we were aware of the same thing but because he didn't care. That meant a million things — the most wonderful of them all was that he rather enjoyed being obvious. I said nothing after that but the cozy smile surged into a delighted chuckle, uttered in complete contentment.

As is the case with dreams, the evening came to an end, but not abruptly or in a hazy, unsatisfying manner. After the usual bite to eat he saw me to the door, said goodnight and how fine a time he had had and was gone — swallowed up by the green coupe and the night.

I did not get into bed as quickly tonight as I did after the proms at school. I lingered before the mirror, looking at myself, not admiringly but mystically, wondering if it had all happened and how. When finally I did slip under the covers I did not go to sleep. I lay there, reliving the experiences that had been mine for the evening. Mother came in to see how I was and to express her displeasure at the hour of the morning it had become. Somehow I did not want to talk to her—to her or anyone else. Presently Mother left and I was free to take up the thread where I had dropped it.

Finally I could fight sleep no longer and the flesh overcame the spirit, as it is wont to do forever. The night with its starry, mystical beauty crept away on silken feet; but with its going I was not robbed of its fruits. I still had the memories — his eyes, his smile, those words he uttered — all these that would outline a thousand nights. So with a sigh of blissful contentment, I surrendered to my flesh and bid the night adieu.

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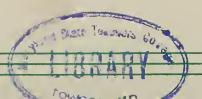






Cower Light

June • 1944





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June, 1944

Facts and Figures for Future Teachers

Last year 40 teachers out of every 100 (or 360,000 in all) received less than \$1200 per annum. Twenty-six States had teachers receiving less than \$600 annually. In addition to these low wages, our school teachers must contend with many personal indignities. Communities have ingenious methods for making the life of a teacher unpleasant. They have forbidden him to smoke, drink, swear, dance, live in a hotel, play pool, take part in politics, and so on, ad nauseam. The women teachers are equally penalized: don't wear rouge, don't marry, don't wear fingernail polish; these are but a few of the indignities.

The above facts were taken from an article in the June issue of the *Reader's Digest*. Such pertinent facts cannot be overlooked by us who will enter such a field. What are we going to do about it? What *can* we do about it?

"Do not ask if a man has been through college —
Ask if a college has been through him."

E VERY MAN AND WOMAN IS RICH IN THE POSsession of talent. Do you direct your thoughts and your studies toward a definite goal? It is one of the privileges of life to seek and develop these treasures, and to plan our daily work to the end that, when school days are over, we find we have made great strides toward our goals.

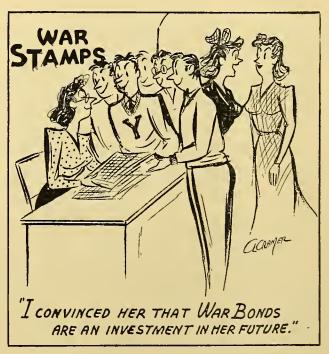
One thing is certain: there is always room at the top. Have courage to say, "I'll get there." Then set about getting there, whatever it costs, and you will. As the old saying goes, success is one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration. Then, if you meet reverses, just "pack up your troubles in your old kit bag" and begin again.

To be a good citizen you must do more than be successful yourself. You must accept responsibility for others and help those around you. Life is a field of honour and the citizens are knights on that field. The quitter, the slacker and the profiteer may get things, but they never taste the joys of the good citizen.

What are you going to do about it? The best way is to take the most Noble Person, the most Peerless Citizen you know, or have heard of and have courage to follow Him and do what He would do in your place. It may cost you much but you will win everything."

It is more important NOW than ever before that WE do our utmost for our country, our God, our fellowmen and ourselves.

— E. W. S.



Campus Chatter

F COURSE WE WORKED! YES, DESPITE SUNburn, wasps nests and poison ivy, a determined crew gave the glen a lick and a polish that it will not soon forget. But it wasn't all drudgery — many of our faculty members saw to that. Lolly-pops and candy were contributed by Mrs. Brouwer, ice cream by Miss Woodward, and "cokes" by Miss Roach and Dr. West. Who said that you can't combine work with pleasure?

FASHION NOTE: Pigtails, shorts and dungarees (plus those *chawming* gym suits) were worn by many of the ladies — and dungarees and a plaid shirt by the *man*.

SIDELIGHTS OF THE DAY: Dr. Crabtree's group, the "Lavatory Lils" and the Preakness, under the auspices of Mr. Moser.

JUNE, THE WEDDING MONTH, CAME EARLY this year! On May 23rd the strains of the Wedding March, Because, I Love You Truly, and a score of other love time favorites made us all wax sentimental and think of that particular "one" somewhere in the service. The entire program was lovely and was minutely complete, down to the blushing bride. (Lorraine Diffenbach would have made even a confirmed bachelor sit up and take notice.) Thanks certainly should be extended to Harry Zemel for the excellent direction of the group and to every member of the cast for their part in helping to make the program a real success!

THE HORSE WHO PULLS THAT CART WILL BE the King of the Barnyard! I don't think anyone in the College has missed that dream of a pastel creation that's residing back of the Ad building. And even if nature did decree that May Day was to be an indoor celebration, the girls had lots of fun painting the cart. Of course, many of them still bear some pink and lavender battle scars but they'll come out in the wash (Or will they, Mrs. Brouwer?)

WE'RE ON THE ROAD TO VICTORY! AND THE S.T.C. Alumni Association, the Community of Towson, friends of the College and our faculty and students are doing their best to keep us on that road.

The Bond Rally in the College auditorium on May 20th was an all-out effort to do our share in the "New 5th War Loan Drive." Those young men and women who spoke made us realize that there is a *War* going on, and also that the buying of War Bonds and Stamps is just another one of our American privileges of democracy — our share in the future — in Victory!

THE TREATS ARE STILL COMING! ONE AFTER-noon in Miss Brown's room, several Juniors were busily working, completely engrossed in learning the steps of a primary reading procedure. Who should enter the room but Miss Brown! She was so delighted with finding such conscientious students that she left the room and returned with ice cream popsicles for all! Yes. sirree, those Juniors think of reading now with a smile, for such delicious and unexpected ice cream doesn't follow every effort in acquiring knowledge. Thanks, Miss Brown.

ATELY, WE'VE HAD MANY OF OUR FORMER students in the service back, tramping and whistling through the hall of old S.T.C. Roy Cashman, a proud young private in the Infantry, spent several hours with his former classmates, the girls of Junior 3. It was good to have him with us again. Roy said that he wishes he were back in our classes now because the work seems so interesting.

And two of our latest graduates of the Class of '44 were back with us — Ensigns Ned Logan and Carlisle Refo. Many hearts began to palpitate when those good-looking officers visited their friends again. Ref set all the girls in his fourth grade practice class a-flutter when he walked in and surprised them. And what Junior was eavesdropping on the lecture that Ned gave his practice class on seamanship, signaling at sea and other interesting topics? We were glad to have them back and more than sorry to see them go. Ask the girls they left behind.

P. S. - Didn't Ned make a handsome May King?

S.T.C. Goes to U.S.O.

TOW YOUNG LADIES, DO LOOK YOUR PRETtiest — don't bury your heads in the music, glance at the words if you have to — don't even take the music unless you absolutely need it, and SMILE. . . . The stage is rather small and we won't be able to practice positions, so do the best you can — the Jeanie group sit on the first row."

With such final words of admonition, Mother Hen, of Glee Club fame, hustled her chicks (some chicks, too) off to the U. S. O. Arriving sooner or later, the expectant performers were surrounded by an atmosphere at once noisy, crowded, smoky and jivey. Why, even Dr. Hartley could have learned a few things from the jitterbugs who were practicing a bit of the "shoot me the chassie, lassie."

Well, to make matters brief, we sang and did ole S.T.C. honors, too. And our soloists, besides being decorative, also did a nice job of singing their best.

PROMOTIONS

WE ARE PROUD OF OUR MEN AND WOMEN in the service, and it is always with a great deal of joy that we announce promotions of these former S.T.C. students. It does our hearts good to see the following up-and-coming on the ladder:

From second to first lieutenant —
Leonard John Kulacki
Leroy Herbert Wheatley.
From first lieutenant to captain —
Ruben Albert Baer.
From captain to major —
Joshua Wheeler.

G. I. MAIL BOX

Pete Galley, ex. '45, writes aboard an Army transport: "We have been enjoying quite a wonderful voyage, with facts from many textbooks becoming alive and real before our very eyes — flying fish, whales, gorgeous skies, calm and rocky oceans . . . ".

It sounds heavenly, doesn't it? We're hoping that it won't be long before we can all enjoy the thrills of travel under peaceful conditions.

FROM THE MARINES:

Ruth Rosen is now stationed at Paris Island where there are some 15,000 men (imagine it!) with a recent arrival of 400 extras.

Gee whiz! Some people have all the luck, while we here at S.T.C. struggle along with one.

DEADLINE FLASH!

Who should pop in on us on the last day of school but Maynard Webster, graduate of '44. My but we were glad to see him. It was too bad that he just missed his old friends, Ned and Ref, but we welcome any of our boys at *any* time!

INVASION EVE

This is the hour, this is the night, the sea
Upon whose perilous and impartial tides
The shining shape and strength of destiny
With its own image in the dark collides;
This is the night, this is the silent hour,
When the world's burning hope grips hard the helm,
When blood and pain and appetite for power
Our courage at the last shall overwhelm.
This is the hour, this is the holy night,
When from the black throats of ten thousand ships
Will thunder such an avalanche of light
As shall disperse the spirit's long eclipse:
This is the night when Truth, by land, air, sea,
Shall storm the citadel of tyranny.

— Joseph Auslander.

CLUBS-

STUDENT CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

TOT DOGS! HOT DOGS! DON'T GET EXCITED. The fleet's not in. It's just the S. C. A. selling their wares on May Day, and from a very stylish booth, too. If that S. C. A. isn't the sellingest group I ever did see. First it's candy, ice cream, pretzels, and potato chips in the candy room — and now it's hot dogs.

NATURAL HISTORY GROUP

Can you imagine such people as Libby Rost and Annette Hermalin getting up at 6:30 A. M.? Well, they did! The Natural History Group had breakfast in the glen one Friday morning. So it was food that got them up. And talk about fun! There were twenty-three early birds — frying bacon and eggs, sipping hot cocoa, reaching for the last doughnut and feeling just too, too chipper. Of course, there were a few droopy eyes, but after all! The breakfast was such a success that the Natural History Group plans to have many more. This summer will be seventh heaven if we have breakfasts under the trees and out among the birds. All are invited to join us so be looking for the next outdoor breakfast and roll those lazy bones out of bed and come along.

RURAL CLUB

The Natural History Group might furnish the breakfast, but the Rural Club supplies the supper! This writer can remember 'way back when she couldn't decide whether to join the N. H. G. or the Rural Club, but now she's glad she joined both! The Rural Club had supper in the glen on May 21st — and was it a supper! — hot dogs, baked beans, tomatoes, fruit and cookies, and iced tea. Taking advantage of the occasion we held election of officers, electing Lillian Carlisle and Virginia Hurry as president and vice-president, respectively. Just as we were getting ready to leave we were forced into the shelter by a heavy downpour of rain. But we definitely did *not* care. We were glad for the excuse to stay and enjoy the congenial company.

* *

At the last assembly of the semester, the club presidents unfurled their banners by letting us in on what they've been doing and what they're planning to do (just in case you don't read this column). The clubs represented were the Natural History Group, Student Christian Association, Glee Club and the Athletic Association. These organizations have certainly been active during the past months. But what happened to the other clubs? How about it I. R. C. and A. C. E.?

Poetic Patter

ODE TO SUMMER

Sweet summer! the season of rapture and joy, Of radiant fiery sun, And mischievous barefoot boy. Such calm blue skies for painter's skill, And in the air and all about A penetrant exhilarance the heart to thrill. From field and meadow comes the drone of bee, A cricket choir sings a lulling tune, As the sad frog's croak drifts o'er the lea. Ah, season of bounteous, fruitful fields, Her swaying corn, her blue-green grass, A promise of her harvest yields. This is the time for days, golden-fair, For storms, laden with coolness To sweeten the air. The delight of the honeysuckle cleansing the air, The scent of mown grass and clover so sweet Lighten our burden and chase all dull care. All nature is celebrant, gay is her mood, Her dear world is beautiful, fresh and alive -She delights in the cool and the green of the wood. "Why can't she tarry for longer?" we say, "Oh, why must she go, When we want her to stay?" - JOANNE MILLER.

AN OFFER TO CHILDHOOD

Yesterday a thistle seed Came sliding down the breeze. It floated down across the roof And barely missed the trees. It rested neatly on a bush A bit above my head, And when we were quite alone I listened as it said: "Come on along, come on along, Oh, sail away with me, Across the yard, across the field, And try to find the sea. "We'll know it by the yellow sand With breakers rolling in, We'll see the children playing there, But we'll just whirl and spin. "Until we've left them far behind. Where octopuses hide, We'll find a ship to China, An dthen we'll hitch a ride."

FOOTSTEPS

Walking, walking, gently walking, Padded footsteps on the stair, Softly coming, step by step. When I look, no one is there. In the hall the footsteps linger; I hear a sigh as soft as air. Once again I glance to find There is no one standing there. Silence, silenc, all is silence, Not a sound or stirring here. Then the footsteps walking, walking, Coming closer, coming near. Coming closer, stalking, stalking -How my anguished eyes do peer. There is nothing meets my sight. Can the footsteps that I hear Be my heartbeats in the night, Thudding blood into my ears? Or a fancy of my mind? Surely I have naught to fear; Then the sound of footsteps, lurking, Steal into my darkened room; I'm breathless with my own heart's jerking, By my bed two shadows loom Bringing, deathlike in the silence, The presence of impending doom. My quivering body now is tense, Screams tear at my troubled throat, The murky shadows seem immense. Then a voice breaks through the stillness, Crashing down upon my ears, Bringing light into the dimness: "It's Mother. Are you sleeping, dear?"

- E. R. M.

Rhyming scheme from William Wordsworth's "My Heart Leaps Up".

When, from this world of war and strife, A place of peace I seek, A silent chapel then I find In which to rest my weary mind. And there, away from teeming life, A pray'r to speak:

Dear Lord, bring love to all mankind. These solemn words from my heart roll, And then a peace pervades my soul.

- Olga Solomon.

Glen Day Memorial

INSPIRATION FROM TRANSPIRATION OF PERSPIRATION — OR —

WHEN WILL WE YEN FOR THE GLEN AGAIN?

THE ACE OF THE RACE - MOSER

Jack and Jill raced up the hill,
But this is a '44 version;
Round about the crowd did mill
To watch the gay excursion.
They started off with speed and grace
But Woe! the hillside dipped.
Jill tripped on to win the race
While Jack, alas, just tripped.

SHORT STORY — HARTLEY

Curly Bill
In shorts of twill,
Romped over hill and glade
With utmost skill
(And a vitamin pill?)
The gay blade he portrayed.

FROM EASE TO TREES

East is east and west is west, And I know which can work the best. He worketh hard and scorneth ease, While chopping down and planting trees.

k *

After Glen Day was over
Here's how I found Sophomore 5 —
Sprawled out on S.T.C.'s clover,
Trying to look half alive.

Miller looked hot and bothered, In fact, she looked all in. Pauline was grinning sheepishly With a gauze-covered knee and shin. Babs was scratching, she didn't know which — Poison oak or flea? While Gutman crawled in a corner To mother her housemaid's knee. I found no trace of Collison, She must have ben out of our world. Morris mourned a lost fingernail, And the fact that her hair had uncurled. Now don't get the wrong impression — We're not complaining at all; But by taking a summer re-session, We'll be able to crawl back next fall.

SONG OF A BUSTED MUSCLE

Oh, shredded muscle in my arm I hadn't meant to do thee harm; I only meant to do my part, But now I'm on Doc Bulkley's chart.

And little case of poison oak, Which now in epsom salts I soak, Because thou hidd'st in flower patch, My life is one of itch and scratch.

LAMENTS

Vine-covered bench down in the glen, I'll not seek rest on thee again; For when I sat — 'twas on a thorn, And I am left to *stand* and mourn.

Oh, aching, calloused, blistered feet, To walk on thee was such a treat; No more the hops, the skips, and jumps, For thou art now but bloody stumps.

Happy, merry little stream, By thy banks I'll no more dream; Last time I did, I slipped and fell, Now my slack suit looks — a mess.

CHILDREN'S CORNER OF VERSE

SHOES

My mother's shoes Are made for use, They fasten with a tie.

My sister Jean Is seventeen, And, oh, her heels are high.

But "Stinky Joe", A boy I know, He wears a metal cleat —

Who wouldn't choose
To wear his shoes,
And clank along the street?

— M. P. WADDEY.

Strictly Geminine

New News!

ONGRATULATIONS, MARY! THAT NEW COIFfure is a humdinger, and we all like it.

That weinie roast was "plenty hot", Freshman 4. Why don't we do it more often?

Ask Joanne the latest from England.

What's this we hear about Sue and Jay. Tell us more,

What's happened to the bridge games in the smoker? Don't worry, those parties will return this summer.

"Love thy neighbor" is the policy of Burkleigh Square. Get what we mean? No? Well ask Larry.

It's "Wings Away" in the dorm again, for Shirley this time.

Cupid's here again

Marriages are made in heaven, but engagements are made at S.T.C. Two to add to its collection are:

Alice Sylvester to Second Cook and Baker "Bill" Wallace, U.S.M.M.

"Webby" Sansbury to Gerry Griffith, S. K. 3/c, U.S.N.

We Five

We came from far, we came from near, But beyond a doubt, we all are here. There's Gerry, thrillingly blonde and fair, And for dates how she does care. Work and play all through the day Make Gerry Benson happy and gay. Now comes Virginia, ah, so small, She hears a voice from Fort Dix call. Always happy and always sweet -To know Ginny is a real treat. Eileen Lynch you all know -She's the gal with the Navy beau. To write and draw is her desire -And someday kiddies she'll inspire. Then there's the girl with a voice so clear, A lovely smile and loads of cheer. La Verna Werner is her name, And science is her favorite "game". Rita Friedman, the New Jersey gal, Is loads of fun and a real swell pal. With black curly hair and all the beaus she can net, Her sense of humor still stays her main asset. Now you've met us all, there is no more -We're all the members of Sophomore Four.

- R. F.

From Senior Four—

Dr. Hartley is so-o-o- sweet to our Judy. He even made a loan of his precious chair to her. You see, Judy's main ambitions of life are to own such a chair and — add Buswell to her name.

Talking about Dr. Hartley, what happens when the lights go out? My, but we enjoy those movies.

Alice Lee is being kept busy these days by an ardent admirer from New York. She always did like roses.

Dorothy is still spending a great deal of her time taking baths.

Irma's "right one" hasn't come along yet. She doesn't go for the silly type. (Good sense, Irm.)

We all know that Louise's favorite subjects are John and history or is it history and John?

It's not fair the way Millman keeps us in the dark about her love life!

Recently one young lady in this section received a Mother's Day card from New Mexico. Is our section going to have a mascot?

Keefe said "No gossip today," but where did she learn that new dance step over a certain week-end?

Rumor has it that Norma's going to buy a horse and wagon and peddle her vegetables. "There's profit in it" she says, and from the looks of her garden this year, we believe it.

Tricks of these Six—Soph. 5

Did you notice Miller the week she had her hair curled? Yes, you guessed it — a man home on furlough.

Naughty Collison (of the Naughty Marietta fame) has had her head run through a lawn mower. Just kidding, Betty. That baby bob is cute.

Have you been noticing Pauline Razgartis' scrumptious and varied selection of blouses? That's a super one, Paul!

And did you know that Doris Gutmann is writing to an English Viscount? Forgive Lady Gutmann if she expostulates with "E's a blawsted limey."

Have you heard that B. Whitehurst is, among other things, editor of a newsletter to servicemen from the Walbrook M. E. Church? Nice publication, Babs. . . Keep 'em typing!

Speaking of service men — if you see Morris dashing through the halls or perched on a waste basket writing letters, don't disturb her. (She swears that she knew all *thirty-two* of them before they went into the service — and she's got pictures to prove it.)

The Parable of the Grade Teacher

We found this "gem" floating around among the campus school teachers' files. It soon began circulating among the members of our own faculty and, by a process of, shall we say, or could we say, osmosis, it has reached some of the student body. Those of us who read it were delighted with it. "How typical" was the remark of those who have been out student-teaching. Even those who have not experienced such a situation enjoyed it. Why, then, should not the whole student body enjoy it? Well, why not?

T CAME TO PASS IN THOSE DAYS, IN THE DAYS of the Great War upon the Hitlerites, that the school teacher said unto herself, "Behold, this is Tuesday, which, being interrupted, is War Stamp Day."

And she took her seat at her desk and laid thereon her War Stamp Record Book, which was provided by the principal, and then she saith unto her students, which were of tender years, "Lo, it is War Stamp Day, and those students who, peradventure, have brought no money for War Stamps may go to their seats forthwith. Neither will I take any milk money, nor any lunch money, nor any picture money. Nay, I will not take any Junior Red Cross money, nor any cans of peas for the hospital, until all the War Stamp money be counted and delivered unto the principal."

Therefore did she set out the ice cream box with the slit in the top to hold the moneys, and the students did crowd about her with many pennies and nickels which they set about steadfastly to drop under the desk, and the teacher set down duly in her book what each student had brought.

But it happened that some of the students who had no War Stamp money, but had milk money, did not go straightway to their desks, but lingered to see the counting of the War Stamps. And suddenly the teacher did find upon her desk a penny, and when she found that she did not make balance with the rest, she inquired in a loud voice, "Whose penny is this?" And a student saith in a small voice, "It is my milk money."

Then the teacher lifted up her voice and cried, "Did I not tell the milk children to take their seats? Or did I? Verily, you will get me all mixed up in my figures." And by reason of her violence, the milk children departed to their seats, there to take up arguments about a long green pencil and a short yellow one without any eraser, and the teacher cried out after them, "Hush, hush. Of what value is a pencil on War Stamp Day? It is meet that we attend to War Stamps only."

Then the door did open and the hot lunch messenger from above did enter. So therefore the teacher had to rescind her order and call in a humble voice of the children who wanted lunch tickets. And lo, some of the War Stamp children joined with them and also bought hot lunches. But they were too young to know of a surety whether their penny should go to the messenger, or to the lady in the cafeteria, or, indeed, to their teacher. And there was much argument among them.

Now when the hot lunches had departed, the teacher finished with the War Stamps and did call to the children to gather about her with milk pennies. And each child put down a penny. And lo, a certain child said he had already paid for his milk, but the teacher believed him not, because she had set down a zero against his name, and likewise because he first said he gave her a penny and then a nickel, and last that he gave a dime. And she still believed him not, because last year she had his brother, who likewise did make false witness about money.

But, nevertheless, the teacher, being weak, did pay for his milk because he was thin-faced, and the door opened and a big brother did come with 95 cents for a picture child (for they all had had their pictures taken in that school). But not precisely 95 cents was in the envelope, because it was a two-dollar bill, and the wise mother had written thereon, "The change of this is for milk." Moreover, the big brother wished 95 cents back again for his own picture, neither did he want a dollar bill, because he wished a nickel for his own uppergrade milk.

Then the teacher did verily spill the beans, for she took out her own pocket-book and made change, and then she was utterly lost, because the War Stamp money came out a dollar too much, notwithstanding the picture money was all under the blotter, and the War Stamp money had not moved out of the box. And the teacher marvelled and said, "Behold, maybe I am Kellar and know it not."

Then the children who paid a penny for milk departed to their seats; as they departed the teacher counted them, and lo, the sum of them was the same as the milk money! And the teacher lifted up her eyes unto the heavens and (Continued on Page 8)

Parable, Grade Teacher — (Continued)

was glad, and was about to render thanks when a boy came in and said, "Hath anyone lost a mitten?"

And the teacher cried unto him, "Get thee out of here, for thou knowest that thou shouldest take mittens to the office, neither tap on doors which are busy with War Stamps." (For she knew him and all his works, and what manner of boy he was.) And therefore she proceeded further to chastise him: "Thou dost not desire in thy heart to restore mittens to their rightful owners, but only to take a pleasant trip around this, our school, and get out of doing thy Number Work and thy Spelling words."

And the boy responded not a word, but as he departed with the mittens, he met boys coming in with 27 bottles of milk. Verily I say unto you, they met in the doorway, the one coming and the one going. And at the other door appeareth a big girl with nine cents for the Junior Red Cross. So therefore the teacher took out her Junior Red Cross Book, and set down the nine cents therein, and then lifted off her desk a great many cans of corn for the hospital, and a bag of potatoes, and summer squash, so that she could see through the midst of them. And she did smile through the aperture she had thus made, and did say, "Lo, the moneys are now counted and we will say our morning prayer."

Therefore they did all join lustily with the teacher and said the prayers, even unto the Minute Prayer for the Armed Forces, as set forth by the governor, and then it was time to pass out the milk, for indeed the hour was late, and there were children who liked milk set on the radiator to warm.

And behold, as the children drank, a boy said: "You have not heard my reading class read!" And he spake the truth, for the teacher had not heard any classes at all. And another said (albeit she first held up her hand), "Behold, I have lost my lunch ticket."

And the teacher said (albeit not aloud), "Behold I have lost my mind." But to the child she said (and she did not even look in the direction at all), "Verily thou shalt find thy ticket under the desk," — for that was the place it always was at that hour. And she did not say a word about the old saying of the prophets, "Verily, if your head were not screwed on tight, you would lose that." For the child was not to blame for the war.

And lo, as the reading class of busy bees did assemble, the bell rang for recess, and the teacher was glad and she cried with a loud voice, "Do not run! Neither push, nor strike any of our little friends, but get you forthwith into your skipants, even unto the zippers down the legs, and get into line. And moreover do not get into any trouble on the playground, for verily I am going to lie down in the teacher's room, for

next week we shall have also Santa Claus buttons to prevent tuberculosis among you, and also Christmas Seals, for which you shall bring your moneys. And hearken again unto me, ye children, after thy teacher has finished typing at the Ration Board after school, she is thinking of going to work for Pratt and Whitney, for it is said that there is an hireling there to sell milk and War Stamps and hot lunches and count all the moneys, who doeth no teaching at all, of any kind in his spare time."

— by Gertrude C. Warner. (Written by a teacher in Milwaukee.)

In Conclusion

This, the staff felt that it would like to leave its readers with some helpful gem which could be tucked away and forgotten or put into active use, just as you choose. After doing a great deal of thinking on the matter, we agreed to be of assistance to the dorm girls. And what could be more appropriate than the following cartoon? It not only serves to boost our sales of bonds and stamps (a line along which we are excelling in our salesmanship) but also may be used as a warning to those parasites of the dorm who swoop down upon some poor, helpless and trusting soul with a rich and varied wardrobe and completely deplete her of her bests. It might help — who knows? Why not try it and see!



THE TOWER LIGHT

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ACCELERATION



Class Song

Teachers College, we'll remember,
Though we are far apart,
Our days with thee will mem'ries be
Thy tower our guiding star.
Our colors, royal blue and tan,
We'll lead to victory.
May we, the Class of '45,
Ever live with thee.

Original music,
John Hackman.

Impressions

Intense blue sky and snowy clouds

Ivy casting filagree shadows on the window sills

Doors that lead to the familiar musty smell of books

Trees whispering softly, sharing secrets with the wind

Velvet buds bursting with life

Rooms that have sheltered ideas and people — great and small

Branches yielding their autumn colors to cover the clean brown grass

Crunch of snow and clear crisp shadows on winter days The friendly striking of the clock

A smile, a whisp of laughter, and a deep resonant voice.

From Our Class President

Y ESTERDAY IS COMPLETED, TODAY IS UPON us and tomorrow lies ahead. Man builds his life about this single word — tomorrow. It is the fountain of our youth, the lodestone of the eternal, the hope of the generations yet unborn. The future must be built regardless of the obstacles. To accomplish this task we must know how to build, we must have the right tools with which to build, and we must plan a firm foundation for those who will follow.

Progress must accompany this building. In many respects, we have been living in a progressing world. Our College is progressing — originally a small training school, now an accredited college. We have been a small part of their progression. We as students have seen a great progression in our own selves — from eager-eyed freshmen to glorious, accomplished seniors. During this time, obstacles have been met, but progress has been achieved. As we go on to face tomorrow, may we each realize that we are still a part of the progress of our school, our city, our state, and our nation. May we feel a determination to keep progressing in every way that will help us to successfully build tomorrow.

ALICE M. ZIEFLE.

These things we have loved . .

Long chats with Dr. Lynch
The mellow tones of Mr. Millar's voice
The informality of the art rooms
The Glee Club a capella
Picnics in the glen — blue curls of smoke
Children's faces looking up
Miss Woodward's good sense of humor
Conversations in the library
T. L. issues and Dr. Tansil's News-Letters
And all the intangibles that make S.T.C. OUR College!

THE STAFF OF "ACCELERATION"

SENIOR ISSUE OF THE TOWER LIGHT Make-Up - - Katherine Millman, Louise Davis, Norma Bretall Write-Ups -Rose Silverberg Pictures - -VERA SCHUNKE Dedication - - EDITH WEAVER, SHIRLEY ADAMS Class History - - Louise Davis DOROTHY COX, VERA SCHUNKE Illustrations -Emma Gerwig, Cecelia Hoffman, M. Flower Dr. William H. Hartley Photography --D. Mayers, M. Flower, Alice Ziefle Typing -Patrons - - IRMA DI MARCANTONIO Advertisements - - "GINNY" ROST Business Manager - - ALICE ZIEFLE Faculty Advisor - -DR. E. CURT WALTHER Advisor, Senior Class - Dr. M. THERESA WIEDEFELD Editor - -NORMA BRETALL

* * * ROLL OF HONOR * * *

DICK PULSE

JOHN HACKMAN

PETE GALLEY

BURT LOCK

ROLAND FOWLER

NARCIS HUTTON



THESE ARE THOSE OF OUR FELLOW-students who have entered into a full experience in which they cannot fail to find self-satisfaction and growth, whether or not mere personal happiness is involved. Believing as we do, that in complete identification of self with some cause, which in its compass is greater than mere self, can true satisfaction be found, we are glad to applaud these boys who have submerged their desires and personal plans in a mighty effort for an objective of eternal abiding value— Freedom. Believing that in this world dominated by self-seeking, the only salvation lies in self-sacrifice— believing that these in their unselfish efforts are representative of the millions of those who are losing their lives in this fight for freedom—

TO THEM WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK

Resolution For W. Roland Fowler

- WHERE 18, W. ROLAND FOWLER, during his enrollment in this College attained an exceedingly high standard of scholarship,
- WHERE.1S, his achievements in scholarship were the result of such sincere endeavor, clear-mindedness, acuity of thought and earnest mental attitudes, as this College holds to be highly desirable for its students, be it
- RESOLVED: That as a student body we shall endeavor to incorporate the ideals of sound scholarship which W. ROLAND FOWLER held, into our own philosophy of learning; and be it further
- RESOLVED: That this resolution become a part of the permanent records of the Student Government Association of the State Teachers College at Towson.

(Signed) The Student Government Association of the State Teachers College at Towson.

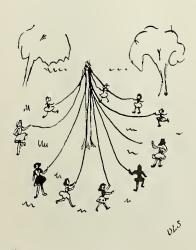


W. ROLAND FOWLER

It would have been amoozin . . .







SEPTEMBER, 1941! WITH MEMORIES OF HIGH SCHOOL DAYS AND vacation days leisurely spent, we of '45 wended our way to S. T. C. — "stately rising on the hilltop." With clean new schedules of never-to-be-forgotten Health, English, Zoology, and Music in one hand and shining notebooks in the other we rather timidly found our way to the assigned rooms. College life had begun!

The first week was crammed with activity — meeting teachers, discussing the Book Shop's potentialities, recognizing big sisters, exploring the glen, comparing notes, searching the library, and inevitably joining the Glee Club. By Friday, September 19th, we had carved comfortable niches for ourselves, and felt that we had always known the friendliness of S. T. C. Besides, we had seven men of whom to be proud.

On Thursday of that week we joined our colleagues in a gay, country barn dance at our own Freshman Frolic. Not to be forgotten was the Student Council Fire, where we were properly awed and duly respectful. From that first week, too, we shall always remember the candlelight as we took the oath in the "Lighting of the Way" ceremonies, the singing of Alma Mater on the front steps with the old tower light gleaming brightly for our future.

Weeks sped by and fast friendships were being formed. Under Mr. Lembach's leadership we sailed right into Freshman Mother's Week-end. How we held our breath as each mother sat down by one of the beautiful decorated tables with a faculty member. Fate was in balance,

Winter was in the air, and undercurrents of Christmas were heard. November was over, and we were deep in subject matter — the eternal Freshman themes, the excitement of Dr. Lynch's course, and the unmentionable — ancient history.

Then came December 7, 1941. Remember the quietness and hushed tones the day we sat in the auditorium and listened?

The Tower Light went out. Christmas preparations went ahead but with new meaning. It was in this spirit that our College held the first Community Sing. With memories of the festal songs in their ears, our men began to drift away to far horizons.

Winter held dark days, but we smothered thoughts with preparation for defense and courses in first aid. Blue and tan became our colors and at our first Demonstration Night we did them proud with a mock air raid and vigorous dances.

Then came the news that Mr. Lembach must leave. Farewells were said with regrets, as '45 saw one of its first friends leave. Election and '45 added versatile, dynamic Mr. Millar to its history. Our own Freshman Dance brought our first year's activities to a close. June and examinations — the first year was over — we had been a success.

Sophomore days began under new circumstances. Some decided upon the accelerated program and others decided to hold to tradition. The old Freshman Class was divided but its standards did not fall. Our first summer school days were pleasant. We loved the informality — picnics in the glen, 8:30 classes, lectures under the trees, and fans in the library. That summer we abolished our plans for an elaborate yearbook. Late August found us closing summer school with a decidedly "watery" watermelon party.

Fall of 1942 brought our class back to College, but not together. Friendships were renewed and new faces had to be learned. Our first class celebration came in October at a Hallowe'en party in the glen.

New subjects, new teachers, new interests filled our program. With eager anticipation we awaited Physical Fitness Day. The day came, and we proudly paraded the spaciousness of the long-hoped-for gymnasium. With a "farmer float" and a new class song, we supported old blue and tan.

THE TOWER LIGHT

War time aroused a special interest in the Community Drive that year, not to mention the War Loan Drives. '45 had a meeting, and the sale of "sticky apples" was decidedly tremendous. The clean-up program found us truly appreciating the importance of our janitors. The blood donor campaign had our wholehearted support, and we laugh as we remember the stories that went around about being drained dry.

1943 was well upon us when Pete Galley retired as president of the class. The first January graduation took place, and we became funiors. In a few weeks the last of our "seven" left for the armed services. S. T. C. was manless; the spirit of College life changed but it did not disappear by any means.

War time had changed the pattern of our College life. Spring found us well organized in groups, cleaning the glen. Despite wartime restrictions our funior-Sophomore Dance was a big event in our lives. Work was resumed until another June, a brief vacation and summer session the second.

The summer of '43 found us lacking in number, but not in spirit. We needed that strength, too - remember how our schedules read "Education, Education," ad infinitum?

Came the day in July when our class realized how near the war was -Roland Fowler, Killed — August 7, 1943.

A serious glance, a thoughtful mood and we turned again to study with renewed effort.

Another September came over the hill. Some of us returned to begin the final year. Others heeded calls from elsewhere. The most talked of news was our own Junior teachers. Seventeen of our number braved a year in the field instead of College classes. Old '45 was mighty proud of these.

Another summons was answered that September — student teaching! Only a few of us remained to hold '45's banner aloft. We changed guards in November and again in February so that College classes were not entirely devoid of '45. Schedules were jammed and so were the street cars. Remember how we cleaned out Miss Holt's picture files, carried half of Pratt to practice centers, and staggered home under lesson plans? Theory and method joined practice.

Sad news again — Mr. Millar was to leave. Once more our class leadership changed, and we bid goodbye to a sincere friend and interesting personality. Dr. Wiedefeld added to her many burdens, that of adviser of our class. Junior days found us welcoming back our service men, home for brief furloughs. Then that first military dance. How gay that affair - trim uniforms, soft gowns, and Christmas decorations!

Days flew by and in February we accepted with pride and affection that allimportant, long-awaited title — Senior.

Spring brought May Day! Never was there a lovelier queen, Ginny Rost, Our king was strictly in keeping with the times - Ned Logan in gleaming ensign's whites. Ours was the first May Day to be held inside for many a year, but the beauty of the ceremony was not spoiled. To add to the unusualness of the day and still in keeping with the times, a carnival of booths held that afternoon helped to swell the funds for our Victory Pool.

Summer approached and brought our class together for the first time in a year. Our goal was in sight, fune, 1944, found us on the home stretch. Days found us busy with modern novels, field trips, and problems in research. Life was made interesting by our final spree, the Senior Dance, which proved to be a "swimming success" with the underclassmen and service men.

Summer brilliance faded to September the first! We followed the traditional ceremonies, well at least part of our class graduated. The rest were to follow in November and February.

We had succeeded cramming four years into three without any regrets. With hearts high and memories that are enduring, we gave a final glance at thy Tower, S. T. C., and walked out to meet the future.







if it wasn't so confoosin!

SUMMER · 1944

ADAMS, SHIRLEY — "Adams"

Charming voice . . . graceful . . .

"Isn't she adorable?" . . . A born teacher . . . connoisseur of foods.

BEATTY, DOROTHY — "Beatty"

'45's organist . . . Determination plus
. . . Always on the go . . . "Amagine!"

BRETALL, NORMA — "Bretall"

Tower Light headache bearer . . .

Kappa Delta Pi . . . Change in hairdo every day . . . Versatile.

BROOKING, VIRGINIA—"Ginny"

Long hair . . . "Nothing like the first grade" . . . Involved love affair . . . "Had the best time."

BROWN, EVA — "Eva"

Quiet . . . Informal . . . Thorough student . . . Westminster lass . . . Flair for science . . . Ardent Life reader.

CARROLL, BETTY — "Betty"

Kappa Delta Pi . . . Of the Senior teacher clan . . . Ardent sports fan . . . Interest in the Navy (British and American).



COLLECTOR, NAECARMA —

"Nicky"
Vivacious . . . Witty (half) . . . Always has an answer . . . Decided intellect (on subject of Fritz).

COX, DOROTHY — "Dotty"

Always rushing . . . Pastime: taking baths . . . Conscientious . . . Artist . . . Generous.

CRAGG, KATHERINE — "Kitty"

Poise and personality . . . My Bill . . .

Our Co-May Queen . . . Flair for fun
. . . Devilish eyes.

DAVIS, LOUISE — "Davis"

John . . . Varied interests in everything . . . Sense of humor.

Dimarcantonio, Irma — "Irm"
Friendly . . . Always does a job well
. . . A sure success in teaching . . .
Musical magic.

DRYDEN, MARGARET — "Marg"
Sweet, shy, companionable . . . Smile
warms everyone (especially the Navy)
. . . Assembly Committee worker.

DUNN, BETTY — "Dunn"

45's "Bette Davis" . . . Tennis at 6

A. M. . . . Funny songs . . . Fifth
grade dramatic production — "Snow
Treasure."

FLOWER, MARJORIE — "Judy"
"Czar" of the dorm . . . A swell pal
. . . super sense of humor . . .
Carefree . . . Saltines in the bed.

GERWIG, EMMA — "Elmer"

Active Marshall . . . Secretary of Junior Class . . . Loved seventh grade teaching . . . Good athlete . . . Determined.

GLASS, DORA ALICE — "Doralice"

Pretty brown eyes . . . It is Ray or Reynolds? . . . A Weyforth lark . . . Senior teacher.

GREASON, JULIA — "Greason"

Athletic . . . Musical . . . Wedding bells soon . . . "The very next time Jimmy's in." Senior teacher.

HOFFMAN, CECELIA — "Cel"

Kappa Delta Pi . . . Lovely black hair
. . . Loves a good time . . . Excellent student.



JACKSON, ELIZABETH — "Betty"

A Mrs. soon . . . Gifts from Charles
. . . Pennsylvania license plates.

JONES, ALICE LEE — "Jonesey"

Carefree . . . Interest in New York

. . . Roses on May Day . . . Loves to
dance . . . Southern drawl.

JONES, MARY — "Jonesey"

Very cheerful . . . sport fan . . . sympathetic to all our troubles . . . the last of the Jones sisters to graduate.

KARAS, EVELYN — "Εν"

Great deal of artistic ability . . . main ambition is to own a platinum diamond.

KOONTZ, CHARLOTTE — "Koontz" Envied for her mail . . . Mother of Senior teachers . . . "My second graders were just darling."

KROTEE, JOSEPHINE — "Krotee"

Kappa Delta Pi . . . Treasurer of S.
G. A. . . . Senior teacher . . . Nearly
6 feet of quiet charm . . . Yearns to be
an "Arkansas Traveler."

LAMPLE, DORIS — "Lample"

"Now don't laugh at me" . . . Second graders love her sparkle . . . "Did you study?" Which of the three is it, Doris?

MAYERS, DOROTHY — "Dottie"

Want to learn the latest? "See me"
... Specializes on the keys ... See
Miss Weyforth for references ...
Bright, black eyes ... Resident of
Bookshop and T. L.

McKEE, JANE — "Mickee"

"Little one" . . . Sweet singing voice . . . Unusual caricature . . . Ambition to tip scales at 100 pounds.

MILLMAN, KATHERINE — "Kathy"

May Day Chairman (and nearly went crazy) . . . Poise plus . . . Swell sense of humor . . . "How about a game of bridge?"

MULLENDORE, BETTY -

"Mullendore"
Prize possession: Edwin . . . May
Court belle in yellow . . . Dimples
. . . Quiet . . . Second grade Senior
teacher.

MUNDER, EVELYN — "Ev"

Personality plus . . . May Court . . .

yellow convertible . . . called "Duchess" by the "one and only".



O'KEEFE, EDNA MAY — "Keefie" Agrees with everyone . . . Unexpected laugh . . . Let's have another report on Ireland . . . Classroom quips.

PEARL, EVELYN — "Ev"

Quiet but mischievous . . . lovely complexion . . . violinist . . . Junior and Senior teacher . . . love to all the shining faces and spring houquets.

ROST, MARY VIRGINIA — "Rost"
Our May Queen . . . Lovely blonde locks . . . Hearty laugh . . . Senior teacher . . . Constantly refers to "Webster".

RUPPERTSBURGER, MARQUERITE
—"Marg"

"Lieutenant's Lady" . . . "Guess what
Henry sent me" . . . A whiz in Math

. . . Funny giggle.

SCHUNKE, VERA — "Schunk"
Red hair . . . Artistic . . . Kappa Delta
Pi . . . Swell sense of humor.

SCHUTZ, ELEANOR — "Schutz"

President of Freshman Class... Secretary of S. G. A.... Six feet of fun
... May Court ... Senior teacher clan... Heart at J. H. U.

SHELLEY, CLARA MAE — "Shelley"
Curly red hair . . . Devilish grin . . .
"My first graders" . . . Lets you know her opinions.

SHEPLEY, MARY — "Shepley"

Determined . . . Advocate of Campus
School . . . Thorough . . . Giggles
constantly.

SILVERBERG, ROSE — "Roe"

The latest gossip . . . "See you after gym" . . . "Checks and accounts please balance" (treasurer of Senior Class) . . . Friendly plus.

TANTARRI, SALLY — "Sally"

Sweet blonde . . . Member of the Diamond Clan . . . Another of Senior teachers . . . Quiet and industrious.

TRAVERS, DOROTHY — "Sue"

Sue with a Capital "Sweet" . . .

Lovely hair . . . Always giggling . . .

Alphabet with 26 "J's" in it . . . Third grade teacher.



VOGEL, DOROTHY — "Vogel"

Krotee's shadow . . . Senior teacher
. . . Ear-ring enthusiast . . . Softspoken.

WEAVER, EDITH — "Weaver"

Grand, gracious . . . Generalizations
galore . . . Genius in "journalism"
. . . Genuine go getter.

WEST, SHERRY — "Sherry"

Strawberry blonde, with stunning styles . . . Who are the latest flames? . . . Blimey!

WINEMILLER, JEANNETTE
—"Winemiller"
Unbiased — Army or Navy...Generous friend ... Loved fourth grade at Chase.

ZIEFLE, ALICE — "Ziefle"

Patient, tireless, Senior president . . .

Unruffled calm . . . Ready smile . . .

Favorite with classmates . . . Kappa Delta Pi.

These girls are also included in our class:

AMOSS, PAT: BLACKISTON, ALICE; DALTON,
ROSE; FOCAS, JULIA; HACKERMAN, SHIRLEY;
HOWARD, HELEN; SACHS, SHIRLEY; STEPHAN, JUNE.

Happy Hunting Grounds A TELESCOPIC VIEW OF THE FUTURE

W ITH B.S. DEGREES IN OUR HANDS, OR WELL within reach, with student life at S. T. C. behind us, or almost, we cast an expectant eye toward the future of our Alma Mater to see what changes time has wrought a few years hence.

'Tis the same beautiful campus that meets the eye, but with more activities, more equipment, many more people — men! That is, the green, rolling front campus, the familiar welcoming doormat of S. T. C., are the same. Once over the threshhold, however, many glowing changes are quickly revealed to us.

Remember that swimming pool we worked so very hard for 'way back when? Well, there it is, shimmering lazily in the morning light, its unbroken ripples counting the many happy moments it has provided for those who came after us.

Ah, an even newer splendor upon the stately campus — the new library building. Miss Barkley delights in its beauties and well she might. It is equipped not only with excellent and complete selections of best books, but also with television rooms, rooms for playing records that students wish to borrow, elementary school materials room, and a periodical room.

Curiosity grips us! What are those dreamy white cottages over there? Aha! The new dormitories, we are told. Why, they look like any average, modern home, and they are just that. Some are for the boys, some for the girls, upperclassmen, of course. Managed entirely by the student occupants on annual allocations received by them from the S. G. A., overseen and advised by Miss Kahl and Miss Baker, the students compete against each other for the best record of efficient management — the award being given with much ceremony at the end of the year. And do the students work hard for the honor of that award? They love it.

What a charming group under the trees out here and how interested they seem in what their teacher is saying. Yes, it's the weekly seminar on philosophy with Miss Bersch. Wonder what exciting ideas those young students are discussing so intently? Now a handsome brute with football architecture is earnestly expounding his theories. Looks like a radical, too!

Suddenly music fills the air — chimes. Must be the new

bell for changing classes; Quickly groups are scattering and new ones are assembling. Let's follow into the Ad building. Well, look at this, will you? Do you want the first, second, or third floor? Escalators do the trick. They run automatically and between classes only — but to catch a few innovations between classes, let's hurry along.

Dr. Crook's room — well, he finally got his super-aquarium built along the west wall. There is Dr. Crook now, getting himself dirty rearranging various flora in his terrarium. At the south end of the hall are Dr. West's laboratories as usual, but with the most modern complete equipment, envy of the other colleges. Right now, Dr. West is busy listening to recordings of bird calls with some students.

Say, what is that queer looking specimen with Dr. Hartley? Saints preserve us! 'Tis his robot who takes roll for him, answers all questions of digression during class, makes all his energetic gesticulations, and advises him as to which joke to pull when — all to give Dr. Hartley more time for his Travel Club. They're planning a trip to the Great Lakes for the end of the summer.

Experimental psychology is in the capable hands of Dr. Moser. His students still can not figure out how he gets that chalk under the table and into the basket with just one swift quirk — he never misses.

One could go on and on, of course, with all the numerous examples of progress. The most worthwhile activity of all, however, is the student-faculty discussion organization which freely discusses any problem that confronts them. The group has no administrative power but acts as an agency to develop public opinion and cooperation and to influence the administration accordingly. The question on the table now concerns compulsory attendance of classes and assemblies.

In general, we can say we are very happy and proud to find our Alma Mater so far progressed as it is. It is truly a college that is interesting, alive, eager to try unafraid the newest ideas, the firstest with the mostest hard work and enthusiasm for life and living. We are proud to have had a small part in this progress just a few years ago. We look forward to seeing even more progress on our next visit.

Au revoir to our S. T. C. Happy Hunting Grounds!

— "Elmer."





Our Amphitheater of Activities

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Athletic Association organizes and conducts intramural and inter-section activities, in addition to individual sports, encouraging school spirit and interest in electives. Awards add to the enthusiasm of participation.

ART CLUB

The S. T. C.'s would-be artists. the Art Club, sponsored by Mrs. Brouwer, offers a variety of activities. A peep into the art workrooms on any afternoon will find our future Michelangelos busily engaged in crafts, fine art and art appreciation.

NATURAL HISTORY GROUP

Those who enjoy long walks, picnic lunches, and nature study find congenial friends among the members of the Natural History Group. On each trip they experience the thrill of seeing more of the world about them by discovering more of its secrets.

RURAL CLUB

The purpose of the Rural Club is to promote a better understanding of community life, through hearing rural and urban leaders of Maryland and other states, seeing educative films, and participating in discussions of pertinent social and civil problems. One of the chief interests of the club is the College Glen.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The Student Christian Association is a dormitory organization which offers religious services to its members. Vespers and Chapel services are sponsored. Members sell stamps and take care of the dorm candy room. They have been active in war activities.

CHIMES GUILD

The Chimes Guild is a small group of dormitory girls, under the direction of Miss MacDonald, for the purpose of providing grace at dinner. At least twice a week and on special occasions the girls sing the grace; all other evenings one of the members rings the chimes.

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club can boast a large enrollment as well as a large list of entertainments here and outside of College. Our Monday afternoon rehearsals are no hardship when the U. S. O., hospitals, Federation of Music Clubs are impressed by our performances.

I. R. C.

Sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, the I. R. C.'s aims are to acquaint students with the problems and issues of the day and to promote social contact. The I. R. C. members of S. T. C. recall with pleasure conventions at Princeton and Hopkins.

S. G. A.

"You are masters of your fate." Through taking an active interest in the business and workings of the S. G. A., of which all the students are members, the students themselves direct the policies and program under which they operate. "Be informal! Therein lies your power!"

MARSHALS

Known by their gold and white armbands, the Marshals, "the right hand of the S. G. A.", is important in assisting at all gatherings of the College. They are chosen each year and serve throughout their enrollment, receiving awards upon graduating.

SUMMER · 1944



WHERE'S WHO

	2000 41 11 7 11 11 12 11 1
Adams, Shirley	2608 Aisquith Street, Baltimore City, Maryland
Amoss, Pat	. 9306 Harford Road, Baltimore City, Maryland 1567 Carswell Street, Baltimore City, Maryland
BEATTY, DOROTHY	156/ Carswell Street, Baltimore City, Maryland
BLACKISTON, ALICE	5200 Belleville Avenue, Baltimore City, Maryland
Bretall, Norma	2244 Prentiss Place, Baltimore City, Maryland
Brooking, Virginia	Fifth and Crain Highway, Glen Burnie, Maryland
Brown, Eva	Route 7, Westminster, Maryland
CARROLL, BETTY	
	. 3326 W. Garrison Avenue, Baltimore City, Maryland
Cox, Dorothy	3325 Ravenwood Avenue, Baltimore City, Maryland
Cragg, Katherine	4402 Adelle Terrace, Baltimore City, Maryland
Dalton, Rose	Joppa Road, Harford County, Maryland
Davis, Louise	618 Glenwood Avenue, Baltimore City, Maryland
	3713 Fait Avenue, Baltimore City, Maryland
	3541 Old York Road, Baltimore City, Maryland
	101 Broadway, Hagerstown, Maryland
	1204 N. Charles Street, Baltimore City, Maryland
Focas, Julia	5313 Pembroke Avenue, Baltimore City, Maryland
Gerwig, Emma	Ellicott City, Maryland
	401 F Street, Sparrows Point, Maryland
	2016 Furnace Avenue, Sparrows Point, Maryland
	2609 Springhill Avenue, Baltimore City, Maryland
	1738 N. Appleton Street, Baltimore City, Maryland
	730 Melville Avenue, Baltimore City, Maryland
	Port Deposit, Maryland
	Lothian, Maryland
JONES, MARY	
Karas, Evelyn	716 S. Oldham Street, Baltimore City, Maryland
Koontz, Charlotte	
	6709 Golden Ring Road, Baltimore City, Maryland
LAMPLE, DORIS	2808 Auchentoroly Terrace, Baltimore City, Maryland
	2339 Linden Avenue, Baltimore City, Maryland
MCKEE, JANE	
MILLMAN, KATHERINE	3404 Forest Park Avenue, Baltimore City, Maryland
MULLENDORE, BETTY	Route No. 1, Washington County, Maryland
MUNDER, EVELYN	4536 Harford Road, Baltimore City, Maryland
O'KEEFE, EDNA MAE	651 Orpington Road, Baltimore City, Maryland
	Middletown, Maryland
ROST, MARY VIRGINIA	Phoenix, Maryland
KUPPERTSBERGER, MARGUERITE	
SACHS, SHIRLEY	3505 Reisterstown Road, Baltimore City, Maryland
SCHUNKE, VERA	2926 E. Fayette Street, Baltimore City, Maryland
SHEPLEY, MARY	
SILVERBERG, KOSE	105 N. Exeter Street, Baltimore City, Maryland
STEPHAN, JUNE	
	2 Friendship Circle, Baltimore City, Maryland
	.13 W. Potomac Street, Washington County, Maryland
VOGEL, DOROTHEA	6307 Boxwood Road, Baltimore City, Maryland
WEAVER, EDITH	
WEST, SHERRY	3507 Lynchester Road, Baltimore City, Maryland
vv inemiller, Jeannette	
ZIEFLE, ALICE	3206 W. Rogers Avenue, Baltimore City, Maryland

SUMMER • 1944

Yesterdays

SO YOU'RE LEAVING S. T. C. FOR GOOD! WELL, maybe not for good — 'cause you hate doing it. You've had three wonderful years here, and when you look back you know they were the best three of your life. But you don't get morbid at this farewell; there's too much in those memories to make you laugh.

There was the day, 'way back in September '41, and you were going out to take a physical. You bravely boarded a jammed "slave special" (No. 8) car, which probably stopped at Govans. After asking four policemen, three conductors, two children, and an inmate of the institution on the other hill, you finally arrived at your destination — and you never did figure out what "Dunkirkendofthecityfare" was,

The second time, that was registration day, was much better. After filling in 1,826½ blanks, you were admitted — but not before signing up for the Glee Club. Then you were introduced to "Arthur the Rat." After meeting the rodent, you made the acquaintance of the insects. Upon returning to the room which had been assigned you in the "Dorm," you found your suitcase moving down the hall with an "Elite Guard" of red ants. Speaking of pests, have you seen my room-mate?

Within a week you found that science was your favorite subject, with English running a close second. Oh, those instructors!

Your first dance was a great affair — of course you got in all of two dances when the receiving line was finished with you. But, after all, the dance didn't mean so much, you still had three minutes to get back to the dormitory.

One bright, and breezy, morn your health instructor gave you the glad news that you were going to see how those on the other side of the track live. To your surprise, no one lived there — they couldn't stand the smell either. Three days later when both lungs finally functioned again, your geography instructor said you looked peaked and needed a little sea breeze. So you were off to the harbor, where the scenery when the fog lifted, was simply fine — especially the Coast Guard.

Now that you had become a regular, seasoned, globe-trotter, your horizons broadened and the Capitol came in view. Mother Carey and her chicks had nothing on E. F. D. and his ducklings — you had to be ducks to keep from drowning in that rain.

Time flew and so did the men — hail to our seven! You calmly gathered your belongings together, gave away your

last drop of leg paint, and turned bravely toward student teaching. Since a party of 6.01 (.01 allowing for rosebud) supervisors has just entered, the editor believes it advisable to omit original thoughts on the student-teaching matter.

Your room-mate, being a Junior teacher, had tales of her own to tell, and it was swell when she came back to being a college student.

One hot day, you signed your last will and testament, put 18 pencils, 7 erasers, 1 bottle of aspirin, and a good luck charm in your pocketbook, and traipsed off to take "professionals." Upon reviving from an almost fatal coma, you had a relapse when the mailman dropped a little message in your box saying: "Greeting from Baltimore City. — You have been assigned to basic training at Camp Curtis Brooklyn Bay. Please bring all necessary weapons with you."

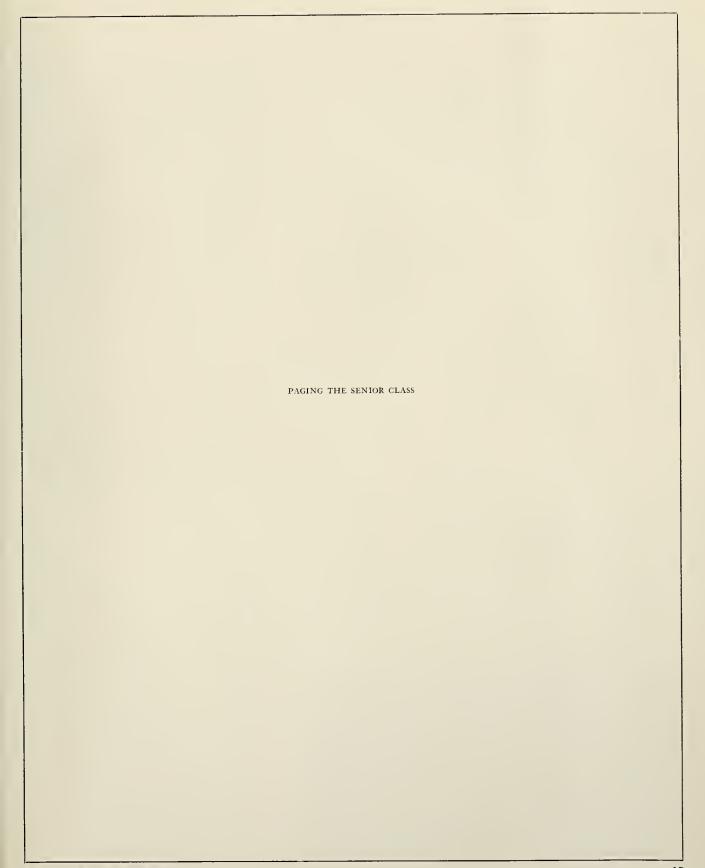
All of which brings you up to the present, and there's lots more in that memory book, too. You know, that of all the trips connected with your years at College, you'll soon take your last — please do not run across the stage, scream or otherwise disgrace the Governor (he might come).

There goes the tower clock striking two o'clock — early to bed, I always said. Off with lights and the reminiscence. Goodnight and goodbye to S. T. C.!

M. FLOWER and C. HOFFMAN.



Congratulations to the Graduates of 1944



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